A SERIES of

GENUINE LETTERS

12653 a 5.

BETWEEN

HENRY and FRANCES.

pseud [= Richard Griffith] K

Felices ter et ampliùs
Quos irrupta tenet copula; nec malis
Divulsus querimoniis,
Suprema citiûs solvet amor die.
HOR. Lib. I. Od. 13.

The THIRD EDITION,
Revised, Corrected, Enlarged, and Improved,
By the AUTHORS.

VOL. I.

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MDCCLXVII.

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SOON after the Firſt edition was publiſhed in Ireland, the following letter appeared in Faulkner's Journal; the writer unknown.

To Mr. ABRAHAM BRADLEY, Bookſeller.

SIR,

I HAVE read the Series of Letters between HENRY and FRANCES, lately publiſhed at your ſhop, and have never met with any thing in the literary way which amuſed or entertained me ſo much. Whoever is capable of forming any judgment upon writing, muſt acquieſce in the title of their being GENUINE; for tho' there are many ſubjects treated of in this collection, which are not the proper buſineſs of lovers, yet there is apparently the ſame ſtile, ſpirit, and gallantry running thro' the whole. I never read higher love-letters in my life, without the bombaſt of romance, or the levity of novel; they are compoſed of the moſt elegant fondneſs, lively wit, juſt ſenſe, refined moral, and ingenious criticiſm; all which addreſs is neither of uſe or uſage in modern amour; but this pair of polite and happy lovers ſeem to have uſed their paſſions as they were deſigned by Providence, to inſpirit their reaſon, and to actuate their moral, not to ſubject theſe to their arbitrary dominion. I do not know the authors, and have therefore no other method of conveying my ſentiment and approbation of their writings, but by directing this letter to you.

I am, Sir, &c.

T. B.

THE following criticiſm was ſent to HENRY by a friend of his. It was wrote by a clergyman of taſte and literature, to whom he had lent the books, and deſired his opinion of them.

I have read the Letters of HENRY and FRANCES with pleaſure and improvement. They have all the *Naïveté* which recommends principally that kind of writing, and which is wanting to Pliny, Balzac, and Voiture. They have more wit and moral than thoſe and Tully taken all together. They have indeed more faults; are more incorrect than any of them; which makes them carry the true air of originals, which they certainly are. They both write the Engliſh Language in its greateſt purity; ſhall I ſay ſhe excells in expreſſion, wit, and ſpirit? Partiality to the ſex, who beat us all to nothing in converſation and letter-writing, may incline me to judge ſo: poſſibly a woman of taſte and ſenſe may prefer his. Her * reply to an unbecoming one of his, (not in the collection) is a maſter-piece of good ſenſe, virtue, wit, ſpirit and language. Abelard corrupted his pupil, ſhe reforms her preceptor. The truth is, I admire this collection, becauſe they are real letters, wrote *ex re natâ*, by an unaffected, ſenſible and witty pair.

* Letters liv. and lv.

HENRY

TO THE

EDITOR.

* SIR,

I SEND you by the bearer a Collection of the Letters, which you complimented us ſo much upon, when you were laſt at my houſe; you ſhould have had them before this, but my *clerk* had not finiſhed them till yeſterday. I ſhould have ſtiled him *ſecretary*, for the greater air of the thing.

You will find ſeveral chaſms in the ſeries of our correſpondence, occaſioned by our deſtroying, on both ſides, all the letters which related to private hiſtory, or private buſineſs; except a few which contained ſome moral or other ſentiment; and, in general, we neither of us preſerved any of the other's letters, which we did not think might be an entertainment to us to read over again, at ſome other time, which was a manner I particularly have very often employed myſelf in; for whenever I found my reſolution

* This letter is in the firſt edition.

ſtagger, with regard to our marriage, or was offended at any of her letters, which betrayed impatience, caprice, or ſuſpicion of my love, I uſed to take out a parcel from this collection, ſometimes more or leſs, according to the diſorder in my affection, and ſo read away till I had ſwallowed the *Quantum ſufficit*, to reſtore the full health of my attachment to her.

And indeed it would amuſe you greatly to hear the many ingenious arts I have made uſe of, for the firſt two or three years of our loves, to preſerve my conſtancy towards her; and I have actually, ſeveral times, by the meer force of contemplation, worked myſelf into ſuch an enthuſiaſm about her knowledge, genius, and underſtanding, that, as you will caſually obſerve, in going through this collection, I have wrote Latin, philoſophy, and metaphyſics to her, during the paroxiſms of the fit; by which uncommon proceeding, as I ſay in another place, * "I "reaſoned myſelf into a real paſſion for her." —I will tell you why,—In truth I could never have the leaſt enjoyment of life, without the ſweet indulgence of fond affections. All the pleaſures of ſenſe, the beauties of nature, and the pomp of grandeur, to me are taſteleſs, as to a ſick man; without a

* Vid. the envelope of his will, 2d part. letter cclxxxiii.

certain

certain tenderneſs of ſentiment, a ſomething, which, as Perſius expreſſes it, *circum præcordia ludit*, and gives a reliſh to them all. I had quitted an engagement of this ſort, about a year before I entered into this, becauſe there were ſeveral reaſons which made it highly improper to continue in it; and you cannot conceive what a wretched vacuum of life I paſſed during that interval.

† "I rather paſſed than ſpent the day," before I could find out any perſon whoſe ſenſe or taſte was agreeable enough to fix my attachments. I led an unſatisfactory, vague, diſſipated kind of life, during this interregnum; my paſſions and affections all in perfect anarchy, and, like the frogs, petitioning for a king: my mind was liſtleſs, and my time ſavered away without any rule preſcribed, or purpoſed end: at laſt, like the worn-out ſimile of the Patriarch's dove, I found a reſting-place, and grew timorous of hazarding again a flight back into the troubled ocean of life.

Many of the letters are miſplaced, for want of dates, and even thoſe which have them, the emanuenſis has contrived to render obſcure, meerly by his regularity; for as we correſponded for ſeveral years, three times a week, without intermiſſion, by copying

† Vid. letter lxiv. 2d line.

the letters, according to their dates, he has introduced this confuſion, that he has placed a letter from Frances, ſuppoſe, becauſe it was dated, for inſtance, the fourth of the month immediately ſucceeding the date of one of mine, ſuppoſe of the ſecond or third; whereas he ſhould have gone on to one of her's dated the ſixth; for by not allowing the interval of a poſt, the latter could not be an anſwer to the former; ſo that by taking them ſucceſſively, rather than alternately, he has made ſeveral of them appear like a game of croſs purpoſes, where the anſwer never correſponds with the queſtion, except it be by chance.

However, I have endeavoured to ſet theſe matters right, as well as I could, by numbering the letters, which you are to attend to ſolely, and not to the pages; but, doubtleſs, ſeveral miſtakes have ſlipt my attention, which I muſt leave to your own obſervation to correct.

In return for all this trouble, which I have taken on your account, I hope for your critical indulgence, while you read over theſe haſty and incorrect pieces, wrote in the hurry of an omnipoſt correſpondence, many of them in the midſt of buſineſs, or company, and ſeveral in the height of ſickneſs, or in the intervals of whiſt; "*Aliter enim*

"*ſcribimus*,

" *ſcribimus, quod eos ſolos quibus mittimus,*
" *aliter quod multos lecturos putamus.*" *

If I had taken the pains of copying out theſe letters myſelf, I could probably have put many of them in a better dreſs, and letter † ccxxxvii I ſhould have left out intirely, becauſe I have ſince been informed, that the natural principle, which I preſumed upon in that letter, about the increaſe of matter, is falſe; but I ſhall let it go along with ſeveral others, which I think not worth reading, becauſe the omiſſion of them might break in upon the thread of the correſpondence, and becauſe I promiſed to ſend you, *bonâ fide*, every letter which had been preſerved; and this I take to be the beſt way of dealing with a friend, to throw ourſelves on his mercy, for the whole of our fault, rather than make a partial palliation by ſecreting any part of it.

I ſend you the originals, along with the copy, that you may compare them together, which I confeſs I was too lazy to do; but ſhould be pleaſed if any one elſe would take the trouble of.

There are four letters in this collection, and but four, which have been wrote to

* Cic. Ep.
† This is excii. in this edition.

three different perſons, letters * clxxxvii, cxc, cxcii, cxciii; for having occaſion to write to thoſe perſons upon the ſame ſubjects, the ſame chain of thought and reaſoning naturally occurred; but, as they were wrote originally to Fanny, I thought they had a right to take their places in the courſe of this collection.

Adieu!

HENRY.

* In this edition theſe letters are cciv. ccvii. ccix, and the fourth is not inſerted.

THE EDITOR TO THE PUBLICK.

* I HERE preſent you with a genuine correſpondence, which paſſed for ſeveral years, between a gentleman and lady of the kingdom of Ireland; though the ſcene has been laid in England, by the authors, when the firſt copy was made our, as they deſigned to keep themſelves unknown, for reaſons which may be collected from ſome parts of this addreſs, and ſeveral paſſages in their letters.

I endeavoured to prevail on the parties to take the trouble of digeſting this collection into a more regular ſeries than they are, at preſent, offered to you in; but the various buſineſs and family concerns which they are engaged in, in the country, would not afford

* This letter is in the firſt edition.

them leiſure: and, indeed, there ſeems to obtain, in them both, a certain indolence of mind, proceeding from a philoſophic acquieſcence in their very narrow fortunes, which would prevent either of them from giving themſelves ſo much trouble as a taſk of this kind might require.

But though they would not condeſcend to be compilers, even of their own works, I was in hopes that they might be prevailed upon to undertake a work of genius, by filling up the chaſms, which appear too often, in the courſe of theſe writings: but this too they refuſed me, from a certain ingenuouſneſs in their natures, which proceeded ſo far, that though there were a good number of entertaining letters wrote, ſince the laſt of theſe, yet they would not ſuffer them to be inſerted, becauſe they were written ſince the firſt deſign of publiſhing this collection; which, however, was not any thought of theirs, during the whole courſe of their correſpondence, but hinted to them by Lady O——, ſo often mentioned, with honour due, in theſe letters, and who promiſed to prevail on Lord O——, a nobleman of diſtinguiſhed ſenſe, learning, and claſſical taſte, and who has ſunk many eminent titles of both kingdoms, in the

private character of the man, * to reviſe and correct them for the preſs; but as higher avocations have prevented them from appearing before the publick with that honour and advantage, I have obtained leave, after a twelvemonth's ſollicitation, to diſpoſe of them after what manner I pleaſe.

But I have been ſo juſt to the authors, and to the public too, that I have not left out even the moſt trifling letter, which came to my hands; my deſign being not merely to give you a collection of letters, but to preſent you with the genuine pictures of two perſons, whoſe ſenſe, wit, and univerſal benevolence do well intitle them to the public eſteem,——but their characters are better deſcribed by their own writings, than by any thing I can ſay to recommend them, for which reaſon I have not attempted to make a ſingle alteration, nor, upon comparing theſe letters with the originals, which were ſent me along with the copy, do I find there has been any alteration made, except the changing of one word for another, ſhifting the ſcene, as I hinted in the beginning, and the leaving out whole paragraphs, which related, as Henry has expreſſed it in

* By the rule of *omne majus.*

the

the foregoing letter, to private hiſtory, or private buſineſs.

The editor of St. Evremond's works ſpeaks as follows, in part of his preface to the third volume. " One of the objections made to " this author is that odd medley of ſerious " and comical, of grave matters and trifles, " which is to be met with in his writings. " Would it not have been ſufficient, ſay " certain auſtere and difficult perſons, to " have made a collection of all that is good " and ſolid? why was not every thing left " out, that is not only uſeleſs but waggiſh?

" Thoſe people who would have us apply " ourſelves only to uſeful ſtudies, ought to " conſider, that our author is not a doctor, " who writes to inſtruct and dogmatize, " and that he is not a man engaged by his " profeſſion to give the public an account " of his time and ſtudies. He is a gentle- " man, who having much leiſure, ſeeks " how to paſs away the time agreeably; who " writes ſometimes on one ſubject, ſome- " times on another, only for his own amuſe- " ment. He is a man of wit, who propoſes " to divert himſelf as well as certain perſons " with whom he converſes: it would moſt

" certainly

" certainly be unjuſt to judge of him with " too much rigour, and the injuſtice would " be yet greater, to oblige thoſe, who " publiſh his works, to ſuppreſs all ſuch " as are purely diverting."

So much, by way of apology, both for my authors and myſelf; for I think the above quotation is applicable, through the whole, to our caſe.

As to the chaſms, I cannot barely ſay, *Nonnulla deſunt*, but *Hiatus valdè deflendi*; and when I declared my deſign of publiſhing, and applied a ſecond time to have the chain connected, I was told by Henry, that he did not think it fair dealing with the publick; beſides, he thought they appeared, at preſent, more genuine than a complete *ſuite* of letters would do; and farther ſaid, that if the regular ſeries had been preſerved from the beginning, he would take an handful here and there at random, and throw them into the fire, leſt it might be ſuſpected that they were wrote, or preſerved, with a deſign of publiſhing, as he was humble enough to think that they could have but very little merit in this view: in alluſion to which, he told me a ſtory of a certain lady, who, upon reading over a letter ſhe had

wrote about buſineſs, to a gentleman, and thinking it too orthographical for a woman, added an (e) to the ende of ſeveral wordſe, leſte it ſhould bee ſuſpected that ſhe had ſpelte by the aid of a dictionarye.

This whim of his, which however may be juſtified from a thorough knowledge of mankind, puts me in mind of the virtuoſo taſte for mutilated ſtatues, and time-eaten coins, where the parts which remain riſe in value, in proportion to thoſe which are loſt; or to the Dutch device of burning half their ſpices, in order to inhance the price of the reſt.

But I was at length of opinion with him, in not framing any letters to ſupply the chaſms, becauſe it would, as he obſerved, be diſingenuous to give the public any thing in this collection, which was not original; therefore I have not, as I ſaid before, even taken the liberty, which the authors paid me the high compliment of indulging me in, of altering any one ſentence, which I thought might be better expreſſed; or diſplacing any argument which I preſumed might, perhaps, be put in a ſtronger light; for certainly any perſon, of a curious taſte, would rather ſee the original text, though incorrect,

incorrect, than read all the *Bentleii Emendationes.*

However, I have thrown in a note, here and there, to explain the occaſion upon which ſome of the letters were wrote, and to clear up ſome particular paſſages or alluſions, which might not, perhaps, be intelligible to every reader: I have alſo arranged the letters according to the numbers, which are preſcribed in the foregoing letter, and theſe are all the merits which I claim to myſelf, except the publication, in the courſe of the following collection.

As I know nothing of the lady, but from her writings, I am not enabled to give any particular account of her private hiſtory, except that ſhe is of a gentleman's family, and had a very genteel education, but was left, very young, without a father, and without a fortune. She is—but Henry himſelf will better tell you what ſhe is; and making poetical allowances for the hyperbole of his warm manner of expreſſing himſelf in her favour, I do not think he has at all exaggerated her praiſe: and if his writings do not ſufficiently deſcribe her worth, I could ſupply their deficiency to the entire ſatisfaction of the world, if I was at liberty to tell them who

who Lady O — is, and that ſhe received her early into her matronage and friendſhip, from no other tie or attachment, but the goodneſs of her character, and the excellency of her underſtanding.

Henry is a perſon of as good a family as any in this kingdom, whoſe patrimony was formerly looked upon to be very conſiderable; but loſſes and misfortunes in his family have reduced his fortunes to a very moderate competence at preſent.

His education was unfortunately neglected, notwithſtanding the early and continued fair omens he always gave of the happy iſſue, which might have been expected from it: while he was very young he eſſayed his genius in poetry, and wrote ſeveral things, which I have been told were ſurprizing for one of his years and untutored mind.

He kept copies of them for ſeveral years, as he told me himſelf; till finding himſelf bereft at laſt, of all hope of an education, learned and polite enough to introduce him to Apollo's court, he threw them into the fire, and applied his mind to graver ſtudies, ſaying, after his lively manner, That a bad ſhoe-maker

ſhoe-maker was preferable to a bad poet, for that it was better to coble for bread, than coble to ſtarve.

Being at length left upon the world at large, he had ſobriety and addreſs enough to introduce himſelf, by degrees, into the genteeleſt and moſt reputable company, but grew ſoon weary of the *active idleneſs*, as he termed it, of a city life, and retired upon a viſit, to a near relation in the country, where he paſſed ſeveral years in reading, teaching himſelf French, and ſtudying huſbandry philoſophically: then he engaged himſelf in a farm and the linen manufacture, in the management of which, and reading, he has employed himſelf for ſeveral years paſt, and where we ſhall now take our leave of him for the preſent.

His acquaintance with Frances was accidental, and commenced, on his part, as an affair of gallantry; but finding no probability of ſucceſs, and being enamoured with her writings, converſation, and character, became, at laſt, a real and honourable lover, but declined matrimony, for ſeveral years, as ſhe had no fortune, and his expectations from his father were much larger than they are likely to turn out: to which conſideratio

you

you may add his other relations and friends, whoſe intereſt he had great proſpects from, though it is probable he may, as he has hitherto been, be deceived in theſe too.

At length they married, and it would not be amiſs if the reader, before he proceeded, ſhould turn over to letter cclxxxv, where he will find the nobleſt and moſt rational arguments given for taking this ſtep, that ever juſtified an action, which the world might deem imprudent; and if the deſign of this publication was merely to ſtamp a character for my friend, I need only to print that paper to his praiſe: but as I am certain that the public will receive a very agreeable and improving entertainment from the whole collection, I ſhall detain them no longer from the peruſal of them, than while I ſubſcribe myſelf, their unknown humble ſervant,

The EDITOR.

DEDICATION to the First EDITION.

To the Right Reverend

Lord Biſhop of CLOGHER.

MY LORD,

YOU will doubtleſs be ſurprized at an addreſs from a man who declares himſelf a ſtranger to you, and to whom even your perſon is unknown.

I acknowledge, indeed, that I have been particularly converſant in your lordſhip's writings, but contrary to the uſual tenor of dedications, I mean not to confer honour on you, but on myſelf, by declaring my approbation and eſteem in general, of all your works.

And yet this is not the conſideration, which has induced me to place theſe papers under your patronage; but Henry has often, in private converſation with me, raiſed your lordſhip's character higher

higher in my opinion, than the beſt writings can do, as

" *One moral or a meer well-natur'd deed,*
" *Does all deſert in ſciences exceed.*"

And it is owing purely to ſuch hints as theſe, that I have been prompted to borrow your name to uſher a work to the world, which is remarkable, among other excellencies, for humanity, charity, and univerſal love.---I am with great reſpect,

My LORD,

Your moſt humble and

moſt obedient ſervant,

The EDITOR.

FRANCES's DEDICATION

To the SECOND EDITION.

To MY SEX.

WITH what awe muſt I appear before ſo auguſt an aſſembly, at whoſe tribunal the greateſt potentates, with all the earthly powers that be, are wont to kneel? You were born to dominion; they but uſurp a throne: *Beauty is natural empire*; government but artificial: *Beauty is royalty without force:* Kings are eſtabliſhed by violence: Beauty is the true *right divine*, and every other power but of *human*

human inſtitution. In a word, you reign o'er thoſe who rule the world beſides.

It is your charms, virtue and decorum, which inſpire mens hearts, refine their minds, and poliſh their manners, who, like ſavages, muſt firſt be rendered *ſlaves* before they can be reclaimed.

" To beauty's fierce, tyrannick ſway,
" All mankind their homage pay;
" But ſoon, alas! its power decays,
" A ſtrong, but ſhort-liv'd blaze.
" While wit and virtue ſtill maintain
" An unconteſted, laſting reign."

Here the galant poet attributes three of the higheſt perfections of human nature to you, while the generality of our *lordly rulers* allow you but the firſt; the ſecond they partially challenge as their ſole prerogative; and with regard to

to the third, they often employ all their art and addreſs to ſink us to a level with themſelves.

La Bruyere ſays, "By what laws, "edicts, or decrees are women prohi- "bited from opening their eyes, from "reading, from retaining what they "read, or from giving an account of "it, either in their converſation, or "their writing?" He imputes the ſcarcity of female productions to the narrowneſs of our education, or to the world's having placed your chief merit in beauty. To which I ſhall beg leave to add another bar, as effectual as either of theſe; namely the natural modeſty and timidity of our ſex: But as this aſſertion may be doubted, becauſe it comès from a woman, who may be

ſuſpected of having marched a volunteer into print, I ſhall take this opportunity of vindicating myſelf from ſuch an imputation, by giving here an extract from a letter I wrote, ſome time ſince to a truly worthy * lady of diſtinction, when the firſt thoughts of publiſhing theſe papers were in agitation, of which ſhe was herſelf the firſt mover, in anſwer to one I had the honour of receiving from her, upon this ſubject.

" MADAM,

" We both return you many thanks " for the trouble you have taken about " the manuſcripts we ſent you; but " Henry would by no means have them " publiſhed at his expence, merely for

* The late counteſs of Corke and Orrery.

" fame,

" fame, which we are too modeſt to
" hope for from any of our literary
" works; and if they were to be printed
" without my † lord's corrections and
" amendments, it would be a ridiculous
" vanity to expect even the ſmalleſt
" portion of that precarious, popular
" breath.

" We neither of us wrote for any
" other readers than ourſelves, and it
" was your favourable opinion of ſome
" letters you had ſeen, and the incou-
" raging hope of his lordſhip's free uſe
" of the *ſtyle*, that firſt gave Henry a
" hint of publiſhing.

" But even theſe flattering induce-
" ments never thoroughly influenced

† See the editor's preface, p. xv.

" my conſent, which amounted but to
" obedience at laſt; for though I was
" vain of his writings, I was always
" alarmed at the apprehenſion of ſeeing
" my own appear in print; and had
" really ſome warm expoſtulations with
" Henry, for ſubmitting ſeveral of my
" childiſh and unguarded letters, even
" to your ladyſhip's peruſal, whom I
" have reaſon to believe my friend;
" and, from the kind opinion you have
" ſometimes expreſſed of me, I fear, a
" partial one too.

" Nay, I have always had ſo humble
" an opinion of my own ſenſe and ta-
" lents, in this way, that I have often
" been ſenſible of a jealous concern
" whenever Henry paid me any com-
" pliment upon this ſubject; becauſe I
" attributed it, too juſtly, to an over-fond

" pre-

" prejudice in my favour; a belief
" framed from his wiſhes, which a little
" time and further acquaintance with
" me might remove; and I had reaſon
" to apprehend, that he might then re-
" flect upon me for having loſt thoſe
" merits, which I owed ſolely to his
" kindneſs and partiality.

" Upon the whole, I confeſs that I am
" ſecretly pleaſed at his determining
" not to print theſe letters, leſt the pub-
" lick cenſure might point out his too
" fond miſtake, before his own biaſſed
" criticiſm would ſuffer him to find it
" out.

" While we have the originals, the
" tranſcripts of our hearts and minds,
" in our poſſeſſion, I think, with a ſort
" of melancholy pleaſure, of the ſolitary
" amuſement, they may, at ſome time,
" afford to the ſurvivor;

Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown:

" which like the inurned aſhes, or em-
" balmed heart, would be a more valu-
" able relick of a departed friend, than
" their picture; in which latter light I
" ſhould look upon our letters in print,
" even with my lord's improvements
" and corrections; for though the artiſt's
" hand might give more lively colours,
" higher grace and expreſſion to the
" features, it would not be, to the fond
" lover, ſo dear a pledge as even the
" dead eſſence of the deceaſed partner of
" our ſocial pleaſures.

" I am, MADAM, &c.

This is the only letter that I ever preſerved a copy of, and I did it purely with this view, that if theſe writings ſhould, as they have ſince done, obtain in print, I might have a voucher in my poſſeſſion,

to

to juſtify myſelf, to ſome particular friends, from obtruding my weak and artleſs lines upon the publick, out of any vanity, or ſelf-ſufficiency about them.

I am, ladies, with great
reſpect and eſteem,
Your moſt humble, and
obedient ſervant,

FRANCES.

HENRY's

PREFACE.

To the SECOND EDITION.

WHEN I received the firſt edition from the preſs, I was extremely mortified at the many errors, and miſtakes which I met with in it; falſe printing, wrong pointing, words put in, others left out, nay intire letters forgot; and the whole ſeries ſo miſplaced, that I was ſometimes at a loſs myſelf to find out the ſenſe or connection, 'till I looked into the original manuſcripts.

I received ſeveral letters from my friends, both in England and Ireland, who knew the authors, and the genuineneſs of the whole performance, to encourage us to publiſh a new edition of the writings from our own manuſcripts, and under our own inſpection

of the preſs; to lay the ſcene intirely in Ireland, where the whole correſpondence was held, except two or three letters; to fill up the blanks of perſons and places, to ſupply the chaſms, and amuſe the curioſity of the publick, with ſomewhat more of the novel of our lives.

Upon this hint we have proceeded to this ſecond edition, complying with the preliminaries, as far as we could do ſo with ingenuouſneſs; correcting all former errors, preſenting the true ſcene, reſtoring the names of places, filling up the blanks, adding above thirty letters that were left out of the firſt edition, and inſerting ſeveral others which have been recovered ſince the publication. We have not indeed filled up the blanks of proper names, becauſe we did not think it any way material to the generality of readers, and that ſome people, perhaps, may not chuſe to ſee their names in print.

We have alſo ſupplied the chaſms, by framing arguments from our memories, out of the letters that either preceded or followed

in

in the original correſpondence; this laſt however, is only done where the explanation, or connection was neceſſary to the reader: for wherever he meets with the word *Hiatus*, he will find that an anſwer was not material to the foregoing letter; or that the following ſufficiently explains the one it refers to.

We have alſo, here and there, thrown in ſuch notes, comments, or alluſions, as occurred to us upon this ſecond reading, which would have given a pedantic ſtiffneſs to the original letters, but may help to illuſtrate and enliven the whole when they are ſubmitted to the publick.

There are ſome paſſages in the former edition, that refer to the Eſſay on Spirit, which I have thought proper to leave out of this. Whatever a perſon's private opinion may be, in ſuch high concerns as church or ſtate, it is both a prudent and becoming reſpect, due to the eſtabliſhment under which he lives, to keep them ſtill private, if they ſhall happen to differ from the prin-

principles of either; unleſs he ſhould have the opportunities or advantages of being placed in ſuch a rank or ſituation of life as either intitled or called upon him to attempt a reformation.

The late learned biſhop of Clogher was properly qualified in both theſe reſpects, and I am well convinced—I have reaſon for what I ſay—That to be the head of a ſect, was not any part of his ambition. His heart was good, his morals perfect, and his religion ſincere: His charity extenſive, his benevolence univerſal; and he wiſhed happineſs to all mankind, through their whole ſtate of exiſtence.

As to the laſt article of ſtipulation, we have really nothing worth adding to what has been already publiſhed, of conſequence or variety enough to entertain the reader: For the hiſtory of our loves is the hiſtory of our lives, and the following ſeries of letters form in truth, the whole compaſs of our novel.

As

As I had not the good fortune to be bred to any profeſſion, art, or ſcience, I have had but little intercourſe with the buſy world: My path has been led

" Along the cool, ſequeſter'd vale of life."

and being thus at liberty and leiſure to aſſume what employment I choſe for myſelf, I generally ſpent my time in reading and reflection, in order to ſupply, as far as in me lay, the oft' lamented deficiency of a liberal education; the mortifying want of which I began very early to perceive, by happening, on my firſt entrance into the world, to be introduced, through family connections, to the charming and improving ſociety of ſeveral very accompliſhed perſons of both ſexes, chiefly women indeed, whoſe company I generally preferred, for the reaſons given in the forty-firſt letter following. " Nulla res " magis animis honeſta induit, dubioſque et " in pravum inclinabiles revocat ad rectum, " quam bonorum virorum converſatio; " paulatim enim deſcendit in pectora, et " vim præceptorum obtinet frequenter " audiri, aſpici frequenter. Occurſus me-

" hercule

" hercule ipſe ſapientum juvat; et eſt ali-
" quid quod ex viro vel tacente proficias."
Though this laſt thought is much in the affected ſtrain of Seneca's writings, it has however a great deal of juſtneſs in it; for the very preſence of a good man, like the gloom of temples, or the ſhade of groves, gives naturally a ſerious and virtuous turn to our thoughts and contemplations; nay, even a ſtatue may produce ſome good effect, and, like the trophies of Miltiades, inſpire ambition in a noble nature.

As I never had the opportunity of a good library to refer to, my ſtudies have been a ſort of miſcellaneous learning, picked up here and there, *ſparſa coegi*, as I could borrow books, ſometimes of hiſtory, phyſicks, metaphyſicks, divinity, morality, or mathematicks; by which means I acquired a ſort of heterogeneous knowledge, a kind of *dictionary literature*, which could not anſwer any one uſeful purpoſe of life, and only ſerved to puzzle and perplex my underſtanding with confuſed ideas, indigeſted notions, and gave me a ſuperficial ſmattering of arts and ſciences,

ſciences, which, if I had not, very happily, a natural diffidence, and habitual reſerve in my manners, might have affected me with a pertneſs, pedantry, and ſelf-ſufficiency, that would have rendered me equally petulant and ridiculous through the whole courſe of my life. The only material circumſtance of my hiſtory I ſhall tell in a few words: I undertook an extenſive manufacture, with more ſpirit than prudence, depending upon the publick favour, more than on my private fund. I raiſed three thouſand pounds upon my ſingle credit, which I expended on this ſcheme. I applied to parliament, received a bounty, and had encouragement given me to expect a much larger conſideration the next ſeſſions: I laid out this latter ſum alſo, in compleating the neceſſary works; and when every thing was finiſhed, I mortgaged the whole buildings, apparatus, &c. with all my farms, and other ſecurities, for money to ſet the machines in motion. I applied a ſecond time to parliament, but the exigence of times, the treaſury low, and the eve of a war, dictated a parſimonious

œco-

œconomy to the publick. I was diſappointed, my hopes blaſted, and my fortunes ruined; my creditors grew impatient; my effects were diſſipated, without exonerating me, or relieving them; I was branded with the title of Projector, "*immoderata, incredi-*" *bilia, nimis alta ſemper cupiebat*," my ſubſtance became the prey of knaves, and my character the jeſt of fools.

There are who never had genius to contrive, or ſpirit to attempt an adventure, who comfort themſelves in their own inſignificancy, by commenting upon the miſcarriages of others: Many of theſe vacant heads and heartleſs boſoms have ſince inſulted my misfortunes; for ſuch people are literally of opinion with the poet's ſarcaſm againſt the the judgments of the world.

Crede mihi miſeros, prudentia primâ relinquit,
Et ſenſus cum re, conſiliumque fugit.

In ſhort, after ten years of my vigour of life ſpent in the moſt active endeavours to eſtabliſh my fortune by the faireſt and moſt laud-

laudable methods—by the only means that either my education, or the aſſiſtance of my friends afforded the opportunity of exerting—I found myſelf, in an inſtant, with a wife and children in my arms, without trade, profeſſion, patrimony, or employ; bereft of all, * Hope only remaining in the box. *Quid enim niſi vota ſuperſunt?*

But in truth, if my life had a greater variety in it, or was compoſed of more entertaining events, I have not a talent for narration, I have never attempted any thing which exceeded the length of a page or two: I grow *ſcant of breath*; I have not a fund of literature to deal by wholeſale, and am therefore obliged to retail my ſtock by ſcraps; and perhaps, if all writers would confine themſelves to a more laconic method, it might ſave readers from miſemploying a great deal of precious time; for if we were to ſtrip many elaborate treatiſes of tautology, amplification, circumlocution, in ſhort, of

* Alluding to the ſtory of Epimetheus.

every thing that is not immediately requiſite to the ſubject or argument; whole folio's might be reduced within the compaſs of a primer. I ſuppoſe it was this reflection that gave riſe to the Greek adage, † *Mega Biblion, Mega Kakon:* and indeed ſuch writings may very literally be ſtiled *The Works, &c.* for they are often more a *manual labour* than a *liberal exerciſe.*

For this reaſon, I have always preferred familiar letters to any other manner of writing; there is a conciſeneſs, eaſe, and freedom in them that indulges my indolence; they have the advantage that converſation has over ſtudy, they both poliſh and improve: In a word, they make up a mixture from the two greateſt pleaſures of life; they partake of *ſociety* and *retirement.* There is ſomething in the ſtyle of letters that engages

† This was the ſaying of Callimachus, one of the moſt elegant of the Greek poets. He wrote *eight* hundred different pieces, which were all comprehended in about *five* hundred pages.

the

the reader, even where the ſubject is below, or beyond his attention: Ariſtotle, in his treatiſe *De Mundo*, writes in a manner ſo much more free and polite than in the reſt of his works, that ſome criticks have ſuſpected it to be ſpurious; but one of his commentators obſerves, very juſtly, that the eaſineſs and perſpicuity of that tract, was owing to his having digeſted it into the form of a letter.

My writing, like my life, has been *ex tempore*, and with as little parſimony. I have ſometimes crouded as many hints into one letter as would have ſerved a French *wire-drawer* to frame a dozen eſſays out of. I have lived with precipitation, and all my œconomy has been for the future: I have many ſubjects in contemplation, but never proceeded further than minutes: I have not patience or ſervility to trail a thought in lead-

leading-ſtrings; I only write to amuſe my friends, or relieve my mind from uneaſy reflections,

Et ſic demulceo vitam!

Farewel,

HENRY.

A SERIES OF

LETTERS

BETWEEN

HENRY *and* FRANCES.

LETTER I.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

THOUGH I have not any thing to ſay, which can amuſe you, yet I could not think of ſending you the incloſed pamphlet under a blank cover, as a ſilent remembrance is worſe than none.

I return'd to Abby-ſtreet the evening you left us, but found it was not the ſame place.

In ſhort, as Pope ſays, the ſenſation is like that of a limb lopt off, which one is every minute unawares applying to uſe, but finds it is not.

The tune of Delia ſounded in my ears all night; and I could have ſat by, for the firſt time, with patience, while you play'd Alberti's twelve concerto's, to have had you back again, for the remainder of the evening.

Now let me ſhift the ſcene, and behold you galloping away, delighted with the certain proſpect of giving as much joy to thoſe friends you go to, as you have left concern with thoſe you parted from. At this thought I begin to hate you and myſelf, for being one moment uneaſy about a man, who perhaps hardly remembers me enough, to forget me. I am ſo mortified at this, that I am angry at myſelf for having ever thought of you, but as a common acquaintance, if indeed your merit or particular behaviour to me would have ſuffered me to remain in ſuch a ſtate of indifference. Theſe thoughts, however, do not proceed from any ſlight opinion I have of your ſincerity, but a mortal apprehenſion that neither my ſenſe or merits can purchaſe your eſteem, without which your love would ſhock me.

I am running on too far, mais il y a quelque choſe dedans qui m'entraine: So I ſhall conclude with ſome lines of *Cowley*, tho' you call him a ſurfeiting author.

" Each day think on me, and each day I ſhall
" For thee make hours canonical.
" By every wind that comes this way,
" Send me, at leaſt, a ſigh or two:
" Such and ſo many I'll repay,
" As ſhall themſelves make winds to get to you.

I know you will laugh as you did at Tom's correſpondent for tagging her letters; but conſider, I want a poet's help to ſpeak to you, though I need none to think of you.

FRANCES.

LETTER II.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

Ma Chere Mignonne,

QUELLE foule des affaires m'accable !—I thought to have wrote this letter in French, but you are too nice a critick for me. Only imagine to yourſelf a perſon, who has, every day of his life, as much buſineſs to do, as can well be compaſſed in twenty-four hours, to have three months affairs come upon him at once! One, who could ſcarce ſpare time from the hurry of buſineſs in town for Love and Alberti, to be confronted with ſuch an embarras du monde!——Without your ſprightly converſation, or my twelve concerto's, to ſupport my ſpirits.

Your very agreeable letter I confeſs to have more than repaid me for Alberti, giving me ſenſe for ſound; but nothing you can ſay, or any one elſe can do, will make me amends for the want of your company, if you would be as kind when preſent, as you expreſs yourſelf in abſence; but, as I have good reaſon to think you coquette in this matter, I ſwear it is moſt cruel treatment, to give me hopes, which you have not generoſity or courage to fulfill. This is diſingenuous behaviour, and very unkind too; for I am of too ſanguine a conſtitution to bear diſappointments with indifference; and, tho' I can faſt a day upon a page in Epictetus, yet I could not live one night upon all the volumes of Plato.

HENRY.

LETTER III.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

THE only conſolation I had in the midſt of my anxiety for your leaving town, was the pleaſing hope of an agreeable correſpondent, but I find you deſign to rob me of that too; for you ſeem inclined to miſconſtrue the ſentiments of an *heart*, touched with the moſt lively eſteem, for the effects of a coquette humour.

Will you not ſuffer me to think of you but in an hoſtile way?——Are you afraid I ſhould love you too well, that you thus make it my duty to hate you? I ought indeed to endeavour it at leaſt; to make a ſuitable return for the ſentiments you ſeem to have towards me.

As to your hurry of buſineſs, I wiſh I could ſhare or alleviate that, or any thing elſe, which makes you uneaſy; but this, like moſt of my wiſhes, is fruitleſs. And I am poor, even in thanks, for your obliging compliment, but I dare ſay, that ſome new acquaintance will ſoon make you ample amends for the loſs of an old one.

FRANCES.

HIATUS MAGNUS.

LETTER IV.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

I WAS never paſſionately fond of the country, but you have made me hate it. You know my nature jealous, and I cannot help conſidering Maidenhall as a beloved rival, who monopolizes all your time; yet, like a true woman, I ſincerely long to ſee it, not to admire but to depreciate all it's charms;

charms; though much I fear there will be no room for envy ſo to work, for I am apt to think that whatever you deſign and execute muſt be perfect.

I have a great mind, if I thought it would vex you, not to write to you this month, for your failing to anſwer my Tueſday's letter; but I will believe you did not receive it time enough, for I dare hope you would not fail me in a matter of buſineſs. You may ſee by this that my ſpirits are much recovered, for, when they are low, I am always humble and deſponding.

You ſay that I never did, nor never will do any thing you recommend to me; and I am picqued into a principle of contradiction, and reſolved——not to do any thing henceforward, but what you deſire. In ſhort, you vile men have ſtrange ways with us poor women, and you want but power to be moſt admirable tyrants.

I muſt repeat what I have often told you, that I never took ill any advice you gave me; for I could not be ſuch a child as to miſinterpret the kindneſs of your deſign, tho' I might be feeble enough to reſent the harſhneſs of your diſcipline. I have, from my infancy, been uſed to a fatal delicacy: Fatal indeed to me, as it has enervated every faculty of my ſoul, and ſuperadded a thouſand tender weakneſſes to the weakeſt of the weaker ſex. You were yourſelf, my dear Harry, as the lawyers term it, "acceſſary after the fact," and helped to augment this foible in me, perhaps beyond a cure. The tenderneſs of your manners, the fondneſs of your expreſſions, and the ſoftneſs of your letters joined to render my weak mind more delicate. It is true, that, from the tranſitory ſtate of ſublunary things, I ought to know that our paſſions are as variable as the moon,

"Which monthly changes in her circling orb,"

and that we ſhould not depend on the tempers or affections of men, which can ebb and flow as frequent as the ſea;

" But bid phyſicians preach our veins to temper,
" And with an argument new ſet a pulſe," &c.

I acknowledge myſelf obliged for the friendly concern you expreſs at my want of health.——But, for Heaven's ſake, why need you be ſo anxious to diveſt yourſelf of that little tenderneſs which remains for me? At your time of life to ſet up for a *Stoick* is ſomething extraordinary indeed, and, without aſſuming that inſenſate apathy which they pretend to, I cannot conceive what glory you can find in an affected inſenſibility for one, who feels the tendereſt friendſhip and eſteem for you. Adieu.

FRANCES.

P. S. I ſend you a paper much commended here.

LETTER V.

Dear FANNY,

THE indifference you mention is, like other matters, unfairly laid to my charge. I feel no ſuch mortal ſymptom of a decay in my love; therefore, my dear * Hygea, you have, with reverence to your divinity, miſtaken my diſorder. If I do not indeed write in the ſame gallant gay ſtyle as formerly, it is, becauſe no man ever continued to do ſo, except ſome vain fop, to ſhew his wit, his jeu d'eſprit, or tour d'expreſſion. I had already ſaid every thing, which a fond heart could dictate; and, inſtead of ranſacking the poets for apt expreſſions, which ſhew more of fancy than of love, I, for the reſt of my life, ſincerely meant, and purpoſed

* Goddeſs of Health.

to

to prove my attachments, by actions, not by words. Few words among friends are beſt, they ſay; then fewer ſtill between lovers, whoſe whole life ſhould be a repetition of ſilent minutes.

" Where words meet words, ere from the lips
" they part."

My former letters, to which you allude, were proper to perſuade you into a belief of my paſſion for you: But, when you ſeemed convinced of that truth, I thought it time to quit romantick flights for a more rational converſe. In the mathematicks ſome general principles are, at firſt, demonſtrated, and then they are taken for granted, through the remainder of the ſtudy; for, if they were to be repeated on every occaſion, ſcience would be intolerably tedious.

In ſhort, if my profeſſions are not as frequent as uſual, or my expreſſions as fond, it is owing to what Shakeſpear ſays for Cordelia,

" Her full heart
" Reverberates no hollow ſound of emptineſs."

The paper you ſent me does not anſwer the character of it; or, perhaps, I may have thought it inſipid, and inelegant, having read it juſt after your dear letter.

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER VI.

Dear HARRY,

THE account of your adventures diverted me extremely; for I am always pleaſed when you ſeem ſo. I wiſh you were not too wiſe, and too lazy to write a novel, for I fancy you could do it admirably; and it would be an eaſier taſk for

you than almoſt any man, for I think your whole life and character have a great deal of that ſtyle in them. I wiſh I had any thing equally entertaining to amuſe you with, but my ſet of acquaintance may be properly called a Set; for there is ſuch a ſameneſs runs through them all, that they are hardly to be diſtinguiſhed, but by their voice and features, and are liable to ſuch a cenſure as ſomebody blundered out when he wanted to compliment a collection of portraits, "All alike, all alike!" When I am confined to ſuch machine ſociety, which is too often my fate, I fancy I am got into Powell's commonwealth, and am looking about for the wires to give them ſome variety of motion.

Oh! my dear Harry, how cruel is it in you to torture me thus, to raiſe my taſte for higher joys, yet leave me condemned to ſuch mean ſociety! for, while I correſpond with thee, I fancy myſelf ſomewhat like Dives in the parable, condemned to torments and converſing with Abraham.

Adieu! Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER VII.

Dear HARRY, *Dublin.*

THOUGH you unkindly denied me the liberty of enquiring about your health laſt night, yet, in a matter where my happineſs is ſo much at ſtake, you muſt excuſe my diſobeying your commands; by intreating you to let me know how my dear Harry does this morning. I will not be anſwered by the common return to impertinent How d'ye's, but inſiſt on having, what I ſhall always give credit to, nay, what I eſteem as an oracle. I hope you will not refuſe me a line, to give me an aſſurance of your health,

health, and allow me to taſte of eaſe, which I have not done ſince we parted, though it is all I hope for till we meet again,

" For, in thy abſence, joy is ſeen no more."

I know not what I write, my head is quite giddy with my fears for you, which have not ſuffered me to ſleep an hour all night. You know, though I do not, the Greek name for—* ſelf-tormentor—then ſave me from myſelf; and tell me, telling me truth, that you are well.

F.

Tueſday morning—eight o'clock. When was I up ſo early?

LETTER VIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM much recovered ſince laſt night, tho' Mrs. ———'s devil of a cauſtick has made my throat as ſore on the outſide as it was before within. I felt all night as Hercules did, after he had put on Dejanira's gift; not that ſhe is any more to my Dejanira, than I to Hercules, who reſemble him in nothing but that I am

" To a diſtaff chained."

This day would perhaps diſcourage a man in better health and ſenſes from ſtirring out: But I have ordered my horſes immediately, to ſhew the ſteddy purpoſe of my life; which tho' your commands diverted me from laſt night, neither the ſeverity of the weather or acute diſorder ſhall be able to alter on any other occaſion. You have here a paraphraſe tranſlation of the firſt ode of

* Heautontimorumenos; the title of one of Terence's play.

Anacreon, which I wrote laſt night after you left me, to amuſe my pain:

My fiddle I would fain employ,
To ſing the chiefs who ruin'd Troy.
To Cadmus too my fingers move,
But my Cremona anſwers Love.
I change the ſtrings, reſign my bow,
Praiſe on Alcides to beſtow,
I raiſe them high and ſtrike them round,
But Love alone they ſtill reſound.
Adieu ye heroes and ye kings,
Of Love alone my fiddle ſings.

LETTER IX.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

IT has been a fortnight ſince I heard from you till this day, during which time my life has been ſo perfect a vacuum, that I do not recollect circumſtances enough to know whether I exiſted, during that interval. I am apt to think with the *Pythagoreans*, that my ſpirit, grown weary of its confinement in ſo ſmall a priſon, had a mind to animate ſome nobler animal, which it was in ſearch of for ſo many days; but like the gadding dove, finding no place of reſt, has returned again. I cannot ſay, it has brought the olive-branch in its mouth; though, like Mahomet's pigeon, it has returned with a letter, more calculated for war than peace, as it ſeems to denounce the loſs of your friendſhip, as well as your love; but I ſhall not ſo eaſily renounce the former, as my prudence inſpires me to reſign the latter.

You muſt ſurely have loſt all ſenſe of either, when you could think ſo meanly of me, as you ſeem to do, in your laſt letter. Have you forgot,

with what ſatisfaction I received that proof of your confidence, which you would now withdraw? You tell me, I ſhall hear no more of it; but let me tell you, if I do not, you ſhall never hear the laſt of it; for I have fancied more joy, in embracing that dear little adoption, than ever you received in the arms of it's mother. I have not, thanks to providence, yet reduced myſelf to ſuch an abject ſtate, as to have reaſon to be jealous of your amours, nor do I heed,

" If, here or there, his glances flew,
" Oh! free, for ever, be his eye,
" Whoſe heart to me is always true.

FRANCES.

LETTER X.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED * two letters from you ſince my laſt, and am heartily ſorry to find you ſtill continue ill. You give me great comfort, however, by ſaying you have hopes from regularity and the waters: Becauſe I am very certain, they jointly will cure you. I have often told you ſo, and it is ſome ſatisfaction to find you, at length, profiting, like Hudibras, of Ralpho's gifts. If I could perfectly maſter the tenderneſs I have for you, and only attend to the friendſhip I bear you, I ſhould rejoice to hear you are ſo far ill as to require ſevere and ſpeedy aſſiſtance; as I was at the taking of Bergen, and other towns belonging to the Dutch; becauſe I was then in hopes, as I am now for you, that they would exert their utmoſt vigour and reſolution, when deſtruction was coming ſo home to them, tho' they were ſhamefully careleſs, and lukewarm about their ſafety before.

* One of the letters is loſt.

I am ſorry to find you ſtill continue to give an unfair turn to every thing I ſay, and do. In your firſt letter, you twiſt and warp my meaning in the alluſion of Prior; and play Shuttlecock with my plain ſenſe, meerly to amuſe your own jeu d'eſprit. In your ſecond letter, you miſunderſtand me greatly, nay, ſeem to forget intirely the goſſipping affair.—But you are ſick, and I am ſorry.

Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER XI.

Dear SPRIGHTLY,

I RECEIVED your ballad, and read it to a large company of wit and taſte, with proper ſtops and emphaſes. It was extremely liked; and copies begged, which I refuſed, according to your commands. It really is the true ballad-ſtile, and has a very pretty turn of poetry in it.

I read Cowley's tranſlation, or rather imitation of Anacreon's firſt ode which you ſent me, and am better pleaſed with my own, than I was before; for it is cloſer to the original, is ſhort, and has no affected turn in it, but what is in the original.

My reaſons for with holding (not refuſing as you call it) my friendſhip at preſent, are theſe which follow.

I forget whether it is your favourite Rochefoucault, or La Bruyere, who ſays, "there may be an "affection between perſons of different ſexes, "without any farther deſire or thought, but as "they certainly regard each other, as of different "genders; this cannot be called pure love, or pure "friendſhip, but is a mixed affection of a third "ſort." Now, my dear Fanny, ſince our friendſhip cannot be pure, let us ſtick to that paſſion which may

may be ſo, and is, in effect, but a warmer and more intimate friendſhip. Your only reaſon for preferring Platonics muſt be, that you imagine they may laſt longer than love; and, if we were Antediluvians, your choice might be prudent; but he, that is born of the women now-a-days, has but a ſhort time to live; therefore it muſt certainly be better oeconomy to make our joys exceed, in exquiſiteneſs, what they fall ſhort of in duration, by which means we are before-hand with old Time, and he has leſs to cut us off from, when he draws his ſcythe. But, as they ſay, time ſtrengthens friendſhip, and weakens love, you may, with a little patience, ſee your ſtrange ſcheme come to paſs at laſt; upon this aſſurance, that I ſhall always add to one, what I diminiſh from the other, and perhaps we may become an hopeful old couple in time.

We ſhould do in life, as gameſters do in play, puſh away for what they call the great game; but, finding the run againſt us, we are then, and not till then, to play our cards for the after-game. Now, when we find love beginning to decline, we may ſhuffle a good ſober friendſhip out of it; but love never was pieced out of a decayed friendſhip. So that indeed, my Dear, you ſeem to begin at the wrong end, and have both reaſon and nature againſt you.

I am, my deareſt Sappho,
or tenth muſe,
Your's, &c.

LETTER XII.

HALF angry, half pleaſed with my dear Harry's ſprightly epiſtle,—I am quite divided, whether I ſhould make any reply to it, or not; but I have ſtill ſo much regard left for you, as to wiſh

to

to convince you that your opinion is quite erroneous. Love, which is not founded on eſteem, can neither be real, or permanent; it is only the effect of a wanton caprice, and is more likely to terminate in diſguſt than friendſhip. Pure love, like pure gold, cannot ſubſiſt without an allay, which, tho' it debaſes the ideal value, enhances the true one, by making them both (love and gold) more fixed, and fit for uſe; and I dare anſwer for it, that the love which does not begin in friendſhip will never end there. But friendſhip is independent, requires no mixture, no allay; it's purity, contrary to the nature of gold, is it's ſtrength and ſtability; nor is it without it's elevations and tranſports; the mutual contemplation of truth, and the communication of knowledge, being higher enjoyments than mortal ſenſe is capable of, and, as Young ſays, upon this ſubject,

" True friendſhip warms, it raiſes, it tranſports,
" Like muſick, pure the joy, without allay;
" Whoſe very rapture is tranquillity;
" But love, like wine, gives a tumultuous bliſs,
" Heightened indeed beyond all mortal pleaſures,
" But mingles pangs and madneſs in the bowl.

As friendſhip then is independent of love, and ſelf-ſufficient in it's own nature, why may it not ſubſiſt, from it's own purity, between perſons of different ſexes? tho' with the advantage of more delicacy on one ſide, and more reſpect on the other, which is more likely to make friendſhip laſting than that freedom and equality which is generally between male friends. This Platonick love, which I am deſcribing, is of the nature of that affection, which ſubſiſts between father and daughter, brother and ſiſter, which conſiſts of ſuch a guardian benevolence on one ſide, and ſuch a gratitude on the other, as makes the moſt charming ſociety in the world.

Recant,

Recant, thou profane! nor offend me again, by ſo much as hinting at that love, which is independent of friendſhip. Adieu.

FRANCES.

LETTER XIII.

My dear FANNY,

YOUR eſſay on love and friendſhip, I acknowledge to be ſomewhat too abſtracted and refined for me.

" So angels love—ſo let them love for me;
" When I'm an angel, ſo my love ſhall be."

In the mean time, my Dear, " let us e'en talk a " little like folks of this world." *

I know the objections to my natural ſcheme are, that it is vulgar and brutal; now, by calling it vulgar, they acknowledge it to be the common ſenſe of mankind, and what all men agree in muſt be right. " Vox Populi, Vox Dei," is the adage for it.

As to the groſſneſs of the paſſion, I think, that as brutes are indulged but once a year, and man, the year round, we may fairly conclude Providence to have ſet the mark of a rational pleaſure, upon, what is miſcalled, a brutal deſire.

I believe it poſſible in nature, though not in human nature, that there may be ſuch a refined love as you deſcribe; but then it muſt be reſerved for that ſtate, where we ſhall live without food, and, wrapt up in hallelujahs, reſign the pleaſures of ſenſe for a ſong.

I have been very ill, theſe ten days paſt, but no matter for that.

* " You talk of fires which ſhine, but never burn,
" In this cold world they'll never ſerve our turn."

Mal

Mal que je ſuis, je retiens mes eſprits,
Et badiner à jamais l'Apothême de ma vie.

Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

THE account you give me of Miſs ——'s rivalſhip is very entertaining; but I return you the letter, becauſe you ſeem to apprehend I ſhould make an improper uſe of it.

When ſhe ſaid that "Beauty is vanity," her moral was certainly good; but ſhe betrays, at the ſame time, that uglineſs is "Vexation of ſpirit."

To be rendered an object of love is the gift of Nature, and very few are indowed with ſuch a bleſſing; but I think Providence has put it out of the power of fewer ſtill to make themſelves eſteemed. —But emulation, not jealouſy, muſt work this happy effect.

Beauty is at beſt but a flowery triumph, and that perſon muſt have a very poor ambition, who does not ſtruggle for the longeſt and ſureſt Empire. Adieu.

HENRY.

LETTER XV.

Dear FANNY,

I DID not receive your letter according to the date of it, and the delay muſt have happened with you, for I was at the poſt-office when your letter came in laſt night.

Your account of Miſs ——'s week's route of diverſions made me laugh, and I was actually out of breath, by the time I had got to Saturday night; ſuch

ſuch a paſſion for ſhews and public places is natural to young people, but there are many ridiculous perſons in the world, who hurry through life, after the ſame rate, up to their grand climacterick; and, in ſhort, the generality of mankind ſeem rather to have a ſtomach, than a taſte for pleaſure:

"Call it diverſion and the pill goes down."

Which is entirely owing to the abrupt entrance into the world, which young people are too ſoon indulged in, and makes them continue children all the days of their lives; as huſwives obſerve, that if you broach a veſſel of liquor, before it has purged off it's crudities, it will ſtill drink new, though you keep it on draught never ſo long. I wiſh all the children of our kingdom, were made children of the public, as was the method of ſome antient ſtates; but then without ſuch antient ſtateſmen my wiſh is as abſurd, as Horace's propoſing to fly from Rome, as an expedient againſt the corruption of the people's morals; as if the vice was rather in the ſtones of the ſtreet than in the manners of the citizens. He, who would reform publick politicks, muſt firſt reclaim private morals; and I agree rather with Plato, who founds his commonwealth on the baſis of virtue, than with Harrington, who affirms the body-politick to be a machine.

Adieu!

LETTER XVI.

Dear FANNY, *Dublin.*

I RECEIVED your voluntary epiſtle, and am therefore to return you double thanks; and that I do not perform ſuch works of ſupererogation, is not, on the word of a chriſtian, for want of a ſuperlative devotion, but the meer moral want of power, perhaps the want of Grace. I am like a bad

bad pump, into which you muſt pour water, before you can work it to effect: But then, alas! in return for your Pierian ſpring, you have, from me, but the rakings of a kennel. I am a mere ghoſt in wit; and cannot ſpeak, till ſpoken to. My higheſt boaſt is, to be your ſhadow; and muſt wait on your ſubſtance, in order to my own appearance; and, if ever I put in the leaſt pretence to wit, it is owing to that faculty in you, which Falſtaff pretended to, of being not only witty yourſelf, but the cauſe of wit in other people.

I am extremely concerned to find you in ſuch a gloomy habit of mind; for Heaven's ſake, why do you indulge ſuch ſpleen a moment, while you have the powers, from your own proper fund of good ſenſe, and natural ſpirit, and capacity of entertaining yourſelf, of chacing away the * Fou Fiend? If I hear any more from you in this ſtrain, I ſhall recal the compliment I paid you in a late letter, of a tenth Muſe; and rank you among the former odd number of muſty old crones, and give you the place of the worſt of them all; namely, a diabolical, miſerable pelt of an old maid called Melpomene.

I beg to hear from you conſtantly; and never wait the ſlowneſs of my motions in writing, when you may be truly aſſured that my heart, at leaſt, keeps time with your's, tho' you may perhaps have more Love as well as more wit, at your fingers ends.

Your's in truth.

* Edgar in Lear.

HIATUS.

LETTER XVII.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

I AM extremely pleaſed to find you in ſo chearful an humour, as your laſt informed me of; it, at the ſame time, flatters my vanity, as I appear, in ſome ſort, to be the occaſion of it, and in this I triumph, that the effect has, at length, anſwered the conſtancy and ſincerity of my endeavours. Never ſuſpect my friendſhip, or my love, after the aſſurance I gave you once, that, when I grow indifferent in either, I will ingenuouſly confeſs it to you; though, how ſhould I have courage enough to declare a thing, for which I can never have a reaſon?

It concerns me indeed to hear you ſtill complain of your diſorder; but I often told you, your aid was not ſo much from medicines, as regimen, and peace of mind. Let me have a better account of your health in your next, or don't ſay any thing about it; for talking of thoſe things but makes them worſe, and muſt be uneaſy to me as well as you.

I am the ſame man ſtill to you, and, I bluſh to ſay it, the ſame to myſelf too.

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER XVIII.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

I RECEIVED your letter: I ſhall not ſay favour. What you mention to me, in relation to a lady, is part of the world's impertinence, theſe many years, plaguing me with one wife or other,

other, which I never thought of; and the world is very much obliged to you, for authorizing its impertinence, for I ſhall bear it henceforward with better temper, when I find that a perſon of your underſtanding, and good breeding, cannot avoid falling into the ſame provoking raillery.

If I was really ſuch a good-for-nothing fellow, as you take me for, you have given me great encouragement, by ſhewing with what good temper you can bear ill uſage; for ſurely, if I was when in town, or ſince I came down to the country, in any manner engaged, by contract or affections, to any woman alive, I ſhould have merited the higheſt reſentment, to have ſaid, or wrote, what I did to you. Were the merits and fortune of the lady you mention, equal to my wiſhes, and within their power, the conſideration of the friend you likewiſe mention would make me turn my thoughts another way, and ſay with Tamerlane to Moneſes,

"I will not loſe thee poorly for a woman."

Thus am I obliged to your opinion, for being thought capable of two, the baſeſt and moſt diſingenuous acts, human nature can be guilty of; falſhood in love, and diſhoneſty in friendſhip.

While I labour under ſuch vile ſuſpicions, it would pay you no compliment, the ſubſcribing myſelf either your lover or your friend.

HENRY.

LETTER XIX.

FRANCES *to* HENRY.

ROCHEFOUCAULT ſays, "that nothing "ought to make us wonder, but that we "ſhould be ſtill able to wonder at any thing." But, among all the things I have ever met with, to aſtoniſh

aſtoniſh me, nothing has equalled your letter, I ſhall not ſay favour, any more than you. In ſhort, the ſtatue of Surprize, tho' done by Phidias, would but faintly repreſent my figure, by the time I had got to the end of your "well penned epiſtle."

"And fall theſe ſayings from that gentle tongue,
"Where civil ſpeech, and ſoft perſuaſion hung!"

How could you poſſibly return me ſuch an anſwer to a letter made up of ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, and fears? And where, for your happineſs, or advantage, I generouſly offered to reſign that love, which you flattered me with; and which, 'till I received the rudeneſs of your letter, I had reaſon to think might have made the happineſs of my life.—But we are now quit; and your generoſity is equal to mine, in throwing off the maſque, which might have deceived me too far; and it was extremely kind to open my eyes, before I was quite got to the brink of a precipice. You ſeem to underſtand that maxim very well, "That the violence which we "uſe to preſerve love, is worſe than infidelity."

How ſhould I imagine, that your marrying that lady was a breach of friendſhip? I rather thought that, whom you honoured with your friendſhip, you honoured with your alliance; and he would be unworthy your attachment, who did not think ſo. And, as for my own part, I endeavoured to repreſent what you ſaid, or wrote to me, merely as the effects, or eſſay of a certain vague gallantry, which men of wit and ſpirit exerciſe upon every ſilly woman who comes in their way.

If you do not credit me in this juſtification, you may, at leaſt, believe my pride, which would ſcorn to harbour a baſe or mean opinion of one, whom even that very pride eſteemed.

I have thus condeſcended to make an apology for the letter, which has offended you; but more to vindicate

vindicate myſelf, than to ſatisfy you; and I mention the word, *condeſcenſion*, from no other idea of heighth, or ſuperiority, but what the injured have over thoſe who wrong them, by having it in their power to forgive, which, as it is a thing you may almoſt plead a preſcriptive right to, I ſhall not be diſappointed, if I receive no thanks for.

FRANCES.

LETTER XX.

HENRY *to* FRANCES.

See, how amazement on me ſits! O Praxiteles!

WHY, my little pet, and a ſpoiled pet thou art; what reaſon in the world had you to reſent my letter, except as children do being whipt, when they do miſchief?

I muſt have been extremely unworthy your leaſt regard, if I had not reſented being thought a trifler, at leaſt; which indeed was the ſmalleſt part of your charge againſt me; and I muſt have thought you unworthy mine, if I had not been highly piqued at being thought ſo by you.

You ſtill carry on your unkindneſs, by charging me with rudeneſs in my letter; which I remember not, at leaſt I am very ſure, I had no ſentiment of ill-breeding in my mind about you; but if the roughneſs of my manners has offended you, I aſk your pardon.

Then you tell me I have thrown off the maſque, &c. &c. In ſhort, I make ſuch a paultry figure, thro' the courſe of your anecdotes, that I ſhould be aſhamed to re-offer you my love and friendſhip, if my inclination did not get the better of my modeſty; to aſſure you, that they are both at your ſervice,

ſervice, whenever you think them worth your acceptance.

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER XXI.

My deareſt HARRY,

I RECEIVED your fond and elegant letter, I mean of the 29th date; for thoſe characteriſticks could hardly diſtinguiſh which of your letters I allude to.

I am pleaſed to find, I am, at length, brought to ſuch a ſteady temper of mind, as to be able to bear, without emotion, thoſe giddy heights, to which your praiſe uſed to raiſe me; ſo that your approbation now rather makes me emulous than vain. However, I owe this ſtrength, not to my own ſenſe, but to your conſtancy; as uſe prevents our being affected with elevated ſituations.

Whatever ſenſe, accompliſhment, or merit, I have, were inſpired from your precept, example, and inſtruction; and, like Pygmalion, you are become inamoured of the works of your own hands. How doubly kind is it in a maſter, firſt to make his pupil perfect in his art, and then commend him for his excellence in it! Farewel, my guide and ſafeguard too, through all the dangerous paths of life.

LETTER XXII.

My dear FANNY, *Naas.*

WE might have got farther to night, but I choſe to ſtop here, for two reaſons; the firſt was my impatience to write to you; and the next, that I was heartily tired of my companion, who

who was too well mounted, to eſcape from on the road,—but I have locked myſelf up here.

He is one of thoſe matter-of-fact men, who, being incapable of ſtriking out any thing, or idea, from their own ſenſe, or imaginations, are eternally talking of what they have ſeen or heard; as if they were reading over a memorandum book; and whoſe whole converſation is, a diary of their lives; for which reaſon, they are never tired of talking, becauſe they are themſelves the chief ſubject-matter of their diſcourſe. I aſked him, a little peeviſhly, this evening, whether he had ever committed murder, that he could not bear his own thoughts for a moment?

Perhaps I ſhould have borne him, with more patience, at any other time; but, having ſo lately parted from your charming converſe, I became more nice about my company, and leſs capable of any entertainment, except this of writing to you; while the happy wretch is prating below ſtairs, to the waiter.

I have not time now to ſend you the rules, or maxims, you promiſed to conduct yourſelf by, with regard to your life and health; but, if you conſult your own reaſon and underſtanding, I flatter myſelf, you will have the eſſence of them all, before I can reduce them into a dull form.

Adio Cara.

HIATUS.

LETTER XXIII.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE no news to write, but what I believe is none at preſent, that I am very angry with you. Now, do but obſerve, ſpectators, what an innocent countenance he puts on, ſuch gentleneſs of

of manners, and demureneſs of features, that it would require proofs, equal to mathematical demonſtration, to convict him; and yet I know this plauſible man to be worſe than a devil; becauſe he has art enough to hide his cloven foot. But, alas! rage is the ſhorteſt paſſion of a woman's ſoul; and I find (to quote a paſſage from one of your letters) that "* abſence to lovers, like death to enemies, "buries every fault, and enlivens every virtue." However, I am glad you are in the country, that I may have the pleaſure to think of you, in the moſt amiable light; though it is poſſible I lye; for, perhaps, I have done nothing elſe, but wiſh you back, ever ſince you went. Yet it is a vain taſk to think of rivalling your Naiads, Dryades, and Hamadryads, ſo, in alluſion to your ‡ ſong, I muſt "make a "virtue of neceſſity," and be content.

I am quite aſhamed of this vile-penned ſcrawl, not of quality; but I hope you will excuſe it, when I tell you, that this pen was made by Noah, and plucked from the wing of that ungrateful Raven, which flew from the Ark, and returned not again; and has been worn to the ſtump by old maids, in making anecdotes of tea table talk ever ſince.

Adieu.

* That letter is loſt.

‡ The following ſong, wrote extempore by Henry, many years ago, upon a particular occaſion.

Dulce eſt deſipere in loco. HOR.

ALL hail the firſt of April! to folly ſacred day,
And may we all enjoy it, for ever and for aye,
And a fooling we will go, we'll go, we'll go,
And a fooling let us go.

There's Socrates the wiſeſt man, that e'er was bred in ſchool,
When at the height of wiſdom * declar'd himſelf a fool.
And a fooling, &c.

Eraſmus too we all know, averſe from melancholy,
Employ'd his wit and learning, to write in ‡ praiſe of folly.
And a fooling, &c.

In love affairs 'tis always fools who have the beſt ſucceſs,
The wiſe refine on pleaſure, ſo make enjoyment leſs.
Then a fooling, &c.

From all our boaſted wiſdom, what advantage do we gain?
But to give ourſelves and others a more ingenious pain.
So a fooling, &c.

Then pox on all reflection, and let us merry be,
For what are ſage philoſophers? but graver fools than we.
And a fooling, &c.

Since all are fools, or firſt or laſt, then let us with one voice,
Make virtue of neceſſity, and ſo be fools by choice.
And a fooling, &c.

* "All I know is, that I know nothing," was an apothegm of his.

‡ The Moriæ encomium.

LETTER XXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I DID did not write to you before, becauſe I thought it a ſoleciſm in good breeding, to pay you a viſit, en paſſant, as country gentlemen call it, making an inn of one's houſe. Beſides, it would have been no compliment to you, to have wrote from

from an inn, where I was dull and idle; ſo deferred it, 'till I came here; where I have a world of buſineſs, and the higheſt entertainment, that a number of agreeable women can give to a man of my conſtitution. And, to raiſe the compliment higher, ("car il eſt bon de ſe fair valoir") I aſſure you, I have a ſtruggle with myſelf, at preſent, about writing to you at all, leſt my letters ſhould fall into aukward hands, during Tom's illneſs; but my inclinations, with regard to you, have always been too ſtrong for my prudence; ſo on I venture, with a "Hoping theſe few lines," &c.

I cannot forgive your making Noah's meſſenger a Raven, a bird of ill omen; when you might have made ſo many pretty alluſions to the Dove, emblem of love and peace. I beg henceforward your quills may be gently drawn from the pinion of the fond cooing turtle, and that the harſh croking of that boding fowl may never once aſſault my ears.

Here I might bring in a ſubject-matter applicable; but ſhall poſtpone it 'till I am ſure there are none but friends by. The ſame reaſon ſhall prevent me from giving my thoughts upon the buſineſs you mentioned to me at parting, till I hear Tom is able to walk abroad; ſo ſhall conclude, at preſent, with an extempore tag:

Vive la joye, et l'amour,
Et Diable emporte les Caſeurs!

Adieu.

HENRY.

LETTER XXV.

MY dear Harry's letter, at laſt, relieved me from ten thouſand anxieties, while you were on your journey, which are better felt than expreſſed. If you knew what pain your negligence gives me, I am ſure you would be a little more punctual

in your correſpondence; but I almoſt deſpair of ever making you ſenſible of the delicacy of my ſentiments, and am ſorry to find that you are ſtill unknowing in my heart. However, I accept your apologies, for "with eaſe, alas! we credit thoſe we "love." But I beg henceforward, that you would not be guilty of voluntary faults and omiſſions, merely to ſhew, with what addreſs you can excuſe them.

I do not at all doubt your being perfectly happy, in the company of agreeable women; and more ſo than other men can boaſt, in being approved by them. But, "why am I told how Pyrrhus loves "or hates?" unleſs it be to mortify my vanity, or hint that my letters may be an impertinent interruption to your pleaſures at Elton. Yet I am encouraged to write more particularly at this time, becauſe, perhaps, you may more readily come into my Platonick ſcheme; and that we may, without loſs of time, enter upon that charming ſyſtem, I beg that, by return of the poſt, you will ſend me a full and true hiſtory of your giddy wandering heart, from the time it laſt trembled at a rod, to it's preſent fluttering at Miſs Rawley's feet, whom I know to be one of your company, and probably the faireſt; but I ſhall purſue this ſubject no farther, for I find myſelf beginning to grow grave, which is the next ſtep to growing dull.

I am offended at your ſeeming to doubt my knowledge in Sacred Hiſtory; ſo ſhall refer you to the 7th verſe of the 8th chapter of Geneſis, where you will find, that the firſt living creature, which ſallied out of the Ark, was that very identical Raven, mentioned in my laſt letter. I diſclaim all commerce with the Dove, becauſe it returned with an olive-branch, and I here declare war with your whole worthleſs ſex; be you alone excepted from

my general reſentment. I wiſh you that ſoft repoſe, which has been, this week paſt, a ſtranger to

Your own

FANNY.

HIATUS.

LETTER XXVI.

Dear FANNY,

TAKE notice that this letter is dated the 26th of April, 1747, Old Stile, that you may ſee how punctual I am, in anſwering your's. For, by your ſaying I was a week ſilent, I ſuppoſe Tom forgot my letter in his pocket, and I was really juſt ſitting down to enquire what was become of you, when I received your's. I aſſure you, I never ſuffer a poſt to intervene between our correſpondence, and I will date my letters henceforward to convince you of it.

I am ſorry you are ill—I am not much better myſelf; and am reduced to ſuch a degree of low ſpirits, as I ſhould be aſhamed to own, but that I never diſguiſe my foibles to you. I hope that it is owing merely to my diſorder, that your letter appears very unreaſonable and unkind; but that and other matters be referred to our meeting, which ſhall be as ſoon as I am able to ride up to town; and, though you ſtint me the pleaſure of your company to half an hour. I ſhall find nothing new in that, for I never thought I had that happineſs longer in my life.

I thank you for the trouble you have had about my things, and have here ſent you a bill for the coſts: I have not ſeen them yet, but am reſolved to like them, except the green you have choſen be a willow, which from your letter, I have reaſon to apprehend.

I may hear from you once at leaſt, before I ſhall be able to ſet out, and hope to have a better account of your health, to know when you have fixed for your journey, and whither you are going. Adieu.

I am your's, in ſickneſs or in health.

LETTER XXVII.

My dear HARRY,

I AM extremely ſorry to hear that you are ill, either in body or mind; and I ſincerely wiſh, that my preſent ſympathy could alleviate your pains; for I could with pleaſure ſay,

" Ah! more than ſhare them—give me all thy griefs "

I took the air three or four times in a vile hack; and this has encumbred me with two new diſorders, a cold and tooth-ach. I have quite loſt my appetite; and oh! how long are the nights, and how ſhort my ſlumbers? I am quite feeble, and my ſpirits ſo low that I can hardly ſpeak, to give neceſſary directions about myſelf; and you know what a helpleſs family I am in. Oh! haſte thee quickly to my aid, and bring Hygea with thee, more welcome, as alone enjoyed in thy loved preſence, and admired converſe——at leaſt, oh! ſend me a ray of her divinity in your next letter, by telling me that you are recovered.

You call my laſt letter unreaſonable and unkind, and ſay you are preparing the willow. If to eſteem you with unwearied conſtancy, and to preſerve the ſtrongeſt friendſhip for you, even tho' you do not merit it, can be called unkind (though I acknowledge it to be unreaſonable) I ſhall then own your charge is juſt. Yet, notwithſtanding all this weakneſs in my eaſy nature, I am determined not to ſee you,

you, but for the time I propoſed; and I hope to have courage enough to keep a reſolution, upon which, perhaps, the happineſs of my life depends.

My head is ſo bad, that I am hardly able to hold it down any longer, tho' I have a thouſand things to ſay; but, if I am able, I will write again by next poſt.

I beg you will let me know, when you intend to be in town; for I have a queſtion to aſk you, which is of ſome conſequence to my repoſe.

" And oh! what anxious minutes count they o'er,
" Who doat, yet doubt; ſuſpect, yet fondly love."

Do not aſk me what it is, for I will not tell you till we meet.

Farewel, Farewel.

FRANCES.

LETTER XXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM very ſorry for the account you give of yourſelf, and is it not, at the ſame time, an extraordinary thing, that I ſhould wiſh it were all true? for I would rather you had real, than imaginary ills; as one is much eaſier cured, than the other; and I have often had reaſon to ſuſpect you of ſpleen and vapours before now.

I am quite recovered, and deſign going to Dublin in ten days; but think it needleſs to carry Hygea with me: " Nec Deus interſit, &c." for you poſſeſs her already, and bear her about as * Jupiter did of old, for Hygea is but one of the names of Minerva.

* Minerva was born of Jupiter's brain.

As ſoon as I get to town, I ſhall wait upon you, to talk over your extraordinary and cruel ſcheme of baniſhing me from your preſence for ever; and, as to the queſtion you mean to aſk me, I will lay open my heart and mind as freely to you in any particular you have a curioſity to inquire into, as I would to heaven, "from whom no ſecrets are "hidden;" for, indeed, I know nothing, merely relative to myſelf, which I need, or would chuſe to conceal from you; and, for what concerns other people, you can have no reaſon to be anxious.

I am, my deareſt, beſt-loved girl,
Your conſtant and
Beſt-loving Lover.

LETTER XXIX.

I AM extremely pleaſed to find that my dear Harry has neither forgot his promiſe, nor his Fanny. You ſee my pulſe keeps equal time with your's: I wiſh I could ſay, they made as healthful muſick. However, you may be aſſured, your letter has been the moſt efficacious medicine I could poſſibly have met with.—As the mind has often an effect upon the body to its detriment, which you hint to be my caſe; it is but fair it ſhould alſo have the ſame towards its good; and as there has been a ſympathy between us, in ſickneſs, it would be a provoking circumſtance, if it did not continue in health.

Forgive me if I am laconick to-night, for I write in a room, where there are as many different tongues, as the apoſtles were inſpired with; tho' I think the alluſion would have been juſter, if I had mentioned the building of Babel.

I thank you for your refined compliment, which, tho' I have not vanity enough to give credit to, I

am

am however pleaſed at; as I am with any thing which gives you an opportunity of ſhewing that lively wit, which is elegant even in trifles; and perhaps that paſſage in your letter was deſigned as a ſupplement to the * Moriæ Encomium of Eraſmus.

A Well-bred young man threatens to read my letter; ſo I will cloſe it, to ſave you from the ſcandal of having ſo ſtupid a correſpondent.

* In praiſe of Folly.

LETTER XXX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE been abroad about buſineſs, theſe two days, tho' not very well able to go; and am juſt returned to Maidenhall, which I call coming to myſelf again; and the firſt thing which occurs to me, of courſe, muſt be the applying myſelf to you.

Your letter was, as you ſay, laconick; but I ſhould have thought ſo, if it contained a quire of paper. However, I kiſſed your laſt billet, as it was, in ſome ſort, an emblem of yourſelf, ſhort a d ſweet.

I ſincerely wiſh there was ſuch a ſympathy between us, as you hint at, of mutual affections and paſſions; but all the effect, I feel, is like what is perceivable in iron, touched by the loadſtone; I am ſenſible of an attraction; but alas! my needle points ſtill to the North, which is the region of your chaſtity.

I will make my letter as ſhort as yours, to ſhew you, I can keep to a pattern, tho' I have not been able to put as good ſtuff in the ſuit. Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER XXXI.

Dear HARRY,

BECAUSE a ſurprize is an agreeable novelty in this ſame *repetitious* world, I would not give you the leaſt hint of our intended frolick. Kitty and I ſet out on Tueſday morning for this place; which we reached much fatigued that night, partly by ſtage, and partly horſes, which her brother brought to meet us at Mullingar, which town was all in flames, as we paſſed through it, but our virtue carried us ſafe through the fire Ordeal.

Direct for me at Mullingar, for we ſhall be all next week at the aſſizes, which are expected to be very gay. I have often thought this a very odd time for diverſion; and that a jury ſhall now paſs a verdict of death, and then go dance. There is alſo a ſort of cruelty in it to the miſerable wretches, who ſuffer death or baniſhment at ſuch times; for the weight of all ills is increaſed by comparing ourſelves with thoſe, who ſeem to rejoice in health or happineſs.

We ſhall return to Dublin in ten days.

Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER XXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE delayed anſwering your letter till the poſt is juſt going out, that I might have as little time to ſpare for that purpoſe as poſſible, leſt I ſhould anſwer it too fully and circumſtantially; therefore ſhall only ſay, that, if you will recollect yourſelf, you will find, that, ſince the firſt of

our acquaintance, there has not been an act of diſhonour, unkindneſs, or even the loweſt baſeneſs to be imagined, which you have not, at ſeveral times, charged me with; my love, my friendſhip, my honour, my word, my oath, all ſuſpected: and the higheſt and often repeated teſtimonies of them all diſcredited.

"Are theſe things ſo?" and are you ſurprized, I ſhould warmly expoſtulate about them? which was, in truth, all I did in that letter, that has moved you to ſuch intemperate reſentment.

When I preſs you home, about ſome particulars in your former letters, you pretend to be in jeſt: —Is this ingenuous dealing?—when I invite a large ſet of company to paſs the ſummer at Maidenhall, merely to ſave appearances in your coming, you tell me you underſtand this, but as a pique of honour. But indeed, Fanny, if I had not more true love for you, than I find I have credit for, the caprice and unreaſonableneſs of your behaviour, in ſeveral inſtances of our lives, would have left me no neceſſity for preſerving ſuch a pique.

I ſhall ſay no more 'till we meet; nor then, I hope, one word upon this ſubject; for I believe half an hour's reflection, upon the ſubſtance of this letter, will prevent all occaſion of ſuch altercation for the future.

I am, my deareſt Fanny, notwithſtanding
the mortifications I have met with,
Your's indeed,

HENRY.

LETTER XXXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

" What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
" But 'tis no matter—
" Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
" The Cat will mew, and Dog will have his day."

SHAKESPEAR.

IT is a provoking thing, that I have not any perſon to whom I dare appeal, upon a difference, or diſpute between us. Yet it would avail me nothing, if I had; for that provoking, inſincere, plauſible, philoſophick temper of yours, would prejudice any judge in your favour. In ſhort, the reaſonableneſs of my anger cannot always appear; but the calmneſs of your reſentment may; for, while I am raging like one bit by a mad dog, you are looking as demure and wiſe as a phyſician feeling a pulſe. Thus ſuperficial obſervers are impoſed upon; but the ſearcher of hearts would find me all the time overflowing with tenderneſs and good-nature, your's rendered callous by deliberate malice and calm rancour.

I know you will be angry at this; but ſo you have *pleaſed* to be with, almoſt, every ſecond letter I ever wrote to you, and every ſecond or third converſation has been a quarrel.

I find we are both very apt ſcholars at a game they call Snap-Dragon; but it ſhall not be my fault, if we do not leave off before we have burnt our fingers; therefore, for the ſake of peace and friendſhip, let our correſpondence end here. Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER XXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

YOU began your laſt with a quotation which aptly deſcribes the life we have led for ſome time paſt; but that I think our's is more unaccountable; for, tho' a dog and cat begin with ſquabbling, yet uſe ſoon reconciles them to each other; and I have ſeen them, in a ſhort time, quietly occupy each a chimney-corner, as becomes domeſtic animals to do. While, on the contrary, we met, at firſt, with that mutual love and good liking, which might promiſe a long and conſtant harmony; yet were not one month acquainted, before *puſs*, in her majeſty, had her back up, and *curr* fell a ſnarling, as if uſe, habit, or cuſtom, whoſe conſtant ſtrife is againſt nature, made a ſport of reconciling antipathies, and deſtroying ſympathies.

But, to quit this allegory, I beg, my dear, you will conſider, I never reprimanded you for any thing, but what I thought ſome injury to your fortune, character, or health; moſtly the laſt; for the firſt is too ſmall for oeconomy, and the ſecond too good for ſcandal. But you are conſtantly complaining of bad health, and yet always doing the very things which deſtroy it; you are eternally taking medicines, and, at the ſame time, doing irregular things, to prevent their operation. Now it is probable that there are but few drugs in an apothecary's ſhop, which may be ſaid, if they do no good, to do no harm; ſo that you may find the beſt medicines, without a regimen, turn to poiſon; and, though frequent parties to Chapel-Izod may be extremely agreeable to the rules of novel,----they are, I aſſure you, quite contrary to the laws of phyſick. Such irregularities, or exceſs of any kind, may not probably, ſo ſoon as you imagine, anſwer

the

the end you have ſometimes ſo wickedly wiſhed for, the end of life; but may, perhaps, take that ſhocking turn, I mentioned to you lately, from an hint of your phyſicians, who ſaid you ſometimes ſpoke like a perſon who was going mad, and, with regard to your health, you acted like one that was ſo.

If, from all theſe apprehenſions, I ſhould endeavour to exert, perhaps, a little too roughly, the power and influence I thought I had over you, and which I never will make uſe of, but for your own advantage, I was in hopes of having the reaſon and nature of the thing calmly and diſpaſſionately conſidered, and expected your thanks (tho' I acted not on ſo poor a motive) rather than your reſentment.

But I have done, and do here promiſe you, that I will never give you any farther offence this way; for I find you will have no regard to your health, for your own ſake; and am afraid you have not kindneſs enough to take care of it, for mine; ſo I ſhall, at leaſt, keep the ſentiments of my heart to myſelf, however I may be made uneaſy with the affections of it. Adieu!

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER XXXV.

My dear FANNY,

I DID not mean to trouble you about ſuch a trifle, at a time you were ill, and only deſired Tom to aſk where you had bought the ſilk, that he might match the colour. Let me know what the charge is, that I may not owe you paltry debts, already ſo bound and mortgaged to you.

I am

I am extremely ſorry, any thing in my letter ſhould provoke you, or make you uneaſy; though I need not make any apology for being guilty of an error, any body, who knows you, might be led into, the believing you never ſay or do any thing, without a meaning, or deſign. What I hinted at, were paſſages out of your own letter; and though, upon my honour, I did not take them ſeriouſly, I thought, at leaſt, you meant to make me uneaſy by them; and, not having the malice to diſappoint the deſign, I thought it would be ſome amuſement to my little Snap-Dragon, to find her ſcheme was anſwered.

You have a right, I think, and a power, I ſwear, to make me uneaſy, whenever you pleaſe; and I ſhall henceforward never repine at your prerogative, but when you extend it, as you often do, to the cruel height of rendering yourſelf unhappy in health or ſpirits; which is a method of wounding me, beyond the power of temper or philoſophy.

I am, my deareſt Fanny, becauſe I would not help it, if I could,

Your's eternally,

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER XXXVI.

Aug. 12th.

WHEN my dear Harry left town, I flattered myſelf, that I ſhould enjoy "a cool ſuſ-"pence from pleaſure and from pain," and that I ſhould recover my ſhattered ſpirits and broken conſtitution, firmly reſolved to live ſoberly, quietly, and righteouſly, all the days of my life. But ſee, the ſtrange perverſeneſs of my ſtars, more in fault than

than I, which drive me on the rock I thought to ſhun; for I have not been one evening at home, ſince I ſaw you; but have been continually immerſed in noiſe, folly, and hurry; dragged about in melancholy parties of pleaſure, where, as Pope ſays,

"I ſit, with ſad civility; I hear,
"With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching ear."

And ſurely it is a vice, which the devil was not fool enough to poſſeſs us with, to ſacrifice one's life and health, without ſome joy in doing it. I wiſh you had died three years ago, for, if I had not known you, the now inſupportable ſtupidity of half the world would not have been ſo irkſome to me; for nothing is good or bad but by compariſon. You will oblige me extremely, if you will ſend me a diſſertation upon fools; why there ſhould be ſuch difference between men of the ſame family, and ſame education, as may frequently be obſerved; and, at the ſame time, explain to me the cauſe, for reaſon there can be none, why women are generally ſo fond of them. You muſt know that a lady, whom you ſometimes have heard me make whimſical mention of, has, in one of her flights, taken a moſt unfortunate paſſion for me; and, as love is importunate, ſhe has not let me reſt an hour in peace, ſince that unlucky æra; though what I ſuffer from her is not the worſt part of the adventure; for the oddneſs of her character is not unentertaining; but ſhe is generally ſurrounded by a groupe of miſerable young men "of wit and humour "about town," who, by the way of being ſprightly, talk nonſenſe by the hour, then, by way of galantry, cram us into hacks, and away to Chapelizod, where I have ſupped with the ſame ſet, twice this week; and,

"Woe is me!
"To have ſeen what I have ſeen; ſeeing what I ſee!"

But, now I think of it, why did you not write laſt poſt? I confeſs, indeed, that your ſprightly letter had more fine things in it, than I ſhall be able to pay you back in a thouſand years; but, to ſome the Gods have given fortitude, &c. and, ſince writing is not my talent, I think you would be more unreaſonable than the Egyptian taſk-maſters, if you expected a return from me; but, to play back the pertneſs of your own expreſſion in one of your letters *, "You may be aſſured that my heart, at "leaſt, keeps equal time with your's; tho' "you may have more wit, as well as love, at "your fingers ends." And tho' I cannot pay you off in your own coin, you may ſee, by the length of this letter, that I make you the only tender I have in my power; and, like a compounding creditor, you muſt accept of quantity for quality.

We have dreadful weather here; long, tedious, wet, winter days, and ſhort nights, which hardly give us time to warm ourſelves in our bed, before the ghoſt of Phœbus returns, to haunt us with another uncomfortable day. The ſtreets are not much above ancle deep; which is an entertaining circumſtance to thoſe who have no equipages. In ſhort, I am almoſt ruined with the expence of chair-hire.

I wiſh you could prevail on yourſelf to write oftener than once a week: for, if I am reduced, I vow, I will print your letters—I think they will keep me in tea, clean linen, and plays; which, you know, is all my food, my apparel, or my amuſement.

Adieu! and think often of

Your affectionate Pauper.

* Laſt paragraph of Letter XVI.

LETTER XXXVII.

My dear PAUPER,

I RECEIVED your pretty lively letter, and am now ſet down to conſider of the queſtion you ſtarted in natural philoſophy, relating to fools.

As Nature is ſaid, to have made nothing in vain, what apology then for fools? This difficulty, which has ſo long puzzled the learned, I will offer you two ſolutions to anſwer; one by denying, and the other by admitting the fact.

Firſt then, I deny that Nature ever made a fool, but as ſhe makes any other monſter; not by deſign, but through ſome accidental imperfection in the organs of conception, or caſual event, happening afterwards to the infant in the cradle.

Next, I admit fools to have been made by deſign, and, no offence to you, ſhall take the liberty to offer to you this hypotheſis of the matter.

Providence made man; and, ſeeing it not good, that man ſhould be alone, made woman; then, ſeeing it not good that woman ſhould be alone, he made a fool; before which time, it is ſaid, ſhe amuſed herſelf with the Devil. From which time knaves and fools have divided the favours of the fair.

Let me now attempt a metaphyſical account of this extraordinaay matter, which has ſo much ſurprized natural philoſophers: That two men, who have had the ſame education, and, upon diſſection, have been found anatomically the ſame, have yet ſo greatly differed in their underſtanding. For this, ſee the Metempſichoſis, or tranſmigration of ſouls, according to Virgil's account of it. He ſays, in the ſixth Æneid, that the ſouls of thoſe who die, return to this world again, to animate other human bodies;

bodies; except ſuch as, having completely acquitted themſelves on earth, remain in Elyſium for ever.

Now, ſince as many, or more, are born, as die; therefore it is neceſſary to create a number of new ſouls, to ſupply the place of thoſe, who have finiſhed their courſe. Thus I conclude, that what is ſtiled ſenſe, or parts, in men, is but a recollection of former experience; and their having no conſciouſneſs of this matter, need be no objection to the truth of it; for men have often, in their ſleep, exerciſed the arts they have been bred to, without any recollection of their former practice. The fools then of this world, I take to be ſome of thoſe *new-faſhioned ſouls*, occaſionally created, who muſt neceſſarily paſs thro' an infancy of threeſcore years, and be re-born to every ſtage of human life, before they can arrive at an adult underſtanding, and find reſt for their ſouls in Elyſium.

The ſecond part of your propoſition muſt be deferred, to be conſidered the next poſt.

I am, my fair queriſt,

Your faithful reſpondent,

HARRY.

LETTER XXXVIII.

IN anſwer to the ſecond part of your quere, I ſhall obſerve to you, that fools are generally ſaid to be * * *

quit this ſubject, after having made one reflection; that, as women are ſaid, in general, to be extremely fond of fools, it is ſurprizing, that men of ſenſe find ſo little favour from them, as they are allowed to be incomparably the greateſt fools in love. For a man of ſenſe muſt beat a fool, all to nothing, even in folly. But this remarkable diſtinction, with women, muſt be owing to their extraordinary piety; paying greater regard to ideots delivered from the hands of their Creator, than the fools of their own making.

Enough of this idle ſubject.——Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER XXXIX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

DOST thou expect to live, after all this prophane ſarcaſm againſt women? Or do you hope that Heſiod or Orpheus were to be the laſt ſacrifices to female juſtice? Obſerve that I enter the liſts, and draw my pen, as champion, for the honour of my injured ſex, in which I ſhall proceed after your own method: Firſt, by denying, and then by admitting the fact.

Firſt, then, I affirm that ſouls are not of different genders: Therefore, in the metaphyſical nature of the queſtion, your ſex has, originally, no advantage over our's. I have, indeed, ſometimes heard ſuch an arbitrary diſtinction made, as virtues maſculine, and virtues feminine; but the ancients, who firſt claſſed all human properties, were of a different way of thinking, and tacitly confeſſed, that all virtuous qualities belonged more properly to our ſex; for I have heard you ſay a very flattering thing, that, "in all the learned languages, the "moral excellencies were nouns of the feminine "gender."

" gender." If you anſwer for Greek and Latin, I will do the ſame for French and Italian *.

This ſhews, at leaſt, the general ſenſe of lettered philoſophers, as alſo of great and warlike nations, in our favour; and what led them naturally into this way of thinking, was, the obſerving that all refinement in ſenſe, and all improvement in manners, was entirely owing to our influence over your uncouth natures, who afterwards poliſhed thoſe virtues, which we firſt inſpired,——" ye had been brutes without us."

But, not to inſiſt on any ſuperiority in this matter, would it not be cruel and prophane to ſuppoſe that the Creator ſhould require as great virtues from us, and ſubject us to as ſevere trials as men, without inſpiring our minds with equal ſtrength, or making our ſouls capable of as high moral perfection?

Your own reading can furniſh you with inſtances in women, of every manly virtue, even of perſonal courage, and contempt of death; ſufficient to prove the force of my reaſoning; which, however, I ſhall not enumerate, leſt, my memory failing me, you ſhould pertly ſay, theſe examples were but juſt ſufficient to eſtabliſh the contrary rule, by their exceptions to it. In anſwer to which, I ſhall make the reply, that ‡ a lion did once to a man, " you " keep the art of painting in your own hands." But, grant that the inſtances of female heroiſm are but few; are not the opportunities of exerting it

* It was ſome Dutch witted grammarian who, in his chapter of genders, ſaid, that the maſculine was more worthy than the feminine.

‡ The fable tells us, that a man and a lion had once a diſpute, about the ſuperiority of their natures; upon which, the man produced the picture of a lion, conquered by a man; and the lion made the anſwer alluded to above.

as

as few alſo? I mean with regard to actions publick, and ſhining enough, for the notice of hiſtory; which, however, are neither more amiable, or more difficult, than many virtues, you, vile men, give us the occaſion of exerciſing in private life; to which you have arbitrarily confined the ſphere of our activity.

Now even thoſe few extraordinary examples, which you all admit of, ſufficiently prove, or declare, the original excellence of our natures; for reaſon, or philoſophy, may perfect virtue, but cannot create it; though a narrow and illiberal education may ſo depreſs and obſcure great qualities, as to give that paltry tenour to our character, which you ſo unfairly reproach us with;——which brings me to the ſecond part of my propoſition, and which, according to your example, I ſhall make the ſubject of a ſecond letter;—ſo a truce, till next poſt, but no peace, till you are fairly conquered.

Farewel.

F.

LETTER XL.

IN antient times, when mankind began to frame themſelves into ſocieties and ſtates, the male part, perceiving they were born with greater bodily ſtrength than the female, vainly concluded, they were originally indued with greater ſenſe, and nobler ſouls; ſo, partially arrogated to themſelves the ſuperiority, at the ſame time that they refuſed, very unfairly, the ſame law of reaſon, to an horſe, though they acknowledge him to be an animal of greater ſtrength than they.

Now, in order to preſerve this unjuſt dominion to themſelves, and their heirs male for ever, they concluded no Salique law ſo effectual, as to fetter

and

and inſlave our minds, by ſuch a narrow, domeſtic, and partial education, as ſhould bury the ſeeds of ſenſe and philoſophy, and byas our opinions towards a notion of their ſuperior, "manly ſenſe and reaſon." *

Thus un-educated, and unimproved; or, what is worſe, condemned to a wrong education; it is as unfair to cenſure us for the weakneſs of our underſtandings, as it would be to blame the Chineſe women for little feet; for neither is owing to the imperfection of nature, but to the conſtraint of cuſtom.

When women then aſſociate themſelves with men of moderate underſtandings (for I think you too humble, when you brand thoſe with the title of fools, who fall ſhort of your own ſenſe) it is only becauſe it is natural and reaſonable to prefer that degree of ſenſe, which they comprehend, to that which is beyond their apprehenſion, and this is nothing more than you would do yourſelf; for I do not know what pleaſure you could have in company with a Rabbi, merely for his underſtanding Hebrew, of which you hardly know the type.

I believe that women, *cæteris paribus*, as Tom ſays, always prefer men of the beſt ſenſe, as far as the limits of their own underſtanding extend; beyond which, it would be enthuſiaſm, not rational affection, to carry their regards. I confeſs, indeed, that there muſt be an intire equality between the rivals, with regard to fortune, titles, dreſs, perſon, &c.—before the ſuperiority of underſtanding can have the chance of being conſidered. But then this is owing to the falſe byaſs of female education, which directs us to wrong means of happineſs; and, inſtead of being cenſured for our error, we ought to be pitied for not being rendered capable of judging right.

* Maria in the Nonjuror.

Henceforward

Henceforward therefore, I interdict you, *wiſe* fools, from the unjuſtneſs of any ſatyr againſt our ſex, till you have, by a proper and more liberal education, given our noble and ingenuous natures fair play to exert themſelves. Do this, if ye dare, ye imperious tyrants, and ye ſhall ſee, how ſmall we will make you. Oh! let us once be free; for know, that arts and ſciences cannot raiſe their heads under deſpotick ſway.

I ſhall mention but one thing more, which appears to me a very natural thought, that Providence certainly intended women, rather than men, for the ſtudy and contemplation of philoſophy and ſcientific knowledge; as the delicacy of our frame ſeems fitter for ſpeculation, than action; and our home-province affords us greater leiſure than men, who, from their robuſt and active natures, ſeem calculated more for buſineſs, labour, and mechanic arts. Out then, ye vile uſurpers of our natural rights and liberties; and oh! for an army of Amazons to vindicate our wrongs.

FRANCES.

N. B. St. Evremond ſays, "that a woman is a more perfect creature than a man, ſuppoſing each to have attained to their higheſt degree; for he thought it more poſſible to find the ſtronger reaſon of man in a woman than the charms and endearments of a woman in a man."

There is this reaſon to ſupport his ſentiment, that maſculine ſenſe is an excellence in women, but feminine manners ridiculous in men.

F.

LETTER XLI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

" Penthesilea *furens, mediisq; in millibus ardet*—
" *Bellatrix: audetq; viris concurrere* Virgo."
VIRG.

There is more Latin for Tom.

I AM charmed at the sense and spirit of your letters, and find it easy to recant from an error, which was never seriously my opinion; and you may forgive the spleen of a * provoked lover, who, as is generally the way, abuses the whole sex, to shew his resentment to one. But I cannot help observing, how generously, and like a knight-errant, you have behaved, to fly to the succour of a weak combatant, by whose fall you could no way be affected.

" Since satirizing those, is praising you."

To this you could not be induced, by any state policy, to enter into an alliance for your own defence; but, like the English, bravely ingage in the war, to preserve the balance of *power*; and, like them too, furnish the whole expence yourself.

For my part I declare, that, in general, I both like and esteem women better than men, they often excite the exercise of the most pleasing virtues, generosity, honour, and compassion, they inspire us with the whole *petites Morales*, as the French not unaptly term them, of complacency, politeness, and gentleness of manners; without which, as you say, we had been brutes indeed.

I never feel myself intirely chearful, but in their company; for sprightliness and good humour more

* Alluding to a former amour.

particularly become you, than us, as your gayer and more poetical reading, with almoſt an entire vacation from buſineſs, enable you better to exert them: In ſhort, what was ſaid of muſick, may very juſtly be applied to your ſex:

" *Women*, the cordial of a troubled breaſt,
" The ſofteſt remedy, that grief can find:
" The gentle ſpell, which lulls our cares to reſt,
" And calms the ruffling paſſions of the mind."

Your ſenſe too is of a prettier and purer kind, than ours; un-incumbered with logical diſtinctions, and untainted with the ſubtleties of the ſchools, " you ſtrike each point, &c." *

Your virtues alſo are more conſtant and perfect, as they flow from a natural delicacy of ſentiment, a chaſte education, and a more implicit ſenſe of religion; while our morals, being firſt obſcured by a libertine youth, are to be brought to light by the labour of thought and reflection; then paſs thro' the hands of legiſlators, who ſo mix and blend them with human policies, that the very ſpirit is evaporated; or elſe they are ſo ſubtilized by the refinements of the philoſophers, that the intire ſubſtance of virtue is deſtroyed.

I ſhall ſay no more now, on this ſubject, but that, as I formerly hated the whole ſex, on account of one woman, I ſhall henceforward love them all for the ſake of another; in conſequence of which, I here throw this palinode at your feet.

HENRY.

* There is a text in Proverbs, which, by admitting a turn upon one expreſſion, give the preference, very juſtly, to female erudition, " The wiſe in heart ſhall be " called prudent, but *the ſweetneſs of the lips* increaſeth " learning." H.

P. S.

P. S. I cannot reſiſt a piece of pertneſs, in anſwer to the laſt paragraph of your laſt letter; by obſerving, that, whether knowledge was originally deſigned for woman, or no, I cannot tell; but ſhe certainly was the firſt who *taſted* of it.

HIATUS.

LETTER XLII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

ROCHEFAUCAULT, or ſome other maxim-monger, has theſe words: "It is a common "thing, with ſome people, to exclaim againſt in-"conſtancy, at the ſame time that they are pleaſed "to have an example of change; for ſometimes "the warmeſt love and ſtricteſt friendſhip inſen-"ſibly ſlacken, and we then ſeek a quarrel, merely "to have ſome pretence to ſet ourſelves at liberty."

This, my dear Fanny, ſeems really to be your caſe; for, I'll be ſworn, there is not the leaſt colour, in any of my letters, for ſuch a charge againſt me. I have not found fault (becauſe I would not wrong you) with any of your words, or actions: I have not taken it into my head, that you ſeem tired of the commerce between us, either in converſation or correſpondence; nor have I ever ſought a pretence to put an end to it: So far from it, that though you have ſo fairly (ſay unfairly) put one in my way, by your laſt extraordinary epiſtle, I will not take the advantage of it; though it has a recommendation, which could make me do almoſt any thing elſe, namely, your requeſt.

You deſire too, that I would return you all your letters, for indeed I have them all; but this too I muſt refuſe you, for I ſhould part even with your writings with more reluctance, than it ſeems you

would have, in reſigning mine, and their author too, to help out the bargain; which I do not think an equivalent for the exchange you require, and I am too poor in wit, to part with any thing for leſs than its full value; though, perhaps, it would be but ſlightly prized, if known how little I gave for it.

Though I will not part with any thing of your's, you ſee how readily I give you what belongs either to myſelf or others: I ſend you incloſed a lock of my hair, which you deſired, when I ſaw you laſt; and, to pay the higheſt compliment to female vanity and triumph, I alſo ſend you a locket to put it in, which was given me by a very pretty woman, whoſe hair I have taken out, and burned this day in the midſt of ſome of her letters, which I had by me. Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER XLIII.

I RECEIVED my dear Harry's letter, and am much better pleaſed to acquit, than condemn you; for, as ſomebody ſays, I think it is Pope, "To ſay I have changed my opinion, is no more "than to ſay, I am wiſer to-day, than I was yeſter-"day." I am doubly pleaſed to have my know-ledge increaſed by a conſciouſneſs of your regard; but, in return for the maxim you quoted, give me leave to uſe one of the ſame author's, where he ſays, "That the violence done us by others is often leſs "painful than that we do ourſelves." Now, my dear Harry, if this be the caſe, I am ſtill unhappy in your correſpondence: For, be aſſured, that my ſole motive for deſiring to put an end to it, was, that I imagined it grew tireſome to you: and it would mortify me extremely, if I thought I owed more to your good-breeding, than your good-will. This opinion of mine, however, did not proceed

from

from any ſuſpicion of your conſtancy, but from a conſciouſneſs, that I had neither a natural, or acquired fund, ſufficient to return your charming and frequent letters, with that ſenſe and ſpirit they required; and, if ever I neglected a poſt, it was from that awe, which has often made me ſilent in your company. But, if you have indeed condeſcenſion enough to read the dictates of my little artleſs heart, with a more than partial eye; if they ſometimes give you pleaſure, even of good natured criticiſm, and that you ſtill regard me with friendly opticks, I wiſh no higher ſatisfaction than the continuance of your entertaining and improving correſpondence.

It humbles me ſometimes, when I ſuſpect that you only write to me, as Moliere uſed to read his works to his houſe keeper, that he might be ſure there was natural wit, in whatever was reliſhed by her untutored taſte. However, your condeſcenſion has, any way, its eſteem with me; and puts me in mind of a beautiful ſimile, I have ſomewhere met, quoted from the antients, "that a man of merit "reſembles an ear of corn, which ſtoops the more "it is loaded with grain."

I thank you for the lock of your hair, but am angry at what you call a compliment to female vanity. I aſſure you I do not feel any joy on this ſhort lived triumph, but rather look upon it as a *memento*

"Of that hard fate, which ſhe muſt one day prove,
"Who hopes, from Henry's vows, eternal love."

Beſides, I ſhould have ſet it in a more elegant manner, for your former miſtreſs ſeems to have had but an old-faſhioned taſte; but I will now keep it, as it is, for its own intrinſick value.

I ſhould be tempted to ſend you a locket, to replace the one you have parted with; but if beauty

could not keep its ſituation near your heart, I fear you would not let any thing, which belonged to me, have any place about you; nor even give it ſo honourable a funeral, as that of the antient Romans. I wiſh, however, I could prevail with you to deal with my letters as, you ſay, you have done with her's; for I can't be eaſy, while you have ſo many proofs of my folly in your keeping. Adieu!

FRANCES.

Pray ſend me ſome more of your poetry.

LETTER XLIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM very well pleaſed to find you are at length recovered to a right way of thinking: I ſwear you wronged me much, if you really imagined, I could any way be tired of a correſpondence with you, if you was kind enough to bleſs me with one, in every ſenſe; nor can I believe you had even the leaſt ſuſpicion about it; but had a mind to make a farther eſſay of my fondneſs for you, like people, who riſe to go away, in order to be preſſed to ſtay. Theſe are, my dear Fanny, idle, romantic experiments, and I beg you will never make uſe of them again, as they ſuit not with my ſincerity and plainneſs.

As to the ſacrifice I made you, it was neither out of inconſtancy, or ingratitude; but ſhe has been married ſome years, and lives very happily; ſo I burned her letters, and deſtroyed her bracelet; becauſe I did not care to keep any thing of her's, which might, at any time, give cauſe of unjuſt ſuſpicion, or give me occaſion to recollect any thing

about

about her. By which means I thought to acquit myſelf with honour, both to her and you.

The incloſed I wrote the other day upon my friend's illneſs; which I ſhould not think worth ſending you, if I had not received your commands, laſt poſt, to this effect.

Adieu! my pett—write often, and oftener.

HENRY.

When firſt Amyntor caught diſeaſe,
My ſympathizing heart
Could taſte no joy, till he had eaſe,
But felt an equal ſmart.

Far greater were my griefs than theirs,
Who wretched exiles live:
Sincerer were my ſilent tears
Than hopeleſs lovers give.

A home, or miſtreſs, all may find,
And only fools deſpair;
A wiſe man's love is unconfin'd,
His home is ev'ry-where.

But one ſincere and faithful friend,
Is the beſt gift of Heaven;
And all his wiſhes there ſhould end,
To whom that bliſs is given.

HIATUS.

LETTER XLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THERE is ſomething very provoking in your laſt letter, which I have obſerved in ſeveral others, upon like occaſions; and, in ſhort, there is, in your whole behaviour towards me, ſomething which often

ten diſtreſſes me to the higheſt degree. You firſt ſay, or do ſome rude, ſlighting, or unkind thing to me; and when I reſent it, by ſpeech or letter, you throw yourſelf into your provoking calmneſs, and are maſter of ſo much politeneſs, addreſs, and power of countenance, that you almoſt perſuade me it was impoſſible for you to offend: Which is ſomewhat like the archneſs of an academick, who, when he has burned your fingers, will give you logick, to prove there is no heat in fire; which, tho' it amuſes, does not prevent your ſmarting; and, when I think to relieve myſelf by complaining to others, they do not believe me, againſt ſuch gentleneſs of manners and ſpecious ſhew.

In the hiſtory of Reynard the Fox, there is a ſtory told: That, once upon a time, all the beaſts of the field roſe in arms againſt our hero, on account of ſome rogueries charged upon him; which, they thought, brought a diſgrace on there bruteſhips. But, when they came to his den, they found him reading his Credo, and concluded the information to be malicious. When Nero was ſeen playing on his harp, who could have thought it was he who had juſt fired the city?

In ſhort, my dear Harry, I wiſh you would reſolve to be either an angel, or a devil, (for you can be either) and preſerve conſtancy in your option; becauſe this ſuſpence, you hold me in, is the moſt uneaſy ſtate in the world, as I cannot determine on any certain ſcheme of loving or hating you: So I ſhall conclude, at preſent, with a tag from one of Martial's epigrams:

"There is no living with you, or without you."

Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER XLVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THERE is no news in this town, but what, to be ſure, you have heard before, that ——— is gone off with ———. I pity her extremely, for, as ſhe is very pretty, and very young, ſhe has probably a long and ſhocking ſcene to go thro'. Had ſhe erred with any other man, ſhe might have had the common excuſe of being deceived; of a dependance upon his honour, &c. But ſhe abandons herſelf to the vileſt infamy,

"Who ſwells the triumph of known perjury."

If a woman ſhould be tempted to forfeit her own character, ſhe ought at leaſt to take care that the man has ſome character to loſe, ſo as, tho' ſhe becomes a private victim, ſhe ſhall not be made a public ſacrifice. If I was to do an act, which I could not juſtify to the world, I would, at leaſt, take care to have ſomething to excuſe me to myſelf. But poor Miſs ——— has nothing of all this to palliate her indiſcretion; for ſhe has, as Young movingly expreſſes it,

"Set out to ſea upon a ſhatter'd plank,
"And puts her truſt in miracles for ſafety."

I feel a mortified pride and indignation upon all occaſions like this; as I ſuppoſe you men do, when you hear the ſtory of a coward; leſt it ſhould bring a reflection upon human nature in general; for cuſtom, though not ethicks, or religion, has put courage in your ſex, and chaſtity in ours, upon the ſame footing. How inequitable a law that is, may be proved from this one conſideration: That you have but ſeldom any occaſion of exerting your imaginary point of honour; while poor weak women

may have, every day, an enemy to combat, either within, or without; and ſometimes, hard fate! may be attacked by both at once.

Some French writer ſays, "Qu'elle eſt a plaindre, "qui à en meme témps, l'amour, et la vertu!" but I ſay more juſtly, *Qu'elle eſt a plaindre, qui à que l'amour ſeulement!*

I am aſhamed at having ceded ſo much in this argument, but there is no diſguiſing our ſentiments to you natural philoſophers; and, to thoſe who are acquainted with the frame of human nature, I think it prudent to own the truth, leſt our actions might be deemed as diſingenuous, as our words; which puts me in mind of a very juſt remark of your's, upon a certain occaſion: "That none but "cowards ever denied their being liable to fear." And it was a noble ſaying of Turenne to one of his generals, who took notice of an extraordinary emotion he obſerved in him, the morning juſt before a deſperate engagement: "This coward-body trem-"bles, at what the brave ſoul dares this day."

I ſhall take care to forward the letters you incloſed to me laſt poſt; and think they are wrote with that ſenſe and virtue, which is ſo familiar to you, as to appear in your moſt ordinary actions. I am fond of your good wiſhes for their happineſs, as you juſtly limit it to their merits; had you given them one grain more, I ſhould have been extremely angry, as it would have been impiouſly preſuming to be more merciful than God himſelf. However, not to make too ſevere a law againſt myſelf, I hope you will not deal ſo, *debtor* and *creditor* like, with

Your very ſincere and affectionate

FANNY.

LETTER XLVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Monday morning, 5 o'clock.

I AM juſt returned from performing my uſual *Ambarvalia in the morning; and have rouſed all my labourers to work, except thoſe who are ill; whom I have viſited, and aſſiſted both with advice and money. Sometimes, when I take theſe rounds, I mend a fence, drive cattle out of their gardens, and do many ſuch little benevolent offices; which are extremely pleaſing in the exerciſe, and flatter my mind too, as if I was a ſort of guardian angel, aſſiſting unſeen, and watching over thoſe that ſlept.

When I am, as it were alone, awake among the brute creation, I feel myſelf, like Adam, ſole lord of this globe; and this reflection cautions me, from his example, "to take heed leſt I fall." In ſhort, I have often looked upon early hours to be as neceſſary to virtue, as they are to health; for I believe moſt men are wicked, rather for want of reflection, than want of principle; and the charming leiſure, which riſing early affords for contemplation, I take to be a great help towards the improvement both of morals and religion. How natural is true devotion, when the mind is at liberty to reflect, with gratitude and admiration, upon the bounties and beauties of Providence! and I am very ſure that the ſeducer has infinitely more power over a man immerſed in the world, than over one who has ſecluded himſelf from it; inſomuch, that I never knew a very contemplative man, a wicked

* A certain annual feſtival, among the Romans, when they perambulated the bounds of their farms, and ſacrificed to Ceres.

one, ſince I have been capable to obſerve upon the manners of mankind. It is in ſuch retirement, that the conſcience has fair play to exert itſelf; and that a man has leiſure, as it were, to conn over his leſſons of philoſophy, morality and religion, before he is called upon to repeat them, when the ſchool of the *world* is met; by which means, he muſt be more perfect in his part, as he will have an opportunity of getting it by heart, before he has occaſion to put it in practice.

" Oh! loſt to virtue! loſt to manly thought!
" Loſt to the noble ſallies of the ſoul,
" Who think it ſolitude to be alone!
" Communion ſweet! Communion large, and high!
" Our reaſon, guardian angel, and our God!
" Then neareſt theſe, when others more remote;
" And all, ere long, ſhall be remote, but theſe.
Young's Night Thoughts.

HIATUS.

LETTER XLVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

YOUR thoughts upon the nature and paſſion of reſentment, are philoſophical and ingenious, and wrote with that ſenſible calmneſs, which I always admire in you; tho' I am ſometimes provoked at it. In ſhort, I have often thought it was your peculiar happineſs to have been bleſſed, by Providence, with a judgment to direct you right, and an heart to purſue its dictates; for you really do not ſeem to be born with a ſpirit ſufficient to actuate your virtue without it.

But, in anſwer to your laſt letter, I think, I may obſerve this, that you ſeem rather to argue againſt the paſſion of anger, than the principle of revenge. That we are to ſubmit to the viciſſitudes of fortune, with chearfulneſs and reſignation, as they are preſumed to be the diſpenſations of Providence, who knows both what we are able, and what it may be for our advantage to bear, is a point we are both agreed in; but, whether we are to look upon thoſe misfortunes, which proceed from the ingratitude, perverſeneſs, envy, hatred, or malice of mankind, as the chaſtiſement of Providence, ſo as to conſider our enemies as evil agents, directed to good purpoſes, as divines tell us is ſometimes the caſe, is a doctrine, which does not appear quite ſo plauſible to my underſtanding. Why may we not ſuppoſe, that human frailty, or the inſtigation of the Devil, ſometimes prompts men to enmity with their fellow-creatures; tempting them to communicate ſome portion of that miſery to others, which the evil ſpirit of miſchief torments their own hearts with? In this caſe then, I look upon revenge to be not only natural, but moral too; for the diſappointment of malice, or the retorting of it with vengeance, is a more likely method of curing the vicious habit, than non-reſiſtance and forgiveneſs, which but nouriſh the diſtemper.

Your ſentiment, "That we ſhould behave well "to our friends out of love, and to our enemies "out of picque," is certainly very noble; but give me leave to obſerve, that this is but a partial virtue, as it regards entirely our own advantage, but tends not to the reformation of another's manners. This may have an effect, perhaps, upon ſome ingenuous natures, but about ſuch our late letters have not been converſant; and, in truth, they are ſo few,

few, that this can only be conſidered as a particular, not a general rule *.

I may be wrong in my opinion, but Nature never errs, and, as the brute creation is inſpired with ſuch a paſſion, we may ſtile it the ſecond principle, as ſelf-preſervation is the firſt; and I dare ſay, that Seneca, dying in the bath, would have ſmiled, in his laſt moments, to have ſeen Nero pale and breathleſs at his feet. Perhaps too, it was ſome idea of revenge on Cæſar, that prompted Cato to put himſelf to death (otherwiſe he acted very unaccountably) to diſappoint the conqueror's triumph, and to draw off the acclamations of the world, in ſecret murmurs at their hero's fate. However, to compound this diſpute upon revenge, I will agree with you, that, as a paſſion, it is a vice, provided you will admit, that as a principle, it may be a virtue.

Adieu!

F.

* Charles the 5th made a good diſtinction upon this ſubject; he ſaid that "Clemency, like the ſun's heat, melted wax, but hardened clay."

HIATUS.

LETTER XLIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

THANKS to your enquiry, I am much better in health and ſpirits, than I was yeſterday; which I attribute chiefly to your viſit. If you really have any thing to ſay, as you hint in your letter, are you like a ſprite, not able to deliver it, 'till you are firſt ſpoken to? I wiſh you would only give me the clue, that I may be able to trace your labyrinth:

For

For I am not ingenious enough to unriddle your meaning without it. In ſhort, my dear, you have ſo ſpeculated away your ſenſes, that one muſt have the intuitive ſcience of an angel, to converſe with you, by the intelligence of ſouls.

As for the antitheſis of your regards for me, it is no other ways to be accounted for, but by ſuppoſing, that you have either impoſed on me, or yourſelf. If you ever loved me, you do ſo ſtill: I need not add, that you have more reaſon for it now, if reaſon has any thing to do in ſuch affairs. If you never loved me, you are only grown indifferent to me; and, being aſhamed to own it, as that is a ſtate, which lovers never come to, you pretend to hate me.

Pray who are thoſe friends you hint at, who have merited more from you than I? None, indeed, thou child of fantaſy and caprice, except, by greater merits, you mean greater perſonal worth; and, in this particular, I muſt confeſs myſelf the meaneſt of your admirers, tho' the ſincereſt of your friends. You have certainly a very whimſical manner of playing with my paſſion for you; and after the kindneſs and condeſcenſion of your viſit yeſterday, I confeſs myſelf ſurprized at the unaccountableneſs of your letter this morning. I ſhall do myſelf the pleaſure of waiting on you this evening; and, if I have the happineſs of meeting you alone, and at leiſure enough, I deſign to have ſome converſation with you farther upon this ſubject.

Adieu, ma Bizarre!

HENRY.

LETTER L.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I AM extremely obliged to you for your ſprightly poem; there is an uncommon fancy in it which pleaſes me; and it is ſomething of this ſtile in your character which attaches me ſo remarkably to you; for, were you but like the beſt of other men, you might find me often yauning in your face, as I do at them. The only variety I find, in the circle of my acquaintance, is in the cornet, who is grown ſo lively of late, that, as Bayes ſays, he has "elevated "and ſurprized me;" and, as a man of gaiety, without a miſtreſs, is, in the opinion of the town, no man at all, he has bethought himſelf of throwing his devoirs at my feet; and, taking advantage of your abſence, proceeds with ſo much unwonted gallantry, that your poor Iphigenia may be in danger of being ſmitten by her Cymon; or, like Pygmalion, become enamoured of a ſtatue of her own enlivening.

Perhaps you are very little concerned about all this danger; and, leſt you ſhould lead the way in the high road of inconſtancy, I think it would be prudent to take Prior's advice:

"Change thou the firſt, nor wait thy lover's ſlight."

Beſides, it is a good maxim, that they who are firſt cured, are beſt cured; which, I hope, is pretty much my caſe, thanks to ſome part of your late behaviour; which has been the moſt efficacious medicine, and, perhaps, the only one, which could poſſibly advance my recovery;——ſo far I am your much obliged debtor.

I wrote to you laſt Tueſday; but was then ſo much in the elegiack ſtrain, that, I fear, it wa sa diſ-

mal

mal penned piece. I am not much in a gayer mood at preſent, than at that time; but why ſhould I complain, where I can hope for no redreſs, but merely to have my griefs inſulted by philoſophick lectures?

" Indiff'rence, clad in wiſdom's guiſe,
" All fortitude of mind ſupplies."

It is eaſy for us to bear what we do not feel; and they are beſt capable to give advice, who are not *concerned*. However, I cannot help acknowledging the generoſity of your behaviour upon ſuch occaſions; for ſurely it is kind to take even ſo much trouble in matters, where you ſeem to have no ſort of *intereſt*.

Adieu! my dear Stoick.

Your's,
FANNY.

HIATUS.

LETTER LI.

I AM extremely ſorry for the diſorder you complain of, as I know your frame delicate, and your conſtitution tender; your preſent ſtate of health is indeed a proper apology for your lowneſs of ſpirits, but, at the ſame time, a ſtrong reaſon for your exerting them to the utmoſt.

As for the gentleman who, you ſay, has attempted in ſome particularities, as the phraſe is, to take me off; I beg you in return, will preſent him with my thoughts, upon his pantomime art, in the following eſſay.

If fools are not the only mimicks, they certainly are the beſt in the world; for having no characters of their own, they can, with more eaſe, adopt another's,

other's; like the Cameleon, which has no colour itſelf, and is reported to catch the hue of any object near it.

To ſhew the trivialneſs of this art, children are obſerved to be the moſt natural mimicks; and a girl in leading-ſtrings will ſhew you how mama, and how dada, dances or takes ſnuff.

Even in mimick life, where one ſhould expect this practice to be in moſt eſteem, among ſtage-players, the mimick is held among the loweſt claſs; for, in the ſame proportion as the repreſenting the excellencies of human nature is the nobleſt part, ſo is ridiculing its foibles the meaneſt.

A buffoon, who values himſelf upon this *imperfection*, has the ſame pride with a baboon, who itſelf the moſt ridiculous animal in the creation, is, notwithſtanding, the higheſt *caracatura* upon the human ſpecies.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER XXII.

MY dear Harry may ſee, by the quickneſs of my diſpatch, the pleaſure I take in obeying his commands; for, tho' I have not any thing to ſay, yet I ſhould think it a breach of them to omit a poſt. But, not to take more merit upon me, than I deſerve, I will honeſtly own that ſelf-love dictates moſt of my letters, and I undergo the fatigue of writing many a tedious page, in order to purchaſe a few lines from you, "Point de roſe, ſans pique;" and am as well pleaſed, with the exchange, as the French and Spaniards have reaſon to be with their traffick to the Indies, where they purchaſe gold and jewels, by toys and baubles.

I was

I was a great deal worſe, when I wrote laſt, than I owned at that time; for I apprehended an inflammation on my lungs, which, I was in hopes, would have proved mortal:

" For I am weary of this earthly clay,
" Want higher joys, and long to wing away."

My reaſon for not telling you, was, becauſe I was unwilling to anticipate your pleaſure on the occaſion; beſides, when people are ſurprized, they generally make a ſimile; and, tho' I could not be ſenſible of what you might have ſaid, I have too much regard to poſterity, to prevent their profiting by your wit. I am ſtill as ill as a violent cough, ſhortneſs of breath, ſore throat, and lowneſs of ſpirits can make me; and yet I am mightily afraid, I ſhall recover; ſo I ſuffer to no end, but to make me deſpiſe life ſtill more, if poſſible.

I aſſure you this is not raillery, for I was ſo ſerious, as to make my will; and left you every thing in life which I thought valuable; I chiefly mean, your own letters, for, alas! I have little elſe, that is worthy of your acceptance.

Farewel, my deareſt Harry, living or dying.

I am eternally your's,

F.

LETTER LIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I RECEIVED two letters from you, laſt poſt, of different dates; and find you are returning again to the Melpomene ſtrain, and are as great a riddle as ever. You trifle with yourſelf very idly; for ſure, if life is not worth your care, health is. I felt your diſorder, before I heard of it; for I have

have been in the ſame way myſelf, for ſome time paſt. I am ſorry to find the ſympathy of our bodies ſo great——at this diſtance——but, I find, the ſphere of your activity is very extenſive; nay, more powerful than any of the fixed ſtars; becauſe you can influence, as far as you are capable of being contemplated. But no more of your malign aſpects; and I beg that all your future letters may be wrote in a chearful ſtrain, tho' it ſhould be even a *ſtrain* to you;—forgive the quibble—for, be aſſured, that nothing keeps off either natural or moral evils, ſo well as chearfulneſs; ſomebody calls it, "the health of virtue." And I will venture to carry it ſo far as to pronounce, that a man who is not chearful, is either a knave, or a fool. Take notice, that all diſtempers ſooner ſeize on us, when we are low ſpirited; and all ill luck, and misfortunes, afflict the coward mind, more than the brave. Chearfulneſs I take to be the beſt hymn we can offer up to our Creator, as it ſhews gratitude and acquieſcence; while melancholy betrays repining, and deſpair at the ways and diſpenſations of Providence. It is a degree of the greateſt crime man can be guilty of, ſuicide, and the greateſt degree of it too; for deliberation is the higheſt aggravation of a crime.

One of the ſtrongeſt articles of guilt alſo, inſtanced in the crime I mention, is, the depriving the ſociety of a member; by how much more then the victim's merit is, by ſo much greater muſt the deſtroyer's ſin be.——Think of this and tremble.

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER LIV.

Dear HARRY,

I HOPE you have, before this, received my congratulatory epiſtle, on the day that gave you birth; and, I think, I ought to condole with you now, for having entered into the old-faſhioned ſcheme of houſe-keeping. I thank you for your obliging wiſh, but am angry with you for ſuſpecting that I ſhould be tired of the place, for I could ſay, with Cowley,

" With thee, for ever, I in woods could reſt,
" Where never human foot the ground has preſt:
" Thou, from all ſhades, the darkneſs can'ſt exclude,
" And from a deſart baniſh ſolitude."

So much by way of anſwer to the civil part of your letter; but, I confeſs, I am quite at a loſs to know what return to make to the remainder of it. I have ſo often ſpoke my ſentiments to you upon ſuch occaſions, that I have ſcarce any thing left to ſay, but repetitions; which I am not fond of, upon ſo ungrateful a ſubject.

If I knew any method to convince you I am ſerious, and reſolved in what I ſay, I would, upon my honour, attempt it with the greateſt pleaſure, tho' it were parting with a limb; as it would thenceforward ſave you a great deal of needleſs trouble, and me from a world of anxiety and mortification. This might, perhaps, give ſuch a turn to your regards for me, as I could wiſh; or prevent your ever thinking of me at all; even which I ſhould prefer to thinking of me as you do. I ſhould then be at liberty to love you, without hating myſelf; becauſe I ſhould then have an eſteem for you,

which might juſtify my paſſion. I ſhall only add, that if you have a mind to convince me you deſire either to ſee, or hear from me again, you will never mention ſo unkind, ſo ungenerous, and ſo unmanner'd a ſubject more; for I ſhall never anſwer another letter of your's wrote in ſuch a ſtyle; which if you ſometimes uſe to ſhew your wit, you have no excuſe for, as your fund does not require the aid of libertiniſm.

That I do love you, I own, and confeſs it more freely, ſince I find I have, thank God, ſufficient ſtrength to acknowledge it with ſafety; for, I am glad to find, I do not love you better than myſelf; and, tho' I would chearfully ſacrifice all that is periſhable of me, for your happineſs, I ſhall take care to preſerve that part of me, which may make you, at ſome time of your life, not aſhamed of having loved me. In ſhort, if you bear any affinity to that Omnipotence which accepts a contrite heart, you cannot meet a more ſincere devotee; but, if you are like one of thoſe heathen deities, which required a human ſacrifice, I declare, I have no offering for your altar.

FRANCES.

LETTER LV.

Dear HARRY,

THO' you have ventured upon that ſame ſubject again, yet you have done it with ſo much addreſs, that I need not hold my reſolution of not anſwering your letter. The ſudden change in your morals, I confeſs, ſurprizes me; but too prompt converts, they ſay, are ſeldom ſincere; and it muſt be a gooſe indeed, that is not aware when a fox preaches.

Now, I think, even your former letter more tolerable than this; for there you declared open war, here you would circumvent; and it would humour my pride, rather to be over-powered, than to be over-reached. What you propoſe, would do well enough for a woman, who only waited for an excuſe: But, in my opinion, this would only mend the matter, like hypocriſy added to vice; or, at beſt, a ſort of don't know, as it were, neither this, nor that, nor one, nor t'other, nor good, nor bad; but hanging, like Eraſmus's paradiſe, between Heaven and Hell; without vice enough to repent of, or virtue ſufficient to boaſt.—Away, away—I'll ha'none on't, I'll ha' none on't.—

I am not ſo unreaſonable as to take it ill, that you do not offer what, I know, is not, at preſent, within your power and prudence; but, I have really great reaſon to reſent, that you ſhould attempt to offer me any thing ſhort of it.

You rally me, very unfairly, upon what you call my *Platonicks*: For, I never pretended to carry affectation to ſuch a ridiculous length; ſo that I only declare myſelf a *Platonick* in virtue, not in romance.

Your ſcheme is, perhaps, a very plauſible one for the world, if I ſhould have occaſion

* "To tell them by and by, how the rogue ſerved me."

But, notwithſtanding, there is wanting to me a certain ſelf-conviction, without which, all your ſenſe and logick ſerve only to puzzle the will, not to determine it.

You have, without doubt, a very extraordinary art, which I never perceived in any other perſon, and which it is impoſſible for me to deſcribe with-

* The tag of an old ſong.

out a paradox; it is a faculty of convincing the reaſon, without ſatisfying the mind. I know, before-hand, your ready anſwer to this, that it ſhews people's prejudices ſtronger than their reaſon: But be it ſo, for me,—when prejudices are on the ſafe ſide, it is a virtue to liſten to them; and I have juſt now luckily recollected an admirable ſentiment, I heard you once quote, from ſome antient ethicks, "That we ſhould never venture upon any action, "where we have the leaſt doubt about its being "honeſt, or diſhoneſt; for this very doubt declares, "at leaſt, our own innate conſciouſneſs about it, "which is higher, and prior to logick and caſuiſtry*." This, and ſuch other good things, has my dear Harry often ſaid, read, and wrote to me; for, when you are not on your guard, I have often *detected* you to be a man of honour and virtue; and, whenever you appear otherwiſe, I am convinced that it is more the vice of the times, than of the man; which was the apology made for the puns of Shakeſpear ——Indeed, I tremble often, to think how my dear Harry may be "beaten with many ſtripes."

I have burned your laſt, and former letter, upon this ſubject; leſt they ſhould ever happen to appear, to the diſadvantage of your character, or to the prejudice of mine.

I would have preſerved the wit of them, if I had been chymiſt enough to ſeparate the gold from the droſs; but they periſhed together in the flames, the natural conſequence of keeping bad company.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

* *Quod dubitas, ne feceris*, is the old adage for it.
Harry.

HIATUS.

LETTER LVI.

I HOPE my dear Harry will excuſe my ſelfiſhneſs, when I honeſtly confeſs, that I am better pleaſed his negligence ſhould be owing to almoſt any cauſe, than this forgetfulneſs of me. Do not infer from this, that I am unconcerned at your illneſs; for, indeed, I have felt it ſeverely, and doubt has added a thouſand fears, which I hope will never exiſt, but in my tortured fancy; and, ſurely, your neglect of writing could not be worſe timed; for, I really wanted ſomething to ſupport my ſpirits, in the ſcene of ſorrow I have gone thro', ſince we parted. Were I to repeat the circumſtances, which have happened, I dare ſay, your good nature and generoſity would be ſhocked, therefore I ſhall be ſilent;—let it ſuffice to tell you, I have ſuffered dearly for my indiſcretion, and, "as to mention is "to ſuffer pain," I ſhall continue this ſubject no farther. If you are curious, Tom can give you all the particulars, who has behaved, with great good nature, in the affair; and I would not have mentioned it at all to you, if I did not ſuſpect that he would do it himſelf, tho' I had his promiſe he would not.

My aunt is ſtill ignorant of your having been in town: but, I fear, will not long be ſo, as there wants only this, to compleat the affair. But this and all other ills vaniſh, when I compare them to the loſs of your life, which I had reaſon ſo lately to apprehend; or to the loſs of your love, which I live in conſtant apprehenſion of. You deſire me to write often, to amuſe you; but my letters are a ſlight return for the pleaſure of yours; tho' Sappho ſays,

"The leſs my ſenſe, the more my love appears."

Which, by the way, is no great compliment to that paſſion; at leaſt, this is not ſuch a paſſion as you are capable of inſpiring. However, I have often doubted of your tenderneſs, from the opinion I have of your underſtanding, and have ſometimes aſked myſelf,

" From whence do all his ſoft expreſſions come?
" Sure not from love, for that, they ſay, is dumb.
" But ſuch a paſſion may I never prove!
" Give me a ſpeaking and a writing love;
" One that can with juſt eloquence perſuade,
" And juſtify the fondneſs of a maid.

Adieu!

P. S. Upon recollection, I beg that, if Tom has not mentioned the affair to you, you will not write to him about it, and you ſhall hear it all from me, when we meet. I have a reaſon for this, which did not occur to me, when I gave you leave to aſk him.

I ſent off the things, you deſired me to buy, by the ſtage; I hope you got them ſafe, and approved my choice and bargains.

LETTER LVII.

My dear FANNY,

LAST poſt I received yours, in anſwer to mine, from Carlow, and I aſſure you, the hints you gave me of ſome uneaſineſs you ſuffer at preſent, lay me under the ſame circumſtances; and more ſo, becauſe I cannot gueſs, what it is which affects you; Tom not having mentioned a ſingle word of it to me, as you apprehended; and has ſo far proved himſelf a better confidant to you, than a friend to me. Now, I muſt inſiſt upon it, that you will give me a full account of this matter in your

your next letter, and not keep me any longer in ſuſpence; on that condition, and no other, I will not inquire about it from Tom; nor ſhall I ever mention a circumſtance relating to it, to any perſon living, if there be any thing in the ſtory which requires being kept ſecret. As to my ſtate of health, which you are ſo kind to be anxious about, I am, I think, growing better every day, tho' but ſlowly; I am however pronounced by the phyſicians to be out of danger, and am reſolved never to fall again, except at your feet. I have diſcharged my doctors, and Time ſhall be the only phyſician I will make uſe of, for the future, to perfect my cure; for as he comes generally unſent for, I may ſpare my fees, of which I happen to have leſs, at preſent, than even of health: Time has this in common with moſt phyſicians, that, tho' he fails to cure his patients, he can give them an opiate, which quiets them, till the day of judgment; and how it may fare with us then, time only can ſhew.

The things you bought for me, are not come to hand yet, which happens to be very inconvenient to me. Your neglect of ſending them by Mr. Wheeler, was the occaſion of this miſhap; and "the moral of the tale I ſing," that ill luck muſt attend every thing you do contrary to my advice; which brings me back to my firſt ſubject, and may give you a ſufficient hint, not to delay informing me fully of what you allude to in your former letter; which that you may the ſooner apply yourſelf to the diſcharge of, I ſhall treſpaſs no longer on your leiſure, but conclude, what I ſhall never otherwiſe conclude, except with life,

Your ſincere and affectionate lover, and your friend.

P. S. Pray ſend me twelve yards of white callico, by the next ſtage, for a friend in my neighbourhood.

LETTER LVIII.

Dear HARRY,

LAST poſt brought me the pleaſing account of your recovery; ſurely ſome Sylph, whoſe charge I am, contrived that it ſhould then arrive, even in the blackeſt hour of my life, when my ſpirits were ſunk to ſuch an ebb, together with my own uneaſineſs, and fears for you, that nought within this ſublunary ſphere, but thou alone, couldſt raiſe them.

Now, give me leave to tell you, that nothing, but the joy I feel at your returning health, could make me bear the remainder of your letter with patience; if your phyſicians had not pronounced you out of danger, I ſhould have done it, from your writing in ſo peeviſh a manner; for you ſay of yourſelf, and I have once or twice remarked it, that, when you are ill, you feel more tenderneſs, humanity, and good-nature about you, than at any other time; which is contrary to the general obſervation, that perſons in ſickneſs, pain, or age, even at thoſe ſeaſons when they moſt ſtand in need of the comforts of ſociety, and the aſſiſtance of friends, do then more particularly, and abſurdly too, contrive to deprive themſelves of both, by ill-humour and perverſeneſs of temper. Perhaps, providence has wiſely implanted this weakneſs in human nature, to take off ſomewhat of the concern, we ſhould otherwiſe be too ſenſible of, for the ſickneſs or death of our friends, or parents; which is ſomething like the good-natured expedient, I heard made uſe of by a gentleman, who frequently retired to the country to ſee his father, during his vacation of buſineſs at Dublin, and had a little brother there, who was ſo extremely fond of

of him, as to cry for a week after his departure; being informed thereof, he ever after contrived to pick ſome quarrel with the boy, the morning he was to go away; this ſucceeded ſo well, that the little fellow uſed to call for his horſes, and cry, "Well, I am glad you are not to ſtay here another "day." But, indeed, I generally obſerve, you ſcold me when you find me melancholy; at leaſt, I perceive it more then; as if I was a croſs child, to be chid into good humour. If the meſſenger neglected to deliver your things, I cannot help it; and, as I thought mine the quicker method of conveyance, I am no farther anſwerable for the delay: I ſhall not anſwer your inquiry about the matter I hinted at, for, if I had thought proper to write it, I ſhould have done ſo at firſt, without waiting for your peremptory commands; and I muſt be, for once, as abſolute as you, in deſiring that you will not mention it to Tom. Let it ſuffice to tell you, that the ſtorm is now blown over, and that prince Volſcius was the perſon who raiſed it; you ſhall know more when we meet, if you reſt content with this for the preſent.

You did not tell me whether you would have the callicoe, yard, or yard and half wide; ſo I ſhall not buy it, 'till you are more explicit, leſt you ſhould *pleaſe* to be angry at another innocent blunder of mine.

Adieu!

LETTER LIX.

Dear FANNY,

YOU rejoice me extremely, by ſaying the affair of prince Volſcius is blown over: and I approve myſelf for my own forecaſt, as, I own, I

ſuſpected ſomething relative to him, in the matter. —I perceive by part of your letter, and by recollection of ſeveral others, that you are very fond of an amuſement the French call faire la Guerre; and often imagine unkindneſs in me, for the pride of forgiving it: and indeed, without ſome ſuch contrivance as this, that noble faculty in you could never have an opportunity of exerting itſelf, from any occaſion offered by me. I only meant to rally you about the diſappointment of my things, which I have ſince received ſafe, and well approved of: and wanted to tempt you to let me know the affair you hinted at, which you have not told me; but I am eaſy, becauſe you ſay you are ſo. I ſhall not call on Tom for any farther explanation, nor preſs you on that head more, till I ſee you; and I am ſorry to ſay, that will not be ſo ſoon as I deſigned, for I ſhall not be able to leave the country this fortnight yet, on account of ſome buſineſs which has occurred ſince I wrote laſt. The callico is to be but yard wide.

My health is almoſt eſtabliſhed, thanks to your good wiſhes: I hope I may preſerve it at our aſſizes, to which I am juſt ſummoned. Health and happineſs attend my dear Fanny, and take me in their train!

LETTER LX.

My deareſt FANNY,

I VENTURED no farther than this, to-day, for I had a great deal of rain on the road, and was afraid to puſh on thro' the night air, for the three reaſons I gave you this morning, as the ſole things which could make me uneaſy at the thoughts

of death. I am now very well, thank your aſking, have juſt dined, and am drinking your health.

I thought, with great pleaſure, of your meeting me at Laughlins-town, upon my return; but I do hereby releaſe you from that promiſe, for, coming by the houſe, I ſaw, even this bad day, three genteel coaches, two hacks, a poſt-chaiſe, and two four-wheeled chairs unharneſſed before the door; now it is poſſible, and very probable, that ſome perſon, in every one of theſe equipages, know both you and me; and the pleaſures I enjoy, in your love, are not from open vanity, but ſecret pride, and,

"Like a good conſcience, ſolid joy ſupplies."

Of which, whoever could boaſt, never knew the ſweets. I would ſteal to your love, as miſers to their wealth; leſt the ſuſpicion of it might tempt others to "where my treaſure is; for there, in-"deed, my heart is alſo." You ſee, what a Platonick you have made me; for I ſpeak of intellectual joys now, as warmly, as I uſed to do of the pleaſures of ſenſe. But, in ſhort, what I mean by all this, is, that, ſince our meeting at Laughlins-town, would not have the charming conſequences of ſuch a frolick appearance, I ſhould not chuſe to act "Hypocriſy againſt the devil," and leave the world room to imagine me, more happy than I am.

At ſome diſtance from this town, I amuſed myſelf with one of the moſt curious pieces of exquiſite bad taſte, I have ever met with; and which put me in mind of that epiſtle of Pope's which we read together, the other evening. It was the *deceptio viſûs* of a ſhip in ſail, on the top of a mountain, which, I ſuppoſe, terminated the viſto of ſome

abſurd fellow's *unimprovement* thereabouts; which ſhews miſtreſs Johnſon's expreſſion *, hinted in one of your † letters, tho' a tautology in ſenſe, not ſo much ſo in terms. This may be ranked among the unnatural pleaſures, I mentioned to you lately, with which the dæmon of *Caprice* has poſſeſſed the human brutes of this world. The curious artiſt too, leſt any of his merit ſhould be loſt, by the natural appearance of the object, had placed it on the left hand, while the ſea was roaring on the right, that the paltry contrivance might be obvious to the meaneſt capacity; or, if there was any deſign to deceive the view, it was, by fixing the ſhip among a parcel of horrid rocks, ſo that one might ſuggeſt to himſelf a ſhocking object of diſtreſs, thrown up there, by the raging of a tempeſt, or the violence of an earthquake; which but heightened the idea of falſe taſte, and put me in mind of ſeveral famous pieces of painting, which have diſpleaſed me greatly; ſuch as ſtorms, battles, cities on fire, executions, chained ſlaves, &c. which I never could endure the contemplation of, for a moment. The only thing which can recommend, in ſuch pieces, is, their being well drawn; but this only renders them ſtill more ſhocking, as a bad man needs but ſenſe and courage, to be a devil.

There are ſome much admired paſſages in poetry, which I am diſſatisfied with, for the ſame reaſon; and that a reliſh for ſuch things is an inſtance of falſe taſte, I think may be deduced from this one reflection, that providence has ſo wiſely and juſtly ordained it, that nothing, which gives us pain, can poſſibly give us pleaſure; except overcoming

* Improved for the better.

† One of the letters which are loſt.

the

the diſtempers of the body, or the vices of the mind.

Adieu! my dear Moraliſt, and believe me

Ever your's,

HENRY.

LETTER LXI.

Dear FANNY,

I Received yours, and hope my laſt letter will ſufficiently explain the miſtake of the poſt.

I do aſſure you that you have no rival at Maiden-hall, but one, which is at preſent ſitting on the table, and endeavouring to ſnatch the pen out of my hand; but, according to the faſhion of the world, you have nothing to apprehend from her, for ſhe is not one I love, but only one who loves me. In ſhort, ſhe has taken a moſt unnatural affection to me, for every other *Cat* in the houſe flies for it, when I appear; but *Sultana Puſs*, from a kitten, has ſollicited my regards, followed me about the houſe, and mewed at the door, when I was ſhut up in my room. She lay with me too for ſome time, till her ſnoring diſturbed me. She is an odd animal alſo, in other reſpects; for ſhe really is very low ſpirited ſometimes, and her nerves are ſo weak (which I attribute to her drinking tea in a morning without eating) that the leaſt loud word ſets her trembling; ſo that I dare not chide an aukward houſe maid, for fear of putting madam into one of her hyſterics. I deſign taking her to town with me, for advice of phyſicians; and perhaps a creature which is reported to have nine lives, may at length find benefit from their kill or cure preſcriptions.

I have often laughed at the ſimplicity of Montaigne playing with his cat, but ſhall henceforward accept him among the philoſophers.

Ma chere, adieu!
Et croyez moi
Que je ſuis,
Sans contredit,
Le plus fidele de vos Amis.

LETTER LXII.

I AM extremely glad to find my dear Harry a votary to Montaigne; he was always a favourite of mine; and I am greatly ſurprized that I never thought of introducing him in our epiſtolary converſations. I know not whether he is numbered among the philoſophers, but I think the very amuſement, which you have copied from him, ſpeaks him a more practical one than any I have heard of. For, as to ſubdue our paſſions is the end of all philoſophy, he gave the higheſt proof of having reduced his to a perfect calm, when he was content with ſo trifling an employment as fiddling with his cat. However I have yet one doubt, which poſſibly may derogate from his merit, whether he had not paſſed his grand climacteric, before he found out this charming amuſement. I have often been delighted with him, even when I was a child, for remarking, "That there is a certain general "claim of kindneſs and benevolence, which every "ſpecies of creatures has a right to from us." And think it much to be regretted, that this generous maxim is not more attended to in the affair of education*; for this reaſon, I admire you for

* ——— primoque a cæde ferarum
Incaluiſſe putem maculatum ſanguine ferrum.
OVID.

en-

endeavouring to obtain the beſt advice you can, for the recovery of your favourite's health; ſince the moſt refined philoſophy allows, that we have reaſon to believe the ſenſations of the ſmalleſt animals and inſects are, in ſome caſes, as exquiſite as thoſe of creatures of far more enlarged dimenſions: my darling Shakeſpear ſeems to be of this opinion, when he ſays, "The poor beetle that "we tread upon, in corp'ral ſufferance, feels a "pang as great, as when a giant dies." But what amazes me is, that you, who love retirement ſo much, have not found out a more rational companion than your cat; for I am of Balſac's opinion, "Que la ſolitude eſt certainement une belle choſe! "Mais il y a plaiſir d'avoir quelqu'un, qui en "ſçache repondre, a qui on puiſſe dire, de tems "en tems, que la ſolitude eſt une belle choſe *."— But I muſt not forget, that, as often as I wiſh for your company, you may as often wiſh to be alone, and that I may perhaps be, at this inſtant, breaking in upon one of thoſe hours, which you deſire to enjoy without interruption. I ſhall no longer detain you, than while I add, that

I am, and ever ſhall be,
affectionately yours,

FRANCES.

* Tully has a ſtronger ſentiment upon this ſubject. Verum ergo id eſt, ſi quis in cœlum aſcendiſſet, naturamque mundi et pulchritudinem ſiderum perſpexiſſet, inſuavem illam admirationem ei fore, quæ jucundiſſima fuiſſet, ſi aliquem cui narraret habuiſſet.

Cic. de Amic.

LETTER LXIII.

Dear FANNY, Caſtledermot.

THE rain overtook me at Kilcullen, and there I wiſhed for you (as I fear I ſhould have done, though you had been preſent) in vain all night, the life-long night. Between that ſtage and this, the rain ſo moiſtened my clay again this morning, that here I am obliged to wiſh for you, both day and night; but, in which term I deſire you moſt, I do aſſure you, I am ſometimes doubtful; for you alone of all your ſex, young and handſome, ever brought it any thing near a moot point, whether I ſhould chuſe the poſſeſſion of your love or friendſhip; if, by naming one, I ſhould be precluded from the other. In ſuch a dilemma, I ſhould conſider myſelf, like the paradiſe of Eraſmus, ſuſpended between heaven and hell; for though enjoyment, either of your converſation or perſon, would be heaven to me, the deprivation of either would be hell. This equality of ſentiment is not owing to any luckineſs in my compoſition, ſetting the balance between the rationale and irrationale of my conſtitution; but to your extraordinary merit, which makes me think the enjoyment of your perſon would be almoſt rational; and, in return, the ſprightlineſs of your converſe, and poignancy of your wit, "darts through the ſoul, and almoſt "gives enjoyment."

I left town with a cold, and my frequent wettings have ſo much increaſed it, that I am, at preſent, as * "hoarſe as bondage." I ſhall therefore ſtay here to-night, and quack myſelf; for to-

* "Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud."
ROMEO and JULIET.

morrow I will reach Maidenhall, *coute qui coute*, becauſe I expect to receive a letter from you there; and beſides the impatience I have for hearing from you, I have ſo much good breeding, with regard to every thing which relates to you, that it extends itſelf even to your letters; which I feel myſelf aſhamed for, if, by any chance, they lie on my table, for a moment, before I kiſs the ſeal, and raviſh the contents.

I ſalute you now in ſack whey —— Oh! that it were the poſſet.

Adieu! Adieu!

LETTER LXIV.

Dear FANNY,

I SEND you the lines I mentioned to you lately, ſomewhat more correct than I could repeat them from memory.

On Abſence.

Dear to my ſoul, while thou'rt away,
I rather paſs, than ſpend the day;
Thy abſence clips the wings of time,
And every clock forgets to chime.
With thee L'Allegro is my ſong,
Il Penſeroſo tunes my tongue
When thou art gone — the midnight maſque,
The wanton dance, and ſprightly flaſk,
The joyous friends, and flowing bowl,
Have loſt the power to warm my ſoul:
But, like Prometheus' man of clay,
Ere he had felt the ſolar ray,
I ſtand unmov'd, and wait in dull ſuſpenſe,
Thy heav'nly charms to warm me into ſenſe.

LETTER LXV.

I RECEIVED my dear Harry's letter, and, ſpite of my reſentment at your tedious ſilence, I find I muſt forgive. I was determined never to write to you again, but you have too often proved the weakneſs of my reſolution, and, as Prior ſays,

" Forc'd to doat on thee thy own way,
" I chide thee firſt, and then obey."

I thank you for your poetry; I think it extremely pretty, but am jealous of the perſon it was firſt addreſſed to, tho' her right was prior to mine.

In the ſecond line, I find you have aptly alluded to Addiſon's diſtinction between *ſpending* our time, and letting it *paſs*. The ſecond couplet is truly poetical, " Clips the wings of time, and clocks " forgetting to chime." I think you have, with great beauty and judgment, obſerved that rule mentioned in the Eſſay on Criticiſm, that the words ſhould ſeem an eccho to the ſenſe: as for example, " With thee, L'Allegro is my ſong," goes off briſkly, and the line is ſhort. " Il Pen-" ſeroſo tunes my tongue when thou art gone." — Here the words move heavily along; and, in order to lengthen out the line, you have ſuſpended the cadence till the middle of the next. The ſame criticiſm, I think, may be made through the whole, and the laſt line but one is a fine one in this ſtyle, " I ſtand-un-mov'd-and-wait-in-dull-ſuſ-pence." ——— I fancy I ſee the ſtatue.

I ſhall be quite piqued, if you do not eſſay ſomething in the poetic taſte, in compliment to me. I am ſuch a Lilliputian ſubject, that the poeſy of a ring would ſerve me: I mean to expreſs my

my merits; but I ſhould chuſe you would rather expatiate on my faults, as the more copious ſubject would give you a better opportunity of ſhewing your wit: and take notice, that if you ever again hint any thing of that kind, in plain proſe, I ſhall call it downright ſcolding.

I ſhould not finiſh this letter ſo ſoon, but that I find you expect half a dozen for one; ſo I muſt huſband what little I have to ſay, in the beſt manner I can, by dividing it into ſo many poſts.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM not at all ſurprized at your ſtory of Mrs. ———'s ſecond failure; for indeed I am not apt to be ſurprized, when I hear of ſuch things at the firſt. This is not owing to any ſlight opinion I have of women, but to the knowledge I have of human nature, which, with my obſervation upon the careleſs and improper education given to moſt young women, gives me rather frequent ſurprize, that we do not more often hear ſtories of this kind.

Rochefaucault, who is a ſevere moraliſt, as moſt of the French are, ſays, "There are many women "who never had an Affair, but there never was "a woman, who had but One." Which ſhews, that he thought the firſt ſtep the only difficulty. Yet I have known ſome devout ſinners, who though not able to defend themſelves, while yet in a ſtate of innocence, vainly imagine to recover virtue from their fall; like the fable of Antæus, who is ſaid to have gained freſh ſtrength, when Hercules threw him on the ground. Ovid is ſevere too on this ſubject,

ſubject, "Læſa pudicitia eſt, deperit illa ſemel:" Which paſſage is too groſly tranſlated, to be quoted here. Rowe has a ſtrong line in his Shore:

"They ſet, like ſtars which fall to riſe no more."

However, I do not judge ſo hardly, in this matter, as the generality of people do: I agree with them indeed, that, when women fail from wantonneſs, or vice, it is very probable they may ſin on to the end of life; but a woman may be overcome ſo many other ways, exceſs of love, too great confidence in the lover's honour, circumvented by fraud, or overpowered by ſurprize, that an adventure of this kind does not always betoken a failure in virtue; and a perſon, injured in any of theſe ways, may poſſibly recover ſtrength from their misfortunes, as a bone is ſaid to knit firmer in the broken part than in the ſound.

The ſtory you tell me of ——— ſurprizes me more than the other, tho' it is of a piece with his known character; for, of all human vices, avarice aſtoniſhes me moſt, as it appears to me the moſt unreaſonable, and unnatural too. I ſhould think, that miſers may turn prodigals, upon this principle, that they may do ſo without coſt, for he who ſpends his own fortune, certainly lives at the expence of his heir †.

You are welcome to buy the books you mention for me; for tho' I have read them before, I think they will not diſgrace my ſtudy; and this will give you an opportunity of reading them yourſelf.

Adieu!

HENRY.

† Cuncta manus avidas fugient heredis, amico quæ dederis animo. Hor.

LETTER LXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM extremely angry at Mrs. ———, for miſ-repreſenting the ſtory you allude to: I ſaid indeed the words to her, and quoted them from a ſprightly lady of my acquaintance, but mentioned no name; and, as there was certainly wit in them, ſhe might probably attribute them to you, and meant to compliment you, with ſuppoſing you the author. It was Mrs. —— who made uſe of thoſe expreſſions, on the occaſion I told her. I declare, that, in any part, either of our converſation or correſpondence, I never remember you to have uſed any expreſſion, "leſs modeſt than the ſpeech of "*Prudes*," or to have hinted, or even ſeemed to reliſh the leaſt double entendre; and I aſſure you, I have often wondered that a perſon, who has as much wit, ſpirit, and wildneſs in her imagination, as any one I know, ſhould have, in reality, more delicacy in her ſentiments, and more decency in her expreſſions, than I ever met with in any other woman.

It is upon this account, that I give you the credit of more wit, than other women; as that beauty muſt have greater charms, who pleaſes a man, when ſhe is cloathed, than are neceſſary to move him, when ſhe is naked.

But indeed, I think, in general, that when lewdneſs, or prophaneneſs, are called in, as helps to wit, they but betray the weakneſs of it; as narrow waters mark their limits, by expoſing the ſhallows.

Cowley ſpeaks very prettily upon this ſubject, but I need not quote, becauſe you have him by heart.

Adieu!

LETTER LXVIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM, thank God, quite well to day, but muſt be cautious: I ſhall ſtay at home moſt part of the day, and only take a chair for an hour, to drink tea with you, and return the manuſcripts. It was an entertainment to read over moſt of the letters I had wrote to you, ſince the commencement of our acquaintance, during the courſe of a correſpondence remarkable for its regularity and conſtancy. I read them in a confuſed manner, becauſe there are but few of them dated; and I was ſorry I had not yours in town, to bring them face to face; which would have been a great amuſement to me, during this confinement, as my head was not well enough to venture upon more abſtruſe ſtudies. I find you have deſtroyed a great many of my letters; for I remember a folio of advice, which I ſuppoſe you miſtook for ſcolding, and threw into the fire. I had a mind to ſerve the reſt after the ſame manner, and only ſpared them, becauſe you had done ſo.

I ſend you Weſt on the Employment of Time, which is worth reading; not, for ſaying any thing new, but for collecting together, upon ſo important a ſubject, the ſenſe, not *opinions*, of mankind, the thinking part. Read the preface laſt; which, I think, might be better ſtiled an appendix.

Farewel.

LETTER LXIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Wrote on the death of J. K. Eſq;

HE was a man of moſt excellent compoſition.—His characteriſticks were many and extraordinary. He was generous, without extravagance; an oeconomiſt, without parſimony; had pride, without vanity; and was friendly, without profeſſing; a libertine, without vice; religious, without bigotry; and an enthuſiaſt, without fanaticiſm. "He "was a man, take him for all in all, you ſhall not "find his fellow;" or, to have examined him by parts, you would have found each character perfect; like the diviſion of matter, where every atom contains, in itſelf, the dimenſions of ſolidity.

He is dead,—but thou art alive! The Lord's will was done in the firſt inſtance, and mine in the ſecond. Accept now an undivided heart, and live long to help me to forget my grief.

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER LXX.

THE pleaſure that I received from my dear Harry's letter could alone compenſate for the pain I felt from your unuſual ſilence; but you have made me large amends, and I can readily forget all that is paſt, provided you do not repeat your fault. I am ſo thoroughly perſuaded of your tenderneſs for me, that I know, I need but tell you how much your ſilence affects me, never to feel the effects of it more.

In

In ſhort, my heart's dear Harry, I am quite charmed with that manly fondneſs, that elegance of love, which you expreſs in your laſt dear letter; and, for the future, I ſhall ſay, with Emma,

" Doubt ſhall for ever quit my ſtrengthen'd heart,
" And anxious jealouſy's corroding ſmart;
" Nor other inmate ſhall inhabit there,
" But ſoft belief, young joy, and pleaſing care."

In ſpite of medicines, I grow worſe every day; and am really reduced to a moſt melancholy ſtate; but you, my deareſt Harry, have brought back calm content to viſit me, and all may yet be well. I have not known a flight of ſpirits, ſince you left town, till I received your laſt; and then I could not help burſting into Othello's exclamation, " If " I were now to die, 'twere now to be moſt " happy, &c."

I cannot help thinking that fate ſeems averſe to my recovery; for the ſun, " as if the ſun could en- " vy," denies his wonted beams; nor with more regret beholds me drooping, than the bells of lillies. I have, for this month paſt, had a ſevere cough, and conſtant pain acroſs my cheſt; I am worn to a ſkeleton, and yet look as well as I ever did; but far more delicate. My diſorder is extremely polite, for, tho' it deprives me of the reality, it leaves me the appearance of health; and I am ſo much a woman, to forgive the ſubſtance, for the ſhadow.

I think you have done the ſtricteſt juſtice to our fair friend's character; ſhe is indeed a charming girl——Pray tell me when you think of coming to town——I fear you are grown ſo paſſionately fond of Maidenhall, that you have no wiſh for any thing beſide; nor even ſend a ſigh, in pity to your baniſhed friends. However, let the time of our exile be limited, for when we have a goal in view, the race will ſeem leſs tedious.

My hand trembles ſo violently, that I can ſcarce hold my pen: I dare ſay, you will find it difficult to decypher my Hebrew characters; I will therefore leave puzzling, and in the plaineſt (which are generally the ſincereſt terms) aſſure you, that

I am, and ever ſhall be,

Your faithfully affectionate,

FRANCES.

[Some letters are loſt here.]

LETTER LXXI.

My dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED yours this morning, and do aſſure you, without compliment, that it wanted nothing but your being in the right, to be the beſt wrote letter I ever read. I commend every thing but the injuſtice of it; like a certain exile from Athens, who could not forbear applauding, and repeating to ſtrangers, an oration of Demoſthenes, by which the wretch was baniſhed. The cauſe of many of our quarrels has been owing, as at preſent, to your never conſidering any thing, but the matter before you. When you receive my letters, you find ſome things to diſpleaſe you; but never recollect your own, which gave the provocation. You wrote me lately two of the moſt mortifying letters, which could be well imagined, and now ſeem ſurprized I ſhould reſent them. Conſider that the height of our picques is, always, in proportion to our love; and, if —— had charged me with all the cruel things you did, I ſhould not have offended her, by any reply, inconſiſtent with the natural complaiſance I have for even the moſt diſagreeable of your ſex. You ſay ſeveral things, which when I require an explanation of, you cut me ſhort, by anſwering

ſwering me, you was only in jeſt. Theſe things are certainly inconſiſtent, at leaſt; and ſurely, if you had reflected the leaſt on them, when you ſay, "you ſo ſtrictly examined your whole conduct," I am perſuaded, you would have been generous, and ingenuous enough to acknowledge, I had good reaſon to be provoked at being puzzled by contradictory appearances, and jeſted with, in matters which both mortified and alarmed me. I confeſs, indeed, that I have many faults; but do not, my dear, ſo vainly acquit yourſelf of any.

I really think you have many valuable qualities, and a great number of agreeable ones; and I have been always endeavouring to ſecern them, from ſome irregular flights, and romantick whims, which are, by no means, any ornament to your underſtanding. I was but acting the good farmer's part, and winnowing the chaff from among the wheat; for, could I but rid you of a few light errors, I think you need not the addition of one merit, to make you perfect. I have therefore, on many occaſions, reſtrained and diſguiſed my love and tenderneſs for you, like a cautious parent, leſt it ſhould but increaſe thoſe irregular whims, and romantick dreams, which I have often wiſhed out of your charming compoſition. My actions, I think, kept on ſtill one conſtant tenor, and always ſhall; becauſe my principles are in my own power; my expreſſions and manners indeed often varied, as your behaviour affected them; becauſe my paſſions are in yours: You can increaſe, or abate my fondneſs, but it is not in the power of the reſt of the world, or, what is more, even of yourſelf, to alter the obſtinate and determined purpoſe of my actions towards you; for where, as I have reaſon to apprehend, from the ſtrong hints you gave me in your laſt letter, the poverty of my nature, and ungenerouſneſs of my principles, ſhall leave me weak

for

for ſo good a work, I will even borrow the ſemblance of thoſe virtues, which may beſt aſſiſt me, to acquit myſelf as a man of honour to you:

"So ſhall diſſembling once be virtuous in me."

I confeſs, that the manner of my invitation to Maidenhall, had not all the decorum it ſhould have had, at another time; but conſider the mortifications and picque, I laboured under juſt then, from your letters and behaviour, and it will convince you of the truth of what I have juſt ſaid, that your actions cannot leſſen my kindneſs, tho' they may deſtroy my complaiſance.

Farewel!

HENRY.

LETTER LXXII.

Dear FANNY,

LAST poſt I received a letter from ———, the anſwer of which he deſires may be incloſed to you, becauſe, he ſays, you know where to direct to him. From which hint I gather two things, both equally diſagreeable to me; that you correſpond with him, and that he ſtill knows you write to me; and you know, it was without my conſent or approbation, that he was, at firſt, let into the ſecret. That either of theſe things gives me offence, my dear Fanny, proceeds plainly from an high ſenſe of honour, and a generous regard for you. If I could baſely indulge a vanity of this kind, I do not know any thing could anſwer the end ſo well, as the letting your correſpondence with me be publickly known. That it was not, as I find now, a particular favour to me, might indeed humble the vanity of it, but would not leſſen the pleaſure; for I

take this opportunity to aſſure you, that tho' your letters ſhould come, even thro' the preſs, to my hands, I do not know any thing could give me a more agreeable entertainment; and I ſhould then only chide you as Alexander did Ariſtotle, for publiſhing his works; becauſe what was before his particular ſtudy, and the higheſt of his retired pleaſures, more eſtimable than all his conqueſts, was then become common to all the world.

It is the nature of man, to render himſelf often miſerable, merely for the vanity of being thought happy; but I declare, I would rather rejoice at being thought unhappy, than even ſuſpected to be otherwiſe, at your leaſt expence. If my love, my friendſhip, did not incline me to this, honour, nay common manhood, would require it from me, in the nice circumſtances of our loves, at preſent. My character is libertine, your fortunes are ſmall, your experience of the world but little, your age young, and your guardian old. In ſuch a ſituation, you ſhould take care, not to truſt to the charitable opinion of the world, who will hardly be brought to believe, that either our converſation or correſpondence, are upon ſuch innocent ſubjects, as in truth they are; and if any ſurmiſes ſhould ariſe to the contrary, as I fear this indiſcretion with regard to ——— (whoſe notions are not much out of the common road of things) may give occaſion for, it would not be in my power to juſtify you; nor indeed can any thing a man may ſay, or ſwear, upon ſuch occaſions, either condemn, or acquit a woman, in my opinion; for, if he traduces her character, I ſhould think he might do ſo as well out of falſhood, as baſeneſs; and, if he vindicates it, I might apprehend that he ſhould do ſo as much out of honour as truth. When I ſay, I am diſpleaſed with your writing to ——, I am not jealous of your love, but your character, which I have very

honeſt

honeſt reaſons to be careful of. If you underſtand me right, in any reproof I ever gave you, it would but improve your love and eſteem for me; which will be a fair return for that warm paſſion and ſincere friendſhip I at preſent feel towards my heart's deareſt Fanny.

Adieu!

LETTER LXXIII.

Dear FANNY,

THE alliances you mention from the public prints, either by marriage, or political treaty cannot give us that ſecurity for a general peace, which you ſo piouſly wiſh for. No tyes, but its own ſtate policy, govern even the beſt; and no principle, but ambition ſways the worſt of princes. It is certain, that political morals, and private, may eaſily be evinced the ſame; and the obligations between ſtate and ſtate, the ſame as between man and man. Nay, much ſtronger the reaſon may ſeem upon the former; yet, it is aſtoniſhing, that an opinion ſo obvious ſhould ſtill be new; for there are few authors who confine political maxims, or what they term reaſons of ſtate, to the ſame ſtrictneſs they do private morals *. I hope it is more owing to a wrong judgment upon this ſubject, than to the depravity of human nature, that ſo much injuſtice, and cruel havock, is made in the world, by the lawleſs ambition of princes; that liberty, property, or life, are ſafe, no longer than our ſtronger neighbour is pleaſed to be at reſt; and that the ſons of the earth, like the army of Cadmus, riſe up, only to deſtroy each other.

* Sextus the VIth. ſaid, "It is ſhort thinking that "makes conſcience impracticable, and politicks to fall "foul upon morals."

The laſt article of the French paragraphs is really ſo ridiculous, that I cannot determine whether the publiſher is in jeſt or earneſt. Adieu!

LETTER LXXIV.

My dear FANNY,

MRS. ———'s behaviour will certainly confirm the world's opinion of her for ſome time paſt. True virtue is modeſt in its defence; but frailty, like cowardice, puts on the air of a bully, to diſguiſe its weakneſs *.

There is nothing which women reſent ſo highly, as the free manner, with which the world judge and ſpeak of their actions. I own that I have often myſelf joined with them, in condemning ſuch haſty cenſures; but, upon more general reflection, I can't help agreeing with the world, that few women ever loſe their reputation, till they have, at leaſt, deſerved to do ſo; for, tho' ſome may eſcape the actual guilt, who have ſuffered the imputation of it, yet their indiſcretions muſt have juſtly drawn upon them the cenſure of the world; and, having gone ſo far, they have done their part; and to ſpeak like a man of gallantry, it is the lover's fault if they go no farther.

As I have really a great tenderneſs for the *fair ſex*, it often provokes me to hear ſome people, either ignorantly or maliciouſly, pretend to juſtify their characters, at the ſame time that they acknowledge all appearances to be ſtrong againſt them; for this is even to allow they had the vice and folly of a harlot, but wanted her only virtue, courage. How cruel and ſevere muſt it be, to ſay, a

* *Tuſſis pro crepitu*, an art
Under a cough to ſlur a —— HUD.

woman

woman had no one quality, or principle, to preſerve her from perdition, but cowardice! and how unhappy muſt it be for her too, when ſhe finds this "hypocriſy againſt the Devil" will not avail her, either in this world, or the next! for as the "ſu-"perviſion" is ſeldom indulged to the ſpeculation of the curious, people can only judge, as Iago expreſſes it, "by circumſtances leading to the door "of truth;" and, as for the next world, I fear Heaven needs no overt act, to prove looſe morals treaſon.

You ſee, my dear, what a different ſide of this queſtion you have reclaimed me to; you have not only won my heart, but my morals too; not that the cowardly deſpair of conqueſt would ever have brought my indomitable ſpirit to yield, 'till, by weighing well your worth, againſt your perſon, I thought I ſhould gain, like * Porus, by my defeat.

* He was conquered by Alexander, who in reward of his virtue and bravery, beſtowed a greater kingdom on him than he had loſt.

LETTER LXXV.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your letter from Liverpool, which, like moſt of your letters of late, was very pretty, and very provoking. If you had as much ingenuouſneſs as ingenuity, we ſhould have been always upon better terms than we are. However, you are honeſt enough to confeſs yourſelf a woman; which, at the ſame time, accounts naturally for your inconſiſtency, and gives me comfortable hopes, that we may again be very good friends; for I have great ſympathy in me with meer mortal women, but have the moſt clumſy addreſs you can imagine towards your infallible divinities.

I do not know any perſon who can tell a ſtory better, and to whom it is more advantage to be put upon the defenſive; your letter is a remarkable inſtance of this; for it is equally filled with literal, as well as metaphorical *turns*. However, I ſhall not dwell any longer on this head, ſince you are become a woman; but conclude this letter with refering you to the —— Ode of the —— book of Horace, which you may meet with tranſlated by ſeveral hands; to which, deſiring your anſwer ſincerely, I ſubſcribe myſelf

Your conſtant friend, lover,
and humble ſervant.

LETTER LXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

I AM juſt returned from my circuit, and found your letter here, which I was doubly pleaſed at; to hear you were well, and to hear you were returning to Ireland. I laughed a good deal at myſelf, juſt after I had wrote my laſt letter to you, to think of my careleſſneſs about the number of the book, and ode of Horace, I alluded to. I did not exactly remember chapter and verſe, when I was writing; but left blanks to be filled up, when I returned to my ſtudy, and forgot it, 'till the day after my letter went. However, I am extremely ſatisfied at my miſtake now, as you ſo quickly found out the alluſion. Le Sage entend a demi môt; and that I hope from thence, it was from a ſtrong ſympathy between us on the ſame ſubject.

"Donec gratus eram tibi," &c.

I am ſorry, tho', to hear you call this but an armſtice, for, I aſſure you, I ſincerely meant a laſting

ing peace; but I ſuppoſe you know your own temper to be ſo like the French, warm, lively, and reſtleſs, that you look on all terms made with you, as with them, to be only truces; gaining breath to renew the fight. You ſay modeſtly, you have no hopes of *regaining* my friendſhip, and you are in the right of it, in ſtrictneſs of ſpeeeh, for you have indeed never loſt it, nor are you likely to do ſo; for, as I have ſometimes ſaid, or meant to ſay to you, I find you have my friendſhip, in ſpite of yourſelf, and my love, in ſpite of myſelf. And on theſe terms we ſhall always be, from a happy diſcovery I have lately made, that you have been, and ſhall always be, in the right, in every article of your life. Not that this truth appears to me with all the ſtrength of demonſtration I could wiſh; but I read you, as I do Euclid; impatient to come to ſome pleaſant practical problem, I take all the theorems for granted, which lead to ſo charming an end.

I delivered your letter and pantin to my ſiſter; ſhe leaves me ſoon, and will anſwer you, I believe, in perſon.

Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER LXXVII.

WHEN laſt I wrote to my dear Harry, I muſt confeſs myſelf to have been a good deal diſordered, both in body and mind. I am ſtill very ill; but much recovered, by your laſt letter from the lowneſs of ſpirits, into which your former had thrown me. I own I have too much pride to bear indifference with patience; and that calm philoſophy, which you have manifeſted in ſome inſtances,

where it could not be feigned; and that unconcernedneſs, with which you ſometimes talk of death or parting, have too much the air of it.

" Indifference, clad in wiſdom's guiſe,
" All fortitude of mind ſupplies."

I took the air this morning to Chapel-Izod, with my aunt and ſome other company; from whom I inſenſibly ſtrayed to that part of the river, where I ſuddenly recollected you firſt ſpoke to me of love; and upon comparing the difference between your former and latter behaviour, I burſt into tears; and with much difficulty prevented myſelf from being diſcovered by the company, who then came upon me: So that I had but juſt time to make this ſhort, but melancholy reflection—That thoſe tender ſentiments, and fond endearments, which you then expreſſed, were as irrecoverably loſt to me, as the waters, which at that time, glided at our feet; and that what you profeſs now, is only the ſame in appearance, as is the preſent current. Oh! for a power, without guilt, to diſpatch the preſent time, or to retrieve the paſt!

Your philoſophy, perhaps, may ſmile at my weakneſs; but I find a ſort of honeſt ſatisfaction in lay my whole heart open to you, with all its follies; perhaps I have a pride in it too, as I am conſcious that it contains not a thought or ſentiment, but what your virtue would approve; tho' there are foibles enough to be the jeſt and ſcorn of your " manly ſenſe and reaſon."

I don't know why I write; they ſay it eaſes an oppreſſed mind, but I am ſure that I feel mine much heavier than when I began—There are to whom a ſtate of doubt is ſecondary bliſs, whoſe ſanguine hopes preoccupy poſſeſſion: To me 'tis miſery, whoſe boding fears foreſtall each diſappointment.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

Juſt about this time Frances was informed by a friend, that Henry had ſhewn ſeveral of her letters to a perſon, who having but *one way* of thinking, ſeemed to conſtrue them to the diſadvantage of her character. This alarmed her, and in high reſentment ſhe wrote the following letter to him.

LETTER LXXVIII.

SIR,

YOU have behaved with great diſhonour. You have ſhewed my letters to ———, and you could not have any temptation to this but what was diſingenuous: For it was impoſſible for a perſon of illiberal education to form any ſort of judgment upon them, except what muſt be to the diſadvantage of my character.

Farewel for life,

FRANCES.

On the receipt of this, Henry poſted up to Dublin, and went to pay a viſit to Frances, which was refuſed. The next morning he wrote the following letter.

LETTER LXXIX.

MADAM,

I APPROVE of the reſentment you have ſhewn; and am ſo pleaſed with the propriety of your behaviour, upon ſo nice an occaſion, that I readily forgive the haſtineſs of your cenſure, and ſhall do you the juſtice I owe to your merit, by vindicating myſelf to you from any baſeneſs in the particular you hint at.

The perſon you mention has been an old friend of mine; I have a good regard for him. He had been for ſome time engaged in a Platonick amour, which, tho' there was nothing criminal in, I often adviſed him againſt, as the indiſcretion of it might poſſibly become fatal. I found that the principal thing that attached him was the lady's letters, which he challenged all literature to produce any writings equal to. From a meer impulſe of friendſhip, I read one or two of yours to him, which ſoon convinced our inamorato that his correſpondent was not ſuch a heroine, as he imagined, in ſenſe, ſtile, taſte or ſentiment.

I did not mention your name, upon my honour: but, if you doubt that *aſſeveration*, let the vanity you ſeem to ſuſpect bear teſtimony for me. Your writings muſt have hinted an higher rank in life for my fair incognita, than either your ſtation, fortune, or education intitle you to. But his knowledge of your name was owing to an imprudence of your own, when he and I were lately in Dublin together.

Whatever improper uſe he has made of this diſcovery, he is anſwerable to me for, but I ſtand acquitted to you of any thing diſingenuous or baſe. I came to town for no other purpoſe but to juſtify myſelf before you; I attend your commands, and am with true reſpect, and ſincere regards, madam, &c.

HENRY.

To which the following ſhort anſwer was returned.

LETTER LXXX.

SIR,

I AM ſorry for this adventure—perhaps, I ought not to be ſorry for it. You hint very juſtly, that I have neither rank or fortune; I have therefore nothing but character to depend upon; and the ſureſt method which my prudence inſpires me with, to defend that beſt, that only treaſure, is never to converſe or correſpond with you more.

If you have any ſpark of honour remaining, you will not refuſe to exchange our letters; and as this is, probably, the laſt requeſt I ſhall ever make to you, I ſhall be obliged if you'll ſend me your miniature picture, which I refuſed before—I mean it as a taliſman, to guard my too ſincere, and unſuſpecting nature, againſt the arts and baſeneſs of every other man. One look of that piece, like Meduſa's head, will harden my heart to ſtone; for in love, contrary to religion, 'tis want of faith, that ſaves us.

May ſucceſs attend you in every virtuous ſcheme of life. Amen!

Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER LXXXI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

MADAM,

I SHALL obey your commands as ſoon as I return to the country. I remember the reaſon for your refuſing to accept of my picture was, that you did not think it like. It will be, therefore, a very proper appendage to attend your letters, as I am convinced they were as little the tranſcript of your

heart. True love would have ſtood a ſtronger trial than what you have been weakly tempted with. As there are ſome ſingular conſtitutions, that never catch the ſmall-pox, there are alſo ſome more extraordinary natures unſuſceptible of love. This, however, being an imperfection in their frame, they feel themſelves often afflicted with very aukward ſenſations; a vacancy in their hearts, an indetermination in their minds, and a certain tedioufneſs of life; to relieve which, ſuch *anomalous* perſons are obliged to aſſume an amour, and by frequent feigning, come at laſt to deceive themſelves: As a man, who turns often round, will feel all the giddineſs of one who is drunk; but both theſe cheats are immediately detected, if they ſhall venture to act or ſpeak *rationally*, under ſuch perſonated characters. I deny your alluſion; religion is love, reciprocally, and a deficiency of faith cannot be orthodox. Fanny has impoſed upon herſelf, but has now undeceived me.

I wiſh you ſecurity from knaves, and a man of merit ſucceſs in your favour.

Farewel.

HENRY.

P. S. I ſhall return your letters without exchange. You may burn mine.

As ſoon as Henry went into the country, he obeyed Frances's commands, and wrote her the following letter at the ſame time.

LETTER LXXXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Belmont.

I HAVE brought your letters thus far, that I might flatter myſelf with the poſſeſſion of them, half a day longer; and that they may be the leſs time between

between your hands and mine, as I can intercept the Stage this day, at dinner.

I was ſeveral times tempted to break my word with you, for the firſt time, I declare, leſt the recollection, which theſe dear memorandums may give you, of your having once loved me ſo well, may provoke you now to hate me, even more than you do. I return them then to you as the only equivalent I could ever make you, for their value; and from a principle, I have ſomewhere before mentioned, that I ſhall never deſire any tye over the perſon I love, but their own inclinations; and this is the reaſon, perhaps, that I never married yet, tho' never tempted to it, but once in my life; and for their ſake, more than my own, rejoice now that it never happened.

In return for your letters, you offered me mine, but I deſired you to burn them; which I now revoke, leaving them intirely at your diſpoſal; for the only reaſon I had for deſtroying them was, that they might never be aſhamed, in company with *yours*; but, as I deſire you will keep *them* ſafe, mine may ſerve to explain or illuſtrate ſome paſſages; for foils they need not.

I often refuſed you your letters, and ſhould ever have continued obſtinate in that point, while I had any hopes of pleaſing you otherways; but, in that deſpair, part madly with the only things, which can pleaſe myſelf now.

In order to make this ſacrifice the ſtronger, I read over all your letters, before I parted with them; tho' this was a fond folly, as I am very ſure, I had every one of them by heart before. And now, my ever beſt-beloved girl, accept theſe returned, dear pledges, as a ſacrifice fit for the *gods*; religiouſly ſo, as I flatter myſelf, from former recollection, the heart joined in the addreſs. Let them boaſt of inſpiration, if heavenly ſpirits can taſte of

vanity; of this loan you have acquitted yourſelf back with intereſt; for the rays of inſpiration, like ſun-beams, give light in the direct line, but owe their heat to reflection.

I kept all your letters, as they were wrote by you; and reſtore them now, becauſe, I believe, you repent your ever having wrote them.

"Lifeleſs charms, without the heart."

I ſhall always remember, with love and gratitude, any kindneſs you ever ſhewed me; I unfeignedly forgive the ſevere treatment I have lately met with from you, and ſhall hereafter reſt ſatisfied, in whatever light you are pleaſed to regard me,

As a lover, friend, companion,
or moſt-humble and obedient ſervant,

HENRY.

LETTER LXXXIII.

SIR,

THO' your politeneſs forbad your deſiring an acknowledgment of the moſt trifling favour with regard to yourſelf, and the moſt material one with regard to me, that you have perhaps ever conferred; yet, as I never meant (tho' I may have failed in the execution of my deſign) to be out-done in generoſity, I now think it incumbent on me to offer my thanks; not according to the value of the preſent, but to the deſign of the giver.——Were I not afraid of appearing inſolent, or ungrateful, I need not have had recourſe to this method of ſhewing my gratitude, ſince I could, with more eaſe to myſelf, and (I am ſure) pleaſure to you, have returned the obligation an hundred fold *; but the

* By returning his letters.

author,

author, whom I have oftenest quoted to you, and is, of course my greatest favourite, says, "It is the "highest act of ingratitude to *over-pay* an obligation, "which we receive from an *equal* or *superior*."—— In which of these denominations you are pleased to stile yourself, I shall on this occasion, subscribe myself,

Your most obliged,
and most obedient servant,
FRANCES.

LETTER LXXXIV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Maidenhall.

I SHOULD have answered your letter sooner, but waited 'till I came here; both because I have some pleasure in writing to you, from the scene, whence most of my letters were dated to you; and that I hope the inclosed * will be some apology for the freedom of writing to you now; not from the value of the present, but from the obedience I shall always be proud to shew to any request of yours. After the sacrifice I have lately made, you could have no reason to doubt of my compliance in this particular; or that I should refuse you the *shadow* of that substance, which, while it shall be enlivened with a spirit of sense, reflection, or gratitude, must be ever your's. Constant lovers need only the exchange of hearts; but fickle ones have need of tokens. Accept then of this, as it is the only way, I fear, is left me, of restoring my *image* to you. And having already, Fortune de l'amour, lost what I loved as well, and liked infinitely better than my-

* His picture.

self,

ſelf, I ſhall find no difficulty in parting with this ſecond ſelf, ſince you are pleaſed to act a part in Æſop's fables, and quit the ſubſtance, to embrace the ſhadow.

You ſee, I am reſolved the correſpondence ſhall not drop on my ſide, and indeed, I ſhall, with real tranſport, take advantage of every occaſion, which will not appear preſumption on my former happineſs, of aſſuring you, that

I am with ſincerity,
truth, and conſtancy, yours,
HENRY.

LETTER XXXV.

SIR,

I CANNOT recollect any period of my life, wherein I found myſelf more embarraſſed than at this moment; as there is nothing *I* wiſh more earneſtly to avoid, than a repetition of what now appears the moſt "aſſured weakneſs," I ever did, or can commit,—addreſſing you by letter.—

At the ſame time, the complaiſance you have ſhewn to my requeſts, obliges me to think, (tho' my *thanks* can hardly be deemed an acknowledgement for your late favours) it muſt appear like ingratitude, not to offer *them*.

Accept then of the poor, but only return, that is in my power to make; and let me add my ſincere wiſhes, that I may be able to preſerve the *picture* you have ſent, much longer, than you ſuffered me to do *that*, which I, unſkillful, had drawn of you.

You ſay, "I have quitted the ſubſtance for the "ſhadow." I think you are deceived; for I am ſure there is more ſtability and truth in this miniature mimickry, than in moſt originals, I have ever known.

known. And yet I ſhould even fear a diſappointment in this, had I not, long ſince, proved the fallacy of ſympathetick influence. Ixion's fate, thro' the greateſt part of my life, has ſtill been mine; but from your laſt preſent, and many other circumſtances of my inſtant fortunes, I have reaſon to think the ſcene is, at length, inverted, and that ſhadows alone elude my graſp. If I am in an error, I beg you will not undeceive me; for I have taken great pains to arrive at that pitch of philoſophy, common to all prudent mortals, of thinking, that whatever is out of my reach is not worth having.

Farewel!

Here ends my palinode.

LETTER LXXXVI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I RECEIVED your letter, and ſhall continue the correſpondence, while you will give me leave. Indeed I find ſomething which pleaſes, and flatters me too much in any engagement with you, to be eaſily diſcouraged; for I ſincerely think that, vain as you are, you do not know your own merit or value. Your writing, particularly, I really do not know any thing in Engliſh equal to, for delicacy of ſentiment, or turn of expreſſion. There are ſome faint traces of your point, and ſtile, in a few of the polite French authors, almoſt to perſuade one they were imitations, if there were not ſuch ſtrong lines, in yours, of an original.

You ſay, "here ends my palinode;" but pray, where did it begin? What recantation have you made of your miſtake, or unkind and unjuſt abuſe of me? What anſwer have you given yet to a late letter

* letter of mine, where, giving you the full force of your argument againſt me, I will hazard my defence, in this world, or the next, upon my juſtification there made; where I was no more culpable, than if I had lent you a horſe, which, by ſtarting accidentally, had broke your leg. But, tho' it gave you no juſt *cauſe*, for your unkind treatment of me, I own it afforded you a plauſible occaſion, being already determined. Now, as your author Rochefaucault ſays, a woman never quits her firſt love, till ſhe has engaged in a ſecond, I ſhall be much obliged, if you will truſt my confidence ſo far, as to let me know, who my rival is? Nor have you any thing to fear for him in this, from a wretch as impotent in means, as I have ever been in will, to be malicious. And indeed it would be madneſs in me to make my rivals in your love my enemies; for I am not vain enough to think myſelf able to ſtand againſt a multitude.

You have often unjuſtly charged me with ſeeking an opportunity of breaking with you; on whom, I pray, does that charge, ungenerous as it is, fall with the greateſt juſtice, at preſent? You have yourſelf preſented that fair occaſion; and yet ſee the obſtinacy of my attachment to you; and indeed the only malice of the reſt of my life towards you ſhall be to convince you, and you only, how unkind and unjuſt ſo baſe a ſentiment was of me.

I am, my deareſt Fanny, your very ſincere
and conſtant lover and friend.

P. S. I found the incloſed ‡ after I wrote to you laſt, and ſend it kindly to you, as it will help to hide even my ſhadow from you.

* Letter LXXIX.
‡ The caſe of his picture.

Frances

Frances returned no anſwer to this letter, and the correſpondence dropt here for ſeveral months, while Henry ſtaid in the country. When he went up to town, as he knew all her acquaintance, he uſed to meet her often among her friends, but did not viſit her himſelf. Their behaviour was perfectly well bred to each other, but a good deal conſtrained.

When Henry was leaving town he invited Frances, with two other ladies, to dine with him at Racool, on his way, which they conſented to. It rained a great deal in the evening; the company was chearful, perfectly agreeable to each other; and, as there was a matron among them, Henry prevailed on them to ſtay all night, which they did, and play'd cards till morning.

At this meeting the lovers began to be a little more at eaſe with each other; they talked over their former correſpondence, and canvaſſed the incident of their quarrel, which had left them for ſo long a while, upon ſuch cool and reſerved terms.

Frances ſaid, that ſhe acquitted him of the leaſt diſingenuous meaning in ſhewing her letters, and that the good breeding of his whole behaviour, ſince that occurrence, had raiſed him to the higheſt pitch of her eſteem, which inclined her again to cultivate a laſting friendſhip with him. She confeſſed alſo, that ſhe had often regretted the loſs ſhe had ſuſtained of his correſpondence, and would be therefore well pleaſed if he would renew it, upon condition that he ſhould not write any more in the ſtile of a lover, unleſs he might do ſo on ſuch terms, as would ſufficiently juſtify her to the world, in receiving addreſſes of that kind.

Henry told her, that his fortunes were not, at that time, independent enough to leave him at liberty to make any particular declaration, upon ſuch an occaſion: all he could ſay, at preſent, was, that

he

he loved and eſteemed her better than he did any other woman in the world, and that in all his dealings he would behave like a man of honour toward her. At the ſame time, he expreſſed ſome jealouſy, as in letter LXXXI. that her regards for him were not as great, as her letters and aſſurances had formerly given him reaſon to believe, otherways ſhe would not have broken off ſo abruptly, nor continued her diſtance and reſerve ſo long, after the juſtification he had made for himſelf, in the LXXIXth letter.

Frances reſented the charge againſt her ingenuouſneſs and ſincerity; but I need not repeat the defence ſhe made for herſelf upon that occaſion, becauſe it was much to the ſame effect with the arguments urged in the LXXXVIIIth letter.

The firſt ſtage that Henry came to, after their parting, he recommenced the correſpondence, by the following letter.

LETTER LXXXVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

YOU ſee my impatience of writing to you, which does not wait for the poſt, and has got the better of a hot, wet day, bad paper, pens, and ink; and a ſtrong inclination to ſleep, to pay me for laſt night's exceſs.

I hope you all got ſafe to town, and found yourſelves all ſafe in town. I beg to know with what grace ye were differently accoſted by wiſe men and parents; for it is a vaſt amuſement to me, to hear how innocent frolicks are treated by ſenſible, well-diſpoſed Chriſtians, who know any thing better than human nature, or the world.

I recant my error, my deareſt Fanny, and here throw my palinode at your feet. That I was loved, let

let my vanity now confeſs, which my humility made me doubt before. It was a madneſs to doubt at firſt, according to a certain definition of it, a reaſoning right upon wrong principles. I thought it groſs to ſenſe, that I ſhould be capable of inſpiring that ſoft, tender paſſion; I thought it poſſible, indeed, I might gain a friend, but never hoped to be able to win a miſtreſs; ſo uſed to flatter myſelf, as Addiſon does Pope, upon his eclogues; that, if they are not paſtorals, they are ſomething better. Another reaſon I had to ſuſpect I was not loved, was, that I feared I was no longer ſo; and true love, like true hanging, or drowning, according to my notion, is not to be remedied on this ſide the grave. I have obſerved to you before, that true love, like the ſmall-pox, never attacks us but once; and reaſon good, becauſe it laſts for life. It is a kind of free paradiſe-ſtock, which can admit of no inoculation; ſo luxuriant, that it is impatient of pruning, nor ſuffers itſelf to be twined into eſpaliers. A ſcion of it was ſtolen by Adam, when he was baniſhed the garden of Eden; who, to repair his crime, as much as in him lay, bequeathed this divine plant to ſuch of his poſterity, who ſhould prefer nakedneſs to knowledge, and piouſly attend to the voice of Nature, in open defiance of every preacher, from the ſerpent, down to H—ns. Conſider of what has been ſaid, &c.

HENRY.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

July 1, 1750.

I AM much obliged for the impatience you expreſs of writing to me; and ſincerely wiſh I could return the compliment with ſincerity. But at laſt that

that quick ſpirit, you have ſo often complained of, is quite extinct. There are ſo few things in life, which can give me pleaſure, that I cannot help regretting the change in my ſentiments with regard to writing, as, by loſing my reliſh for it, I have loſt one of my principal amuſements.

If a little recollection recalled the evidences of truth to your mind, I am pleaſed the converſation aroſe; which, at the time it happened, ſo much diſpleaſed me. I know not how to ſuppoſe (without having the meaneſt opinion of you) that you could ever entertain a doubt. If I thought it were poſſible you could, I ſhould only ſay, may your crime be your puniſhment! for "he who ſuſpects, deſerves to find it true." As all matters of this kind are now, and ever ſhall be, as tho' they had never been, you may be well aſſured, I ſhall never give you, or myſelf, the trouble of endeavouring to convince you of the reality of a paſſion, which no longer exiſts; but, as there is no imputation, I could not more eaſily pardon, than that you have charged me with, (as hypocriſy is, of all vices, moſt foreign to my too open heart) give me leave to aſk you, What end could be propoſed from feigning? What were the advantages which could, or did ariſe from the reality? What other cauſe in Nature can be aſſigned for a perſon, not quite an ideot, naturally prone to ſtrong reſentments, enduring the moſt provoking inſolence, and (I hope) unparalleled ill-nature, without even ſhewing ſhe was ſenſible of being ſacrificed to every guſt of vanity, or ill-humour in your temper, or that of any other perſon, who thought proper to make their court to you, by ſlighting her?——Too plainly ſhe, for years evinced the truth of Rochefaucault's opinion——"We "forgive, as long as we love."—Deal plainly with me: anſwer to theſe truths; if you can refute them, or derive them from any other cauſe, I will confeſs, that

that Fanny, indeed, * "has much impoſed upon "herſelf," and allow what you have ſometimes ſaid, that the natural coquetry of her diſpoſition, with a little flight of romance, by being indulged too far, had wrought upon her mind the ſemblance of a paſſion, which exiſted not in the heart. "How "cruel is reflection after paſſion? How different "are the points of light on the ſame objects? "Why is not reaſon ſtrong enough to keep her "throne, or ſo entirely vanquiſhed as never to re-"aſſume it?" I am weary of this continued warfare——

As your ſentiments of love and mine were always different, I am pleaſed to find we, at laſt, agree in one point,——that, "like the ſmall-pox, it never "attacks us twice;" like that too, where it is violent, the marks laſt for life; but the beſt and trueſt affinity between them, is that, like that, it may be cured. I own it requires violent corroſives; but I am a living inſtance, that, tho' the cure is painful, it is poſſible. According to your idle definition of love, it is plain, I never was poſſeſſed of your's; there is not any thing nouvelle in this diſcovery; that point has been long clear to me, nor has it been in my power, for a vaſt while paſt (tho' I took great pains) "to impoſe upon myſelf" with regard to your ſentiments for me. For this reaſon, I have ever been an earneſt advocate for your friendſhip; and ſtill continue to deſire it; which I think the higheſt compliment I can pay you, as it is the ſtrongeſt proof of mine.

Captain Wemys is to be married this night to Miſs Bermingham; I hear they ſet out for Daneſfort to morrow; if ſo, I ſuppoſe you'll be ſo much engaged, that I ſhall not ſee you. If it is inconvenient, I beg you will not ſtir one ſtep towards me,

* An expreſſion of Henry's in letter LXXXI.

nor idly fancy, I ſhall take your abſence ill; as you may be perfectly aſſured that no action, or omiſſion of your future life, can either add to, or take from the calm ſettled regard I have now, and ever ſhall retain, for your happineſs and welfare. I am (while you continue to deſire I ſhould be ſo, and much longer than you deſerve)

Your real friend,
and moſt obedient ſervant,
FRANCES.

LETTER LXXXIX.

Dear FANNY,

YOU may ſee by the badneſs of my paper, that I have not waited to get home, before I indulged myſelf in the privilege, you have given me, of writing to you. I am now at ———, where Parſon ——— lately lived; and where your friend's brother is now beneficed. This paper is good enough to write ſermons on, that, when they are applied to the moſt general uſe, there may be but little loſt; and perhaps it is the fitter for me too, leſt, ſhould I ſend you better, the meſſenger might be more worth than the meſſage; tho' by it I, with all ſincerity, commend my love to you, corrected, and amended from the errors of the former edition, the *impreſſion* ſtill remaining the ſame; which, tho' the *type* is ſmall, I ſtill retain, for the fairneſs and beauty of the *character*.

The gentleman I am now with, is a perſon I contracted a friendſhip with, ſeveral years ago, upon a certain ſympathy I obſerved between us, in three remarkable particulars: an averſion to matrimony, a ſplenetick caſt of mind, and an unſociable impatience at fools. But, tho' the effects are equally

equally viſible in us both, they are owing to very different cauſes in each of us. The firſt proceeds, in him, from an *habitual* diſregard to women; (for I can never allow that to be natural to any man:) In me, it proceeds from an apprehenſion of not meeting ſucceſs with a woman of merit and fortune; and, to take off the merit of ſuch humility, I make myſelf amends by the pride of not hazarding a refuſal. The ſecond he has from a ſtrong ſaturnine complexion, which was born with him; but I have contracted that "gloomy habit of ſoul," from the many mortifications and diſappointments I have met with, almoſt ever ſince I was born. The third proceeds, in him, as a man of ſenſe, from a ſtrong antipathy he has naturally to ſuch animals, joined to a generous concern, and honeſt pride, that Providence, who could make ſuch a man as him, ſhould ſuffer ſuch imperfect eſſays of human nature to ſlip unfiniſhed thro' it's hands; but I am ſhocked at fools, perhaps as a perſon, deformed by nature, or rendered ſo by diſeaſe, may be, at the ſight of his own picture on canvaſs, or in the glaſs.

You ſee how occaſionally I am led into a deſcription of my own character; which, as it was part of your injunction to me, you may perceive how ſtrong an impreſſion your commands make on my mind; that I am naturally led to obey them, even when I don't particularly intend it; but, when I finiſh the remainder of your requeſt, I muſt ſit down on deliberate purpoſe for it; as I deſpair of meeting any where, ſave in my own heart, a ſemblance, good enough, to draw your likeneſs from.

I now claim your promiſe, my dear Fanny, of ſpeaking with freedom ſome things, which you heſitated once or twice about, the few, and very ſhort times, I was in your company, the laſt time I was

in

in town. I ſhall be at home by the return of the poſt.

I am, my dear agreeable girl,
ſincerely and affectionately
Your's.

LETTER XC.

I RECEIVED yours from Coolatan and * from Maidenhall. I fell ill of a ſore throat the evening I returned to town; but would not be bled, for I hate it. I have not ſlept theſe three nights; but no matter. I will excuſe you from drawing my character, at preſent, for I might as well ſit for my picture under my preſent illneſs. You compliment me with greater ſtrength of mind and conſtitution than Providence has bleſt me with, and then reprimand me, when you find me deficient in either. Your words and actions have been always thus far inconſiſtent, that you never expreſs any fond or flattering opinion of me, except to put your ſubſequent unkindneſs or cenſure in a ſtronger light.

The ſwelling in my throat has ſubſided, and I ſhall ſet out for Corke next Monday ſe'nnight, and ſhall be well pleaſed to meet you in Kilkenny the next evening: you know my company, and that they will be glad to ſee you; but I muſt not accept of your invitation, for I think you have put it out of my power.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

* This laſt is loſt.

LETTER XCI.

Dear FANNY,

I AM glad to hear you are out of danger, and wiſh you were as much out of apprehenſion too. You wrong me—I never was ſo ill bred, as to charge you with ſtrength of body, or robuſtneſs of conſtitution; but I had always a whim in my head, that the moſt delicate frame might live in health; which being independent of ſtrong features, or large limbs, there might be health, as well as life in a muſſel. My words and actions never did contradict each other, with regard to you; when they appeared to do ſo, it was, becauſe you miſtook either one, or the other; and I ſuſpect your error to be about the laſt; and for this reaſon too, that my words proceed from my heart; which, by that heart I ſwear, is ſincerely and affectionately attached to you; but my actions are croſſed, or reſtrained by your's, which are governed by caprice, and a temper bizarre. Your manner with me is extremely whimſical on your part, and diſpiriting on mine; and if you knew my natural diſpoſition, and the vaſt and continued calls I have for every thought and application, I am maſter of, you'd be convinced of the truth of my attachment to you, when I ſtrive ſtill to hold you, even upon theſe terms. I beg to hear from you ſoon, and that you will be neither ſick, or croſs. What an extravagant paſſion for change muſt that woman have, who can be the moſt agreeable perſon in the world, and yet for the ſake of variety, chuſes to be otherwiſe? As Mrs. Diana ſays, "You fine ladies affect an undreſs."

Pray tell me, how I put it out of your power to accept my invitation? Which I again repeat, and never gave one in my life more ſincerely.

I am, my dear, little, croſs pet,
Your conſtant, good-humoured, clumſy,
Country Farmer.

When they met at Kilkenny, Frances explained the laſt paragraph of her letter; that by the indiſcretion of ſhewing her letters in that country, Henry had rendered it imprudent for her to come to his houſe; however, he prevailed on her to ſpend a week with his mother and ſiſter, who then lived with him, upon her return from Corke, which ſhe did.

During that happy interval, Henry finding his eſteem and affection for her, attaching him ſtronger than ever in her favour joined to ſeveral reaſons that are given in letter CCLXXXIII, formed a ſort of vague determination in his mind to marry her; but as he had not reſolved with himſelf on the time, his fortunes being in a very precarious ſituation, he did not mention any thing of this reſolution, while ſhe continued at his houſe. He behaved with remarkable politeneſs and punctilio toward her, played back her own Platonicks, and only proceeded thus far, to aſſure her that he would never marry till he ſaw her happy, and deſired her not to enter into any engagement without his approbation; declaring, in a galant manner, that if ſhe ſhould not meet with any propoſal which he thought might be for her advantage, he would never ſuffer her to die an old maid, &c.

The following letter was the firſt ſhe wrote to him after ſhe went up to Dublin.

LETTER XCII.

Dear HARRY,

I AM very ill able to write at all, from the effects of my fatigue; and leſs able to write to you, than any one. My ſpirits are ſo much diſſipated, that it is impoſſible to call them home. I would ſay much, yet can't ſay any thing. A continued variation of objects has deprived me of the power of forming ideas, and all the account I can give of myſelf, at preſent, is, that the regret I felt, at parting with you, obtrudes itſelf on the pleaſure I receive, from meeting the few that I love, or the ſtill fewer that love me. To ſum up all, I am a perfect antitheſis———

We met with no accident, but a companion tolerably agreeable in the coach; ſo with a kind of, *as it were*, we jogged on quietly to Dublin. For my own part, I ſhould have been better pleaſed to have had the coach to myſelf; as I might then have given vent to the croud of ideas, which filled my mind; and, by being confined there, have rendered it the ſeat of anarchy and confuſion.

My aunt is in the country at lord B——'s. So far, all is well. I lay laſt night, and am now in Abby ſtreet; all here are much your's.—You muſt not expect any kind of entertainment from my letters; you beat me, all to nothing, in compliments, but, I think, I make it up in realities. You were polite enough to ſay, that I had reſtored the rational enjoyment of your little Eden to you. I can, with truth affirm, that you have deprived me of the rational enjoyment of my little kingdom: I mean, my mind—at leaſt, you have deſtroyed, perhaps, the only mark of rationality I had about me—riſibility.——I have hardly ſmiled ſince we parted. In ſhort, my intellects are much too weak, to bear the

feelings of my heart—" Or ne'er to meet, or ne'er " to part is peace."—But I will have done with this ſubject, leſt I ſhould launch again into thoſe follies, which, while I am guilty of, I deſpiſe.

Adieu, (my once again) dear Harry; remember you are now in the ſituation of Porus, if you think your preſent empire worth preſerving, beware of tyranny; for there cannot be a ſecond reſtoration.

I am, and ever wiſh to continue,

ſincerely and affectionately, your's.

LETTER XCIII.

Muſæum.—

Chere MIGNONNE,

I AM heartily fatigued with our aſſizes, where we had a great deal of hanging, wrangling, and duelling, with other amuſements of that kind; which, however, was ſome relief to me, after our parting, as the company of fools, or knaves, muſt, for the time, quite exclude any thought of you from my mind, and give me leſs leiſure to lament your abſence. But I am now returned to M. Hall, and, by giving up myſelf intirely to you, may ſay with Gloceſter,

" Richard's himſelf again."

When I walk about my improvements, where you *ſo ſhort a time*, and *ſo long ago*, was with me, I recollect, at each different ſcene, every thing you ſaid to me then and there. In the midſt of theſe reflections, I often repeat theſe lines in my favourite ode of Boileau,

" Voici les lieux charmants, où mon âme ravi
" Paſſoit à contempler Silvié,
" Ces tranquilles moments, ſi doûcement perdues!"

What

What I told you, was indeed true, that your preſence here had reſtored me to the rational enjoyment of my rural retreat; I may now ſay, that your correſpondence has given me, (for I would expreſs it ſtrongly) the rational enjoyment of your abſence. While you were with me, your ſprightly ſenſe, as it were, awakened me from my ſupine, lethargick life; and I felt my intellects growing ſtrong, like one recovering from a delirium; and your abſence, may be conſidered but as a certain diſtance, at which all beautiful objects are placed, that their proportions may be more diſtinctly obſerved, and their ſymmetry viewed with leſs confuſion.

My ſincere compliments to Kitty, and thank her for the poſtſcript on the back of your letter; and, to ſpeak in my ſtile, as a man of buſineſs, if any thing could be an addition to the credit of your bill, it muſt be her indorſement on it.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER XCIV.

I HEARTILY thank you, dear Harry, for your kind and obliging letter. I rejoice at the concluſion of the tireſome ſcene, I left you engaged in; and that you are once more returned to your dear little Eden. It is but fair that you ſhould make a kind of local *memory* for me, as *mine* is ſo much devoted to thoſe moments we ſpent together, that they alone are preſent to me, and theſe, which I now paſs, ſeem but the faint recollection of inſipid ideas. My imagination, lively as your own, accompanies you thro' every ſtep, we ever trod together; I walk with you, ſit with you, talk to you—— but, oh! there ends the charming reverie! I can-

not, dare not venture to make replies for you; accuſtomed as I have been to that elegant ſenſe, that flows, for ever, from your lips, my underſtanding will not bear to be "impoſed upon, even by my-"ſelf."

My aunt is ſtill in the country. I have been in the moſt uncomfortable way that ever was, ſince I came to town. I have been much out of order with a conſtant pain in my ſide, and living, as it were, on the publick, without a home. I have, at laſt, got lodgings at ———, but, for particular reaſons, would have you direct to Abby-ſtreet.

It would be impoſſible to give you an idea of * Mrs. ———'s behaviour to me. She has however done me a real ſervice by it; for, tho' it is not even in her power to prevent my having the ſincereſt regard for her welfare, ſhe has, in a few days, weaned me from that painful tenderneſs, which was contracted by years of intimacy, and by which I muſt have ſuffered ſeverely at our parting. She ſet out this morning for Wales; may ſhe there, and every where, meet that happineſs, ſhe ſo much deſerves, however hardly ſhe may deal with me —— Don't reply to this paragraph, leſt I ſhould be tempted to accuſe you, as the cauſe of having loſt this ſtill dear and ever valuable friend.

I was a good deal ſurprized to find by your letter to Kitty, that you did not intend writing to me; Was this well done?——But I will not pretend to "ſet you taſks;" pleaſe yourſelf in that particular, and you'll pleaſe me——for this be aſſured of, that writing to me cannot be a more diſagreeable employment to you, than writing is, at all times, and to all perſons, to me. I have made a ſtrange jumble of this writing between you and me; but I will

* She quarrel'd with Frances for venturing to be reconciled to Henry.

give

give you demonſtration, that I don't like it, by concluding (like the ſtory of the bear and fiddle.

P. S. Obſerve you have miſs'd a poſt.

LETTER XCV.

My dear PET,

I AM ſorry for what you hint at, about Mrs. ——, and can't help giving a ſpeculation or two upon this head, tho' you have forbidden me; juſt to give you a little better notion of the world, than you have at preſent; and in order alſo to make your mind ſomewhat eaſier, with regard to her behaviour to you.

Perſons, who ſet up for adviſers, arrogate to themſelves perfection; at leaſt a high preference to their pupils; which, with regard to her and you, would be perfection. Now, as moſt people's pride is ſuperior to their friendſhip, it is a great humbling of one, to find the fancied ſuperiority not acknowledged, by the counſel not being regarded; and we would rather our friends gained one advantage by our advice, than twenty by taking their own way. Another reflection to be conſidered, is, that thoſe perſons, whom Will. Honeycomb calls the *outrageouſly* virtuous, notwithſtanding their boaſted goodneſs, have at heart a jealous envy againſt thoſe, whom they ſuſpect to have ſenſe, or ſpirit enough to enjoy any pleaſure, or make advantage of any occurrence of life; which, perhaps, for want of ſollicitation, proper circumſtance of time, and place, or more generally, for want of courage, they have miſſed themſelves. Obſerve that I ſpeak all along in general terms; of human nature in general; for Mrs. —— thinks ſhe has a great deal of friendſhip for you, and I believe ſhe

has. She may alſo imagine ſhe would rather lie in Mr. ——'s arms, than in the embraces of Apollo, and perhaps ſhe would; there are enthuſiaſms of all kinds; and yet her behaviour to you may be fairly deduced from one or both of the general reflections, juſt mentioned, unconſcious to herſelf; for it is not every perſon, even of the beſt ſenſe, who acts, that knows from what principle he acts. I could purſue this ſubject a great deal farther, but ſhall conclude here, by aſſuring you ſincerely, that you ſhall for ever find, from my behaviour toward you, that I will endeavour to make you what amends may be in my power, for the loſs of a friend, which, perhaps, I was the occaſion of. And here pray let me be vain enough to wiſh you joy, as well as myſelf, upon the exchange; for both, it ſeems, you could not have, thro' her niggardlineſs. Meer downright friendſhip is like a very moral diſcourſe, which, if continued for any time, is apt to grow lethargick; but love, with friendſhip mixed, is like a ſenſible converſation enlivened by ſallies of wit, which keeps us awake, during a very long feaſt. In ſhort, friendſhip is the enjoyment of men, but love of gods. In the whole heathen mythology, I don't remember an inſtance of friendſhip, but every god has his amour; except Vulcan, who being in every thing unlike a god, ſave immortality, was married; and it is ſaid Venus "has made that god, "ſubſcribe himſelf, a devil," as he is generally painted with horns. My love to Kitty——

I am, ſincerely and affectionately,

Your's.

LETTER XCVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I RECEIVED your reflections, moral and entertaining, and muſt acknowledge that truth dwells in them—they have made me wiſer, but not happier; and I much fear, that is all the moſt refined philoſophy can do———

"Ah if ſhe lent not arms, as well as rules,
"What can ſhe more, than tell us, we are fools?
"Teach us to mourn our natures, not to mend,
"A ſharp accuſer, but an helpleſs friend."

For my own part, I look upon it as an impoſſibility that I ſhould ever be happy in love, or friendſhip; my ſentiments are vaſtly too quick, as well as delicate, to hope for a return.

I thank you for the exchange, you offer me; but as I flattered myſelf, I was long ſince poſſeſſed of your regard, I am not much pleaſed to find, it is ſtill to diſpoſe of.———I honeſtly confeſs, I never had an equivalent to offer for it, but always looked on it as a valuable preſent, made in the genteeleſt manner, by accepting ſuch a trifle, as my eſteem, in return, and calling it an exchange.——I am, however, to thank you for the promiſe you make, and aſſure you, on my honour, that it is in your power, and your's only, to make ample amends for the loſs I have ſuſtained.

My aunt is not come to town: I am ſtill a wanderer. I was fool enough to tell you, in my laſt letter, that I was alarmed at your miſſing a poſt,—but you will make me wiſe in time.

I fear the *inconſtancy* of the weather has removed † Paraclete even from the tottering ſituation I left it in. I did ſuſpect, *a ſudden guſt* would carry it away. It was built too *high*, to be at all *permanent*. ——all its ſtrength was in the Attic ſtory, the foundation was indeed a *ſlight* one.——However, ſince the remembrance, or rather *imagination* of it, is all that now remains; I beg it as a favour, that you will collect the beſt *plan* you can, from the *ruins*, and ſend it to me.

I was pleaſed with a ſentiment, I, this morning, met with in the Spectator; and, tho' I am ſure there is nothing new in it to you, I will tranſcribe it, becauſe it leads me to aſk a queſtion, I am, perhaps, too ſollicitous about.—"We travel thro' "Time, as thro' a country filled with wild and "empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, "that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettle-"ments, or imaginary points of reſt, that are diſ-"perſed up and down in it." You ſee Addiſon has agreed with me, "Time, like ſpace, is marked "only by its limits"——if you wiſh, (in the metaphorical ſenſe of the expreſſion) to add length to my days, tell me, when ſhall we meet?—Like Leonora, you "can make time long *;" but you can do better, for you can ſhorten it.

I would apologize for a fooliſh, inconſiſtent letter, extremely ill written, but that, I am ſure, you have received ſeveral from me, every whit as bad, and may, in all probability, do ſo again——. If you can remember Boileau's ode, which you lately quoted, I ſhall thank you for tranſcribing it in your next. Adieu!

FRANCES.

† Henry offered to build a houſe upon one of his farms, to ſtile it the Paraclete, and ſet it with a parcel of land to her aunt.

* The Revenge. YOUNG.

LETTER XCVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I HAVE ſpent my time very ill ſince I ſaw you: I have been reading a collection of letters from Swift, Pope, Gay, Bolingbroke, &c. which have ſpoiled my reliſh for writing, by giving me too good a taſte for it. However, this humility of mine cannot defend me from being a punctual correſpondent; ſince I have had the aſſurance to anſwer your letters conſtantly; and, as Hudibras ſays,

"What is worth in any thing,
"But ſo much money as 'twill bring?"

I may preſume that my letters are of ineſtimable value, while they purchaſe your's.

I am more entertained with the private letters of eminent men, than I am with their more public writings; becauſe, in the former caſe, I fancy I am converſing with them, but in the latter, I only hear of them; for which reaſon too, I am fonder of biography than of hiſtory.

I muſt tell you a circumſtance of my weakneſs, that I dropt a tear, upon reading the account of Gay's death, in theſe letters, tho' I knew he had been dead above twenty years.

HIATUS.

LETTER XCVIII.

TELL me, my dear inconſiſtent Harry, what can be the meaning of your ſilence? I account for it a thouſand different ways, in an hour; but, if I may give credit to your repeated vows, and my

own preſaging gloomy ſoul, I have infinitely more cauſe to condole with, than complain of you. I wrote to you laſt Tueſday night, but was aſhamed to ſend you my letter, as the occaſion of it was a dream.——You cannot conceive how miſerably ſuperſtitious it has made me—I have been here theſe two days, but, though in the court of Comus, joy has been an intire ſtranger to my heart; which is continually filled with melancholy ideas of my dear Harry's want of health; for ſure nothing elſe could have prevented him from telling me, that he received my laſt.——Tho' I determined on leaving this to-night, I would not defer inquiring into this myſtery, 'till I got (I was going to ſay) home; but, alas! I have none; leſt I ſhould be too late to tell you, that I feel the ſevereſt pain, from thinking you are ill, I dare not aſk myſelf, Whether I would not rather it was want of health, than tenderneſs, that occaſioned your neglecting to write.——I know not what I write, from the double fear, and diſtraction of my thoughts. Mr. ——— ſits cloſe by my ſide, and thinks I am writing to my aunt. How ſhall I direct my letter? ——The ſervant waits.——Adieu, my dear Harry; may reſtoration hang its medicine on my pen, either to your health, or my indifference!

LETTER XCIX.

HENRY to FRANCES.

THE reaſon you did not, or perhaps may not for the future, hear from me ſo punctually, as in our former correſpondence, is, that I do not receive my letters ſo regularly now, as formerly; for, in ſtrict obedience to your commands, I have given directions to the poſt-maſter, not to give my

letters to any perſon, but myſelf, or my order; which occaſions ſome delay, when I am at Belmont, which is a great way from the poſt town. So it was the indiſpoſition of circumſtance, not of my health, which occaſioned what I am pleaſed to hear you call a diſappointment. *I wiſh my* Calphurnia *would have better dreams*, for I have been, thanks to you, my dear Hygea, in perfect health, ſince I ſaw you; as the recovery of your love and favour have fully reſtored my ſpirits, which, and health, reciprocally depend upon each other. Nay, I am grown quite gay, and,

" Since I am crept in favour with myſelf,
" I will maintain it, at ſome little coſt."

I have declared for aſſemblies here, and am " your only jig-maker," to the aſtoniſhment of all my acquaintance. I be beau'd myſelf t'other night, and went to a ball; but ſoon found out, that it was not the amuſement, I was in queſt of. The women, for whoſe ſake alone I powdered, talked like children, more in ſimplicity, than innocence; and were dreſſed like puppets, more ſhowy than fine. However, this tawdrineſs, though we may call it poverty confeſſed, does not offend me ſo much as, what I have often ſtiled, a pedantry of dreſs; which perſons of better fortune than taſte, are apt to run into. When I ſee any one dreſſed very fine, without being genteel, I compare them to a man of learning, without ſenſe; which makes his want of underſtanding more conſpicuous, as the want of taſte is more manifeſt in the other. With ſuch reflections as theſe, I ſoon rendered myſelf unfit for the gay place I was in: ſo very quickly retired home, with this obſervation, that the joy, happineſs, or pleaſure, which elevates our ſpirits, upon ſome occaſions, does not, ſupport us thro' every ſcene, where mirth is neceſſary.

neceſſary. The gaiety of giddy youth alone can be able to effect this; but, in all rational people, the mirth or chearfulneſs of moſt things muſt flow from the particular pleaſure we find in the things themſelves. Therefore I ſhall never again miſtake that joyous ſpirit, which the thoughts of you raiſes in my heart, for ſuch a lightneſs of mind, as can make me revel in balls or maſquerades; but rather, what makes me more eminently unfit for ſuch amuſements.

I am,

My deareſt companion,

And moſt charming correſpondent,

Your's in ſenſe and truth,

HENRY.

I ſend you the ode you deſired, as well as I can recollect it.

Voici les lieux charmants, où mon âme ravi
Paſſoit à contempler Silvie,
Ces tranquilles moments ſi doûcement perdues!
Que je l'aimois alors, que je la trouvois belle!
Mon cœur, vous ſoupirez aù nom de l'infideile,
Avez vous oublié que vous ne l'aimez plus?
Ceſt ici que ſouvent, parmi ces prairies,
Ma main, des fleurs les plus cheris,
Lui faiſoit des preſens, ſi tendrement receus!
Que je l'aimois alors, que je la trouvois belle!
Mon cœur, vous ſoupirez aù nom de l'infidelle,
Avez vous oublié que vous ne l'aimez plus?

BOILEAU.

LETTER C.

FRANCES to HENRY.

YOU will, I dare ſay, be heartily frighted at the enormous ſize of my packet: but, as it is the privilege of great wits to ſay much in a little, ſo it is the cuſtom of ſmall ones to ſay nothing in a great deal. I have ſo often illuſtrated the latter part of this trueiſm, that it is needleſs to ſay more on this little occaſion. I muſt intreat you will be ſo kind as to forward the incloſed, as ſoon as you receive it.—I fear, it has already been too long delayed.

I am ſincerely glad that you are well, and happy; and ſhall hereafter ſay with Cæſar, "We "defy augury."

I have often thought, with you, that the ſatisfaction, ariſing from a particular object, or circumſtance, is more apt to diſqualify us for what the generality of the world call pleaſure, than even grief, or pain; as, in the firſt caſe, the mind is totally abſorbed in one contemplation, without endeavouring to exert its faculties on objects, leſs pleaſing than thoſe which already employ it—— In the latter, we are attempting to rouſe the mind, and trying to find eaſe, or pleaſure, from every new object, or untried folly that ſurrounds us. Alas! how vain the effort!

I can, at laſt, with great pleaſure inform you, that I am writing by my own fire-ſide. I am certain, we ſhould never enjoy the pleaſures, or conveniencies of life, did we not ſometimes feel the want of them. The unſettled, diſagreeable way I have been in, ever ſince I came to town, has endeared home ſo much, that, I think, I would rather live in a cottage, where I was miſtreſs of myſelf, than be a viſiter at Verſailles.

Need

Need I tell my heart's dear Harry, with what earneſtneſs and ſincerity I wiſh to ſee him here? You, and you alone, can double every charm I find in the rational enjoyment of myſelf, and every thing about me.——My aunt is ſtill in the country ——Kitty remains in Abby-ſtreet: the gaiety of that place is better ſuited to her chearful diſpoſition, than my retired pleaſures; for in *thoſe* views, and *thoſe* only, pleaſure can be called my aſſociate—— I here releaſe the poſt-maſter of Kilkenny, for I would rather my letters ſhould be read by the whole county, than not be punctually anſwered by you—

May your heart beat time to the gay life you are engaged in; may the women talk ſenſibly, and dreſs elegantly; and may every one you meet with, be as perfectly agreeable, as you are to your

Sincerely affectionate

FRANCES.

LETTER CI.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilkenny.

I RECEIVED your packet, and ſent it off to my ſiſter.

Your manner of accounting for the pleaſure we receive from one object, rather diſqualifying us for other pleaſures, more than even grief, or pain, is very juſt and very pretty. I found out the truth, from experience; but you did more, by inveſtigating the cauſe, from reaſon. This churliſh pleaſure, though, muſt be ſuch a one as I receive from you; one, which makes every other appear below my regard. But why do I call it one plea-

ſure,

ſure, when it comprehends the beſt part of the higheſt pleaſures of ſenſe, reaſon, or reflection? the greateſt happineſs in this life proceeds from love and friendſhip; how much more exquiſite the joy, when both theſe are centered in the ſame object! as one jewel, tho' but equal in ſize to two others, riſes infinitely, in value, above them. Let this be a leſſon to thoſe coy fair ones, who ſuffer a man to break his heart, before they accept on't. One heart-whole lover is worth fifty whining inamorato's.

I am juſt come from Maidenhall, to catch the poſt going out.

Adieu!

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER CII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM jealous of you, from your laſt letter. You ſay H. G. and J. S. make ſuch a noiſe in the room, that you cannot attend to what you are writing. I don't care that you ſhould divide yourſelf between your common acquaintance and me; and am ſuch a churl, that I have no enjoyment either of your converſation, or correſpondence, but when I have them entirely to myſelf,

"Adam relating, ſhe ſole auditreſs,"

when I write to you, my whole ſoul is yours.

I am not however ſo ſelfiſh, or rather, I am ſo ſelfiſh, as to be willing to communicate your charming converſe to thoſe few, who have a juſt reliſh for your wit and ſenſe; for this is but enlarging my own capacity, and increaſing my comprehenſion.

prehenſion, which is too narrow to enjoy the fullneſs of the feaſt.

If I appear to have a better philoſophy, or more refined ſenſe than formerly, it is but to accommodate myſelf to your ſentiments and taſte; which, by the continuance of your favour, may perhaps ſtrengthen habit into nature. However, in general, I endeavour to appear to you, what I really am in myſelf; becauſe I cannot be otherwiſe aſſured either of your love or eſteem. I am certain that, by ſhewing myſelf in this light, I may leſſen both: but then I ſecure thoſe portions of each, which I may honeſtly, or prudently claim. All farther regard is but paid to ſomething foreign from me, and I ſhould be jealous of your attachments even to an imaginary perſon—Should I pretend to more knowledge, virtue, or philoſophy, than I poſſeſs, what ſhould I do more, than idly raiſe ſentiments, or affections in you, which I am not able to gratify? and would be a ſort of weaning you from your attachments to me, as if a peaſant lover ſhould endeavour to inſpire his Amaryllis with high notions of pomp, riches, and grandeur.

All the hazard I run, from my free commerce with you, is that, as preſumption and ſelf ſufficiency are apt to get the ſtart of ſenſe, or knowledge, your praiſe and approbation may give me ſuch a vanity, as poſſeſſed antient heroes with an opinion of their being more than human. but that the charms of your perſon tempt me often to recollect my manhood. However, the vain apotheoſis may ſtill remain, when I reflect, that Gods themſelves have been inamoured of mortal women, leſs amiable than you; who have every perfection of the moſt eminent of your ſex, without their extremes. The philoſophy of Portia, without her ſtoiciſm; the love of Sappho, without her wantonneſs; the

wit

wit of Heloiſe, without her prophaneneſs; and the ſpirit of Cleopatra, without her extravagance.

Write to me, my charming Epitome, but never when you have any thing elſe to do.

Adieu!

HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER CIII.

I SHOULD have wrote to my dear Harry laſt poſt, but was prevented by illneſs: I am now, thank God, a great deal better, ſo will not trouble you with an account of my malady.

I am much obliged to you for the romantick gallantry you hint at, in your laſt; but, in order to make a proper return to ſo much politeneſs, I muſt aſſure you, tho' I long with the utmoſt earneſtneſs to ſee you here, it would rather give me pain than pleaſure, to think I was the ſole motive of your coming. I do not know, but pride may have a large ſhare in this declaration; for, I confeſs, I have not humility enough in my diſpoſition, to be pleaſed with receiving favours.——However, my vanity is much delighted with the compliment; and inſiſts on its remaining, as it is, a very genteel one.

I hope I did not wrong you, with regard to Paraclete; I ſhould indeed be ſorry it had a more ſolid foundation than fancy; as we could, in that way, build as pretty a caſtle, as any two people I know.

I live tout ſeul; yet am as happy in mine own dear home, as my health will permit. I am grown quite a domeſtick animal, and have found out, that the reaſon we (who purſue) rarely find happineſs,

pineſs, is, becauſe ſhe is too near us, and "hides "behind her ardour to be ſeen;" for ſhe very ſeldom lives from home.—I expect Kitty will exchange the pleaſure I have found in converſing with myſelf, for a much higher, that of converſing with her. She is to come to me next week; and tho', from being too long immerſed in crowds and hurry, I have acquired a kind of paſſion for lonelineſs, I ſhall be ſincerely glad of her company; but I much fear my diſpoſition, which (from the long ſeries of diſappointments and mortifications I have met with) is grown quietly gloomy, will be but ill ſuited to her lively gaiety. However, ſome ſay, that contraſts in friendſhip, like ſympathies in love, cement the union. I hope it will do ſo with us —My aunt came to town laſt night.—I have no kind of news to ſend you, and my ſpirits are ſo extremely low, that I fear my epiſtle will be contagious, and give you the hum-drums, which have, at preſent, taken entire poſſeſſion of

Your ſincere friend

And ſervant.

A letter is miſſing here.

LETTER CIV.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE received both your letters; I did not get that of the 19th till Sunday morning; let me beg you not to write by the ſtage again, for I hate delays. I wrote to you laſt Saturday on the ſame ſubject, I am now to treat of; but, as you deſire I ſhould be explicit, I obey.

And, firſt, let me again thank you for your deſigned viſit; and again aſſure you, that, with never-ceaſing earneſtneſs, I wiſh, nay long to ſee you here. But as I ever did, and ever ſhall, pre-

fer

fer your eaſe and happineſs to my own, I muſt inſiſt on your not contributing to mine, at the expence of yours.

In the moſt romantick hours of my life, when every inſtance of tenderneſs tranſported me, I well remember to have received more pain than pleaſure, from a parallel proof of your regard: and, to deal frankly with you, (which indeed I think you merit) it is neither in my power nor inclination to make the returns, which, I fear, you would expect for ſuch a favour. Let me intreat you then, my dear Harry, not to give yourſelf and me fruitleſs trouble; but wait till time, or buſineſs, produces ſome lucky event, which may render your coming neceſſary to yourſelf, and of courſe pleaſing to me. ——Whenever that happens, I will, with the utmoſt pleaſure, meet you, at whatever diſtance you ſhall appoint from town, with a female companion; provided we can ſettle it ſo, as not to interfere with my domeſtick affairs; and be aſſured, that every moment of my life, which can be ſpared from thoſe, ſhall be beſtowed on you. This is indeed no compliment, as I know no other method of ſpending it, with ſatisfaction to myſelf.

I now ſolemnly declare, that, by declining your intended kindneſs, I debar myſelf of the only pleaſure I am capable of receiving; for all other enjoyments * "have loſt the power to charm my "ſoul."——Do not then unkindly conſtrue my regard for your welfare into caprice, or cruelly ſay, that I don't deſire to ſee you;——too well, you know, I do.

You do me but ſtrict juſtice in believing, that the moſt minute matter, relative to you, muſt ever be of conſequence to me; and, ſince you have touched on family affairs, you muſt give me leave

* Letter LXIV. line 10.

to tell you, that I am extremely concerned for poor Nancy. When I was at Maidenhall, I pitied her as much as I ever did any creature; for, tho' I cannot ſuppoſe her capable of that exquiſite anguiſh, which more cultivated minds muſt feel, ſhe could not avoid ſuffering greatly, from a certainty of Sally's being the reigning favourite: but if the want of an elevated mind prevented her feeling the "Hydra of calamities," in the moſt poignant manner, it likewiſe deprived her of the only reſource, which can be found for the Forſaken, that of ſcorning the faithleſs lover; but ſhe, poor ſoul! pointed her miſplaced rage at her triumphant rival; forgetting the nine hundred and ninety nine damſels, who muſt have been dethroned, before ſhe could take poſſeſſion of the capacious empire of your heart.

I am really ſorry her behaviour obliged you to part with her; ſhe was a good ſervant, and, I believe, ſincerely attached to your intereſt, notwithſtanding Mr. ———'s report to the contrary.

I cannot ſay how much I am obliged by your writing ſo conſtantly; let me intreat you will continue to deſerve my ſincereſt thanks, for they are all that I can offer in return. It is not want of gratitude, but power, that prevents my repaying the obligation; you muſt then, like a compounding creditor, accept all I have to give, tho' it falls ever ſo ſhort of the debt.

I again intreat you to believe, that I paſſionately long to ſee you, and that I am, with the ſincereſt affection,

Your's, and only your's.

LETTER CV.

My deareſt and beſt-loved Love,

YOUR manner of writing about my going to Dublin, charms me extremely, as it is very ſenſible and rational. It flatters me too, as it is ſomewhat in the ſtile I have always treated you; for I would never ſacrifice one ſentiment of friendſhip to all the extravagance of love; for which reaſon, to ordinary ſeeming, I might, perhaps, appear not to have loved you, half ſo well as I really did. However that be, I ſolemnly aſſure you, upon my word of honour, (which, when ſeriouſly given, I never forfeited to you yet) that, from the inſtant I firſt ſaw you here, I have loved and approved you better than I ever did before; and ſuch a turn, at this ſtage of our acquaintance, is very likely to laſt for life.——*Amen*, ſo be it!

There is ſomething, however, in your manner, which ſometimes perplexes me. As for example, in the two recent inſtances of Paraclete, and my going to Dublin; you ſpeak of things, which you ſeem to deſire, and, when I think you in earneſt, as I generally do, my own inclinations according with your's, you then tell me, you did not ſeriouſly intend what you hinted at. But I am not to be triſled with, after this manner; for, whatever I undertake in complaiſance to you, I ſhall certainly go thro' with, in compliance with my own inclinations. So I ſhall certainly pay my viſit to you in Dublin ſoon, in hope you will return the compliment to Paraclete next ſummer. - - -

of a Michaelmas rig yet; and October, which is generally a fine month, is ſetting in with all good omens. There is ſomething more charming in a fine ſeaſon, at this time of the year, than in all the ſunſhine of a ſummer's meridian. Methinks it affects us ſomewhat like the pleaſing reverence we feel, when we meet with chearfulneſs in the decline of life. I hope this weather will continue 'till I ſee you.—"Bear me but to her, then fail me if you "can." Not that I am ſuch a fair weather ſpark, that the difference of ſeaſon ſhall make any difference in my ſtedfaſt purpoſe to ſee you, as ſoon as I can;

"Nor yet the wintry blaſts I fear,
"Nor ſtorms, nor night, ſhall keep me here."

I am, my deareſt,
Your's till I ſee you,
And till I can ſee you no more.

LETTER CVI.

NEED I tell my dear Harry that his letter gave me the higheſt pleaſure, as the utmoſt wiſh my heart e'er formed, was to be approved by him? Let us now mutually congratulate each other, on our coming to a right underſtanding; for I am perſuaded that great part of thoſe uneaſineſſes, we have both given, and received, have been owing to our not being thoroughly acquainted with the motives on which we ſeparately acted. I may have miſconſtrued friendſhip into want of tenderneſs; and you deemed that caprice, which was exceſs of love. However, this I am ſure of, that we either love one another extremely well, or we muſt be a couple of the proudeſt and moſt obſtinate mortals that ever yet exiſted. I ſincerely hope that our mutual

mutual perſeverance is owing to the firſt cauſe, as is moſt for the honour of human nature in general, and of us two in particular.

I am ſincerely grateful for the kind aſſurance you give me of ſtill increaſing love. If every thought, word, or action of my life, being devoted to you, and you only, can merit a continuance of your regard, I may venture to promiſe, that it will laſt for life; and "that our loves and comforts will in-"creaſe, even as our days do grow."

As to that part of my conduct, which you ſay perplexes you, it is mighty eaſily accounted for. I have, perhaps, more romance in my diſpoſition, than any woman, you may have met with; for this reaſon, my mind is ever filled with ideas out of the common road; whims, which have any degree of tenderneſs or delicacy, pleaſe me extremely, and I am apt to indulge them, perhaps, too much; but, when any circumſtance recalls the remembrance of my ſituation in life, I am immediately ſorry for having given way to my folly, and would retrieve it, if I could. But, not to appear more variable than I really am, I ſubmit the being, or annihilation of Paraclete, intirely to you. If you ſeriouſly think, that my aunt's living there will add to your happineſs, and not hurt my fame, I will again, with tranſport, indulge my heart with

"Thoſe ſcenes of bliſs my raptur'd fancy fram'd,
"In that dear ſpot, with peace and thee retir'd;
"Tho' reaſon then my ſanguine fondneſs blam'd,
"I ſtill adhere to what my love inſpir'd.——

I inſiſt on your anſwering me like the man of honour, and the friend, the lover muſt not have the ſmalleſt part in the reply.

I do indeed rejoice with you, and for you, on account of the weather. I never ſee a gleam of ſunſhine, or a clear ſky, that does not afford me a

double pleaſure, by reflecting, how much you enjoy it. I would recommend it to you, to ſtay in the country, while the weather holds good; aſſured of this, that when Sol draws his influence, and refuſes longer to chear us miſerable mortals, you can more than ſupply his abſence, by clearing thoſe glooms, which even his chearful rays cannot diſpel without you.

I have ſuch a violent pain in my right ſhoulder, that it is with the utmoſt difficulty I move my hand to write. I am ſtill *une pauvre ſolitaire*; Kitty has not yet left Abby-ſtreet, nor do I know when ſhe will.

If I were able, I would write another letter, and not ſend this; for it is indeed a miſerable ſcrawl; tho', as my letters have been always originals, not copies, I think it would be ill-timed to begin with forms, when I ſhould leave them off.

As to the affair of Nancy and Sally, it is of no farther conſequence to me, than if James and the coachman had been the diſputants. Nor did I mention my opinion of Sally with any deſign; for you may eaſily conceive, that it is a matter of indifference to me, whether your preſent favourite was chriſtened Sarah, or Anne;——for, while I am in poſſeſſion of the jewel that is lodged within, I care not who holds the caſket.

"Oh! free, for ever, be his eye,
"Whoſe heart to me is always true!"

I have quoted theſe lines to you before, upon ſome ſuch occaſion.

Adieu! my dear Harry, and believe me, as I am, faithfully and affectionately,

Your's.

LETTER CVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

YOU have diſtinguiſhed very juſtly about the diſadvantages, under which my friendſhip and your love have hitherto appeared to each other; but they have both approved themſelves of the beſt and moſt laſting kind, upon the teſts I have often mentioned to you, that I ſhould always preſerve the ſame conſtant tenor in my behaviour toward you, behaved you to me well or ill;

" True as the dial to the ſun,
" Altho' it be not ſhin'd upon;"

and that, if you once truly loved me, whatever might happen in the courſe of our lives, might, perhaps, interrupt, but could never break the chain. Yet, to ſay the truth, theſe convertible or reciprocal terms of love and friendſhip have been ſo often commuted, and compounded between us, that they are now become, according to a Latin ſentence I have, *unde neſcio*, met with,

" Utrum horum mavis accipe, ſive utrumque;"

and between us two have come to ſo near a reſemblance to each other, that my friendſhip, from a conſtant unallayed heat, begins now to blaze into a flame; and the extravagance of your paſſion ſeems to have ſpent itſelf to

" The calm lights of mild philoſophy;"

And here I muſt impoſe another Latin ſentence upon you, from Ovid:

" Quod nunc ratio eſt, impetus ante fuit."

Your ſaying, that you rejoice now in fine weather (tho' all ſeaſons are equal to thoſe who live in

town) becauſe you know the pleaſure I receive from it, in the country, puts me in mind of a pair of romantic lovers, who agreed, at parting, that, at ſuch an hour of the night, they would each take a ſolitary walk by moonlight, enjoying a whimſical kind of happineſs, in that they were both employed in contemplating the ſame object, at the ſame time. Such inſtances as theſe, to perſons who never were in love, may, perhaps, appear very ridiculous; but the charming caprices of this delightful paſſion, like the taſte, which men of a refined genius have for the politer arts and ſciences, are as incomprehenſible to perſons of an ordinary capacity, as the objects of a ſixth ſenſe.

My lovely, loving, and beloved Fair One,

Farewel.

HENRY.

LETTER CVIII.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE entered upon the ſtudy you preſcribed to me, and have read Tully's Offices almoſt thro'; and I profeſs myſelf both pleaſed and ſurprized, at finding to what a noble height of virtuous ſentiment an uninlightened Pagan has carried the point of morals, truth, and juſtice. There are ſome extreme nice caſes put, in dealing between man and man; in which Cicero has determined ſo differently from the general practice, and allowed opinions of the mercantile world, that a perſon muſt have a very refined and abſtracted ſpeculation, who will readily join iſſue with his reaſonings.

I ſee now, more than ever, the diſadvantage in morals, which people muſt labour under, who have not had the happineſs of a liberal and academic edu-

education; who have not ſecured a thorough knowledge of books, before they venture upon any acquaintance, or commerce with the world. For it is in early youth, before ideas are crowded, or complexed, while the fancy is lively, quick to receive, and amorous to retain, the delicate ſenſations, that the moral beauty of abſtract virtue can be able to impreſs its image on the mind; and you might as well attempt to give a man of thirty a taſte for the nice and inexpreſſible graces of poetry, painting, or muſic, as to teach a merchant a reliſh for the refinements of Cicero.

However, I muſt confeſs, that the more I am pleaſed with this author, and others of the ſame heathen claſs, the more alarmed I find myſelf on account of the Chriſtian religion; which, tho' allowed to be the fineſt and nobleſt ſyſtem of ethics that ever was framed, I really can't perceive any thing more in, than was ſaid, wrote, and practiſed, before the Auguſtan period. I have often heard hints of the ſame kind upon this ſubject in converſation, but they never made the leaſt impreſſion on me before, becauſe they never came from any perſon, whom I did not obſerve to be deficient either in ſenſe or virtue. Now, do not imagine, from any thing I ſay, that I am, in the leaſt ſtaggered with regard to my faith in our holy religion; but, as we ſhould, upon all occaſions, be ready to give an account of the faith that is in us, I ſhall be obliged, if you will take the trouble, to render me the reaſon, or neceſſity, for that revelation; which, without ever having inquired about, I moſt ſtedfaſtly and implicitly believe in. Your hours of retirement and leiſure have not been unemployed upon theſe ſubjects; and you are my Abelard, my only orthodoxy——in ſpeculative points.

LETTER CIX.

My dear HELOISE,

I RECEIVED your clever letter upon thoſe ſubjects, which I left you converſant about; and, tho' I have already given you every book from my ſtudy, which I preſumed might adorn a lady's library, I believe, I ſhall ſoon be obliged to thin my ſhelves farther, and call in aid from the Cotton Muſæum to ſupply you.

Your criticiſm upon taſte is fine, and puts me in mind of a very judicious remark, I have ſomewhere met with, upon Julius Scaliger; who was allowed to be a man of great learning, and deep erudition, but is obſerved to be but an heavy commentator upon the inimitable elegancies of claſſics; "for that he applied himſelf to his ſtudies, ſome-"what too late in life." There are in moral virtue certain graces, which it is not in the power of ethic rules to preſcribe, analagous to the je ne-ſçay-quoi of natural beauty, which the moſt deſcriptive poetry cannot expreſs; and which a perſon can be only capable of perceiving, from a ſort of ſympathy of ſoul; as refined ſpirits are ſuppoſed to communicate their ideas, rather by intuition than converſe.

Your expreſſion of *amorous to retain* is fine; and one inſtance, among many in your writings, of that poetical elegance, which you allude to.

I am not prepared to enter into a treatiſe upon the ſubject you have ſtarted; but ſhall throw together a few unconnected hints, after the manner of a common-place book, which is the only way I can have patience to write in.

Religion may be conſidered but as moral virtue, reduced to method; as human laws are but a compendium of equity. Moral virtue, its truth and beauty, like the rays of the ſun, are too weak and diffuſe

diffuſe for many, the beſt purpoſes of life; but religion, like a burning-glaſs, collects thoſe ſcattered rays, giving them united force, and more particular direction.

From the light of Nature a few ingenious philoſophers might have deduced, perhaps, the whole of revealed ethics; but their writings could have a ſlight and confined influence over the generality of mankind. Reaſoning may convince our minds, but human nature requires authority to govern and controul its actions. Rewards and puniſhments are not clear from the light of Nature, tho' they may be preſumed from the analogy running thro' all the works of Providence. The time, at leaſt, could not be aſcertained, 'till revelation denounced it to be immediately conſequent of our death; ſo that, before that revelation, men might, perhaps, preſume upon the poſſibility of ſome farther ſtate of probation. Nay, what certainty of an hereafter, upon any terms, could we have, without revelation?

One great comfort, in this frail mortal life, was wanting from the reaſonings of natural religion, which the Chriſtian ſyſtem has aſſured us of, namely, remiſſion upon repentance; and this has not only informed us of one darling attribute more in the Godhead, but has ſaved ſinners from the miſery and danger of deſpair.

Why the great God has thought proper to make his revelations ſo partially, both with regard to time and place, in ſuch and ſuch a manner; the myſtery of the incarnation the paſſion, with other articles of faith, are too abſtruſe to enter into here: Beſides they more properly belong to, what they call, ſyſtematical divinity; and I ſhall let them reſt, 'till I am at leiſure to recommend proper books for your reading, to inſtruct you in ſuch ſpeculative ſubjects. So having ſufficiently anſwered as much of

this matter, as your letter required, I ſhall only add this ſhort prayer, "That we may both live in "hope, that we may die in certainty!"

Adieu!

LETTER CX.

My dear CONFESSOR,

I RECEIVED your's, but it has not anſwered my expectations, tho' you ſay it has anſwered my letter. Now I forget how fully I expreſſed myſelf there, but I know I had more in contemplation, when I wrote, than you have taken notice of; and pray obſerve, there is a great difference between anſwering a queſtion, and ſolving a difficulty.

I remember La Bruyere gives the character of a famous French wit, who made it a rule with himſelf, never to ſeem poſed, upon any occaſion whatſoever; and being aſked, a little abruptly, once, What was the difference between Dryads and Hamadryads, anſwered very readily, "You have heard of your biſhops and archbiſhops."

I had this ſtory from yourſelf ſome time ago, upon ſomewhat a ſimilar occaſion, and I muſt therefore confeſs the pertneſs of my re-application; and, by way of apology for it, I ſhall add the old proverb, That a fool may aſk more queſtions, than a wiſe man can anſwer. However, I acknowledge, that you have ſaid enough to looſen the difficulty, tho' not intirely to reſolve it; and, for the reſt, I am ſatisfied to throw myſelf upon faith.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER CXI.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE read Tom Jones at your requeſt, and return it to you with my opinion upon it; which you likewiſe require.

The novel is a true copy of human life; the characters thoroughly kept up to; the ſtory well told; the incidents humorous; the ſentiments noble; and the reflections juſt and moral.

The only fault I find with the author is, the ill-judged attempts he often makes to be witty; which being by no means his talent, and, in a work of this kind, wholly unneceſſary; he is therefore inexcuſable, if it ſhould turn out, as it frequently does here, in poor alluſions, bald conceits, or wretched puns.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER CXII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

MY not hearing from you theſe two poſts, ſhall be no reaſon for my not writing to you; for I do it for the pleaſure I have in addreſſing you, after any manner, not becauſe I think myſelf under a neceſſity of anſwering you.

You may remember the Spectators were in my courſe of reading, while you was here; and t'other day I met a paper of Addiſon's, the 2d paper of the 4th volume, which ſupports my juſtification of Pope, againſt your cenſure: "That there were but "few lines, in his works, his own." Part of his

Preface to his own works too may be taken in. "Every one, who reads, expects their authors "ſhould be ſcholars, and yet are angry when they "find them ſo." Is not your action your own, becauſe it is as juſt and graceful as lady ——'s?

I have ſometimes obſerved to you, the great inconveniencies of a good memory, which perſons of the beſt underſtandings, or greateſt reading, are ſeldom incumbered with; by which means, whatever they read becomes their own; by improving their minds, without burthening their memories; and like perſons, who have ſtudied mathematics, being once convinced of a demonſtration, ever after retain the truth, tho' the A's and B's which explained it to them, are forgot. There is ſomething analagous to digeſtion in learning.—One perſon ſhall turn all he eats, and drinks, to ſound fleſh, and florid complexion; while another perſon, of a diſordered or weakly conſtitution, ſhall quote you a piece of partridge, or pheaſant, after every meal.

I beg to hear from you as ſoon as poſſible, for I am afraid, the delay is owing to the pain in your arm, you mentioned in one of your letters.

Your conſtant and affectionate

HENRY.

LETTER CXIII.

I THINK myſelf vaſtly obliged to dear Harry for his obliging voluntier. I wiſh it was in my power to make him a better return, than meer thanks; but indeed that is all I have to offer, for I am abſolutely grown ſo intolerably ſtupid, and have ſuch a confirmed averſion to writing, that I hate the thoughts of touching a pen; conſcious, that it muſt be as tireſome to you to read, as it is to me

to

to write. Let my want of power plead my excuſe, and kindly accept of the will for the deed.

I have not had leiſure enough, ſince I received your's, to look for the paper you mentioned. You miſtake my opinion with regard to Pope. I did not ſay, his verſe was not his own, but that he was only a verſifier; and, as his thoughts and expreſſions are, I think, more elegant than any of our Britiſh poets, I cannot help being ſorry, that he did not ſtrike out ſomething of his own, and not intirely confine his genius to tranſlating, or verſifying the plans marked out by other men; for this reaſon, I think he had leſs merit, tho' more charms, than many of our Engliſh writers; as the maſons, who built Maidenhall, had, in my mind, no more pretence to taſte, or elegance, than if they had built a barn.

" For, when ſome lofty pile is rais'd,
" We never hear the workmen prais'd
" Who bring the lime, or place the ſtones;
" But all admire Inigo Jones."

Had I ever ſeen lady ———, it is certain, I ſhould have endeavoured to copy her. I am glad I did not, for I don't know that I ever yet ſaw a good imitation; for what may be elegantly graceful in one perſon, may appear ridiculouſly aukward in another.

Your remark with regard to memory is verified in me, for I know no one that has a better than myſelf; and it is indeed very often a great incumbrance to me, in more caſes than one.

Mrs. ——— has been very well received by her father in-law in Wales, and is *all ſo happy*. I ſincerely rejoice at it, tho' indeed ſhe does not deſerve I ſhould give myſelf a moment's thought about her. She has wrote ſeveral letters to Kitty, and others; not a line to me. I am ſorry to ſay, ſhe has de-

ſcended to little meanneſſes, I thought her incapable of; particularly, that of divulging every paſſage relative to you, herſelf, and me, with *Notes Variorum*———on the folly of my being again reconciled to you, and many dreadful prophecies on the conſequence———I hope, ſhe will not prove a * Caſſandra.

I told you, in my laſt letter, how my time was employ'd. I have not been any where from home, but at the Park, this fortnight. The pain in my arm, which you are ſo kind as to think of, turned out to be the rheumatiſm. I was much worſe after I wrote to you; but, by the help of patience and warmth (without flannel, which I hate) I am now pretty well.

I am ſurprized at your mentioning any delay on my ſide: I have anſwered every one of your letters, by the next poſt; if you have not got them, there muſt be ſome blunder at your poſt office. You are extremely kind, not to ſtand on form: you can never write out of time; I may. Your letters always give me pleaſure; mine cannot afford you any, yet are, at this time, a higher compliment, than when they were, perhaps, more entertaining. I hate writing, becauſe I know I cannot write: however, I would not have you imagine, that I think this ſelf-mortification too high a price for your correſpondence; I am only concerned, that I have not an equivalent return to make. But this be aſſured of, that what I want in expreſſion, is made up in friendſhip and affection for you. Let my actions ſupply the place of words, and prove me.

Ever Your's.

* A propheteſs, whoſe fate it was never to be believed, till the prediction was verified by the event.

LETTER CXIV.

I RECEIVED a letter from you, pleading your incapacity of writing, in the ſame ſtile that Jeremy is ſaid to exclaim againſt wit in Love for Love; which is our comedy alſo: But you muſt get ſomebody elſe, indeed almoſt any body elſe, to make your apology on that head, for you can't avoid betraying yourſelf in your defence. In ſhort, my charming girl, you can never hope to be excuſed on this ſubject; for nothing but your writing ill ſhall make me forgive your neglect.

I am ſorry for Mrs. ———'s behaviour to you, but am pleaſed to find you mention it as becomes you, more in concern, than picque; which truly ſhews in you more generoſity and virtue, than ſhe was ever capable of. There is, in her cenſures of you, a vaſt air of the old maid; and tho' poor Mr. ———, for his ſins, has rid her of that reproach, yet the terrible apprehenſions ſhe ſome time laboured under of that forlorn ſtate, have ſo ſoured her morals, that ſhe wants nothing—but wit—to be an excellent ſatiriſt. The little meanneſſes, ſhe has been guilty of, in mentioning your name, convince me of the truth of my remarks about her, in a late letter; for her behaviour really ſhews more picque for herſelf, than friendly concern for you. But—fare-her-well—for a * Pſeudo Maga!

Notwithſtanding what you ſay againſt poor Pope, I am very well ſatisfied, he has ſaid many things of his own; nay, many things are his own, tho' they, perhaps, were ſaid before.

I ſhall, by the end of this week, have finiſhed the earlieſt and largeſt ſowing of any man in this country. Sixty-three acres of corn, exactly one third of my demeſne, unploughed when you was here, and

* Falſe propheteſs.

all

all limed, at eighty barrels to an acre. After ſo much labour and fatigue, I think I owe myſelf ſome relaxation, and ſhall then poſt up to Dublin, to ſee what harveſt you are making there; which I ſhall ſhare with you, in order to provoke you to make repriſals on mine here next ſummer. I am, my deareſt,

Ever your's

HENRY.

LETTER CXV.

HENRY to FRANCES.

I AM in haſte to diſpatch my little voluntier, before the poſt comes in, leſt your letter ſhould not leave me room to ſay any thing of my own; for your writings are generally ſo replete with matter and ſentiment, that it takes me up the full extent of a letter merely to anſwer your's; ſo that there is hardly a thought, or expreſſion, I can truly call my own, except when I ſubſcribe myſelf, "Your lover, "and your friend;" for that is a ſentiment which proceeds ſo naturally from my heart, that it would frequently occur, whether you had wrote to me or no.

I am well aware, how far ſhort theſe detached eſſays will appear of the papers of our regular correſpondence; for this remarkable reaſon, that, as natural philoſophers affirm the ſtatue to be originally in the ſtone, the hammer and chiſſel only clearing off the rubbiſh; ſo ſpeculative wits ſay, that all arts and ſciences are innate in the mind; and that an ingenious queriſt may deduce the moſt abſtruſe theorems of mathematics, philoſophy, or ethics, from the anſwers of a rational reſpondent, tho' ever ſo illiterate. Our epiſtolary converſe, I look upon,

in

in this *Socratical* light; inſomuch that, if I ſay any thing, which deſerves to be taken notice of, I may rather be ſaid to have the happineſs to be inſpired, than to boaſt the merit of wit. I have, ſeveral times, ſince we founded the Amourette, or Paraclete, lamented that at your poetical baptiſm, you had not taken upon you Le Nom d'Amour of * Heloiſe; but, upon reflection, I think it better became that perſon, who was lately ſtiled ſo, as ſhe indeed needed many things to learn; but

" You ſtrike each point with native force of mind
" While puzzled learning labours far behind;"

and are fitter to be yourſelf the preceptor, than the pupil. For my part, I acknowledge to have been taught ſeveral things by you; but the moſt material, and what pleaſes me moſt, is that you have brought me to ſuſpect, that I never loved before. I have reaſon to think now, that I formerly miſtook a high fever, for that noble paſſion; and, not being ſenſible of thoſe heart-burnings, and quick pulſes toward you, which I had formerly felt for another, I ingenuouſly confeſſed, that the love, which makes ſuch a buſtle in romances, was quite extinct in me. However, tho' I might have felt the *paſſion*, I think I never did the *ſentiment* before; for your charms

" Inſpire, not luſt, but elegant deſire;"

and are the exact reverſe of Sidley's art, as they are capable of imparting " the chaſteſt wiſhes to " the looſeſt heart;" and, as Milton expreſſes it, in refining upon ſenſual pleaſure, can raiſe the " very *ſpirit* of love, and amorous delight."—— All my family have been this fortnight at Newtown,

* This was the romantick name that the perſon mentioned in the laſt letter had aſſumed.

attend-

attending my ſiſter's happy minute, which is not yet arrived; and I have paſſed my time here, after a manner I like beſt, when I cant ſpend it with you. I riſe at day-break, perform the ‡ Ambarvalia, and divide the whole day-light between my ploughs and the planting of my trees; never dine 'till night; then come in hungry, cold, and tired, to a good fire, a mutton chop, a pint of wine, a pinch of ſnuff, and a book. How often, and how ſincerely, have I wiſhed for you, in this retirement? And what an age it appears to me ſince I ſaw you laſt! Which makes me ſuſpect that Mr. Locke's aſſertion is not juſt; for, if Time is meaſured but by the ſucceſſion of ideas, how can your abſence appear tedious to me, who have thought of nothing elſe but you? There is ſomething, however, in this diſparted ſtate, which is not altogether unpleaſant; and ſhews the infinite goodneſs of Providence, and the happineſs of a mind properly turned, that there are ſatisfactions and emoluments, even in the misfortunes and diſtreſſes of human life; and that we may, as Young expreſſes it,

"Elaborate an artificial happineſs from pains."

And it is really my opinion, upon a good deal of reflection, that no perſon was ever poſſeſſed of ſublime ſenſe or virtue, who was incapable of melancholy pleaſures. The preſence of thoſe we love is like the noon; their abſence, like the even of life; which latter has, I believe, a good deal of that ſort of pleaſure I have juſt mentioned.

I am, as I told you once before in this letter, both

Your lover and your friend,

HENRY.

‡ See the note on Letter XLVII.

LETTER CXVI.

FRANCES to HENRY.

NOTHING leſs than the extreme pleaſure I received from your laſt dear, elegant epiſtle, could poſſibly have rouſed me from the lethargic ſtupidity I have been lately immerſed in: "As after "winds of ruffling wing, the ſea, ſubſiding ſlow, "ſettles into a calm." But, as I have already ſaid, it was ſuch a one, as I by no means can boaſt of; for it was from paſſion being exhauſted, not the power of reaſon, this apathy aroſe. But thy much loved, thy dear, kind, forming hand, "to "healthful meaſure has reduced and tempered the "rage of pride, the felneſs of revenge, and all the "weak exceſſes of my heart."

Oh! what a charm has flattery, when it proceeds from thoſe we truly love! how far beyond expreſſion is the pleaſure I receive from your ſaying, I am what I moſt wiſh to be? for, though I am not vain enough to fancy I have the leaſt pretence to thoſe praiſes you laviſh on me, yet, as every eye creates its own charmer, your kind partiality may, perhaps, ſet my little merit in ſuch an advantageous light, as may render me pleaſing to the ſingle perſon, whoſe approbation is of more conſequence to me, than that of the united world.

With regard to myſelf, I muſt differ from the opinion you advance, that "the ſtatue is originally "in the ſtone;" for I am thoroughly conſcious, that I am more indebted to you for any amiable quality, which I may poſſeſs, than to nature. Perhaps the firſt ſparks were formed by nature, but they lay as dead as fire in flint, which can only be extracted by ſteel.—What you have made, accept of: I am indeed a creature of your own forming, and therefore all your own.—But, oh! my

my deareſt Harry, remember that, as you have raiſed the ſenſations of my mind to know the higheſt happineſs the human heart can feel, you have alſo rendered me capable of ſuch pains, as would "make hell ſuperfluous."

That you do love me, I verily believe; and the fond hope, that you will ever do ſo, is all the hold I have of happineſs. The charming change, you ſpeak of in your ſentiments, has tranſported me almoſt beyond my ſenſes. To have you love me with tenderneſs and delicacy, all groſs deſires for ever baniſhed from your heart, is joy unſpeakable.—Now, and now only, I begin to live, and you to love.

How earneſtly, how paſſionately, do I languiſh to be a partner in the rational delight you mention! to have the eſſence of wiſdom, learning, eloquence, and truth, from thy harmonious tongue, 'till, raiſed by gratitude and rapture, I catch my kind inſtructor in my arms, and teach him even what it is to love!——Oh! Harry, why has not fortune placed me in a ſphere to indulge my firſt, my laſt, my only wiſh, of being always and for ever your's? From the extremity of joy, my heart is plunged in the ſevereſt grief, when I reflect that a few, * a very few months will divide us, perhaps for ever! oh! I cannot bear the thought.——You will forget me then——no more remember that you once did love me, or that I ever did, and ever ſhall love you.——My heart is torn in pieces with this thought, I'll not indulge it.

As I am always pleaſed at your being engaged in any purſuit that can be either uſeful or delightful to you, I am charmed with your paſſion for Planting. I think it is Addiſon, who ſays, "There

* She was then going for England with her aunt, to ſettle for life.

"is

" is ſomething truly magnificent in this kind of " amuſement; it gives a noble air to ſeveral parts " of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of " beautiful ſcenes, and has ſomething in it like " creation; for this reaſon, the pleaſure of one " who plants is like that of a poet, who is more " delighted with his own productions than any " other writer or artiſt whatſoever."

I hope you'll pardon my quotation, as it is only meant to prove, that the whole ſtudy of my life (" true as the needle to the pole") tends to you only; for I am well aſſured this paſſage would have paſſed " unmarked, by my unheeding eye," had you not been engaged in this noble avocation.—— In ſhort, I never take up a book but with a deſign of rendering myſelf more worthy of your perſonal or epiſtolary converſe. I am well convinced, that not all the authors I can ever read, will prevent my falling ſhort of that *ne plus ultra*. It is from you, and you alone, my dear preceptor, I muſt receive both inſpiration and expreſſion.——

" From lips like your's, what precepts fail to move?
" Too ſoon they taught me 'twas no ſin to love."

I will with great pleaſure adopt the name of Heloiſe, provided you reaſſume that of Abelard; ſhe who lately had it might have a more intelligent mind, but not one ſo well calculated to be your pupil, as I am; for ſhe wanted both love and reſpect for her tutor.

I have thought every day increaſed in length, ſince you talked of coming to town; had I nothing to hope or fear, it is highly probable, I ſhould have diſcovered every day is ſhorter, than the day before; but, the nearer we approach to the ſummit of our wiſhes, the intervening ſpace grows more tedious, by recollection of the paſt fatigue.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER CXVII.

My dear ELOISE,

IF I had no other of the many reaſons I have to write to you, this one would be ſufficient, that I obſerve, my letters have a good effect upon your ſpirits; which gives me greater pleaſure, and pride, than would the applauſe of the world, were I ſure of gaining it, by printing them.

The quotation, you ſent me on Planting, is indeed from Addiſon, in one of his Spectators; for who can be in doubt, upon any paſſage wrote by him? what an infinite difference there is between his papers, and any of the reſt, bound up with them! what a nobleneſs of ſentiment, juſtneſs of thought, perſpicuity of ſtile, elegance of expreſſion, and propriety of language there is in all his writings! they ſay, prudent œconomiſts ſhould lay by ſomething always out of their annual income, to avail themſelves of, upon any natural or accidental emergency. So I have marked ſeveral of Addiſon's papers, to be referred to, on any extraordinary diſtreſs, or misfortune of life; againſt pain, ſickneſs, old age, poverty, the hour of death, and the day of judgment. In ſhort, meer man is not able to ſupport his ſpirit, under any of theſe preſſures; and the writings of ſeveral eminent men are admirable reſources to ſtrengthen philoſophy, for the preſent, and enliven hope, for the future; and a collection of pieces, from ſeveral authors, in this ſtile, which may not improperly be intitled, "The "cordial of adverſity," would be a very uſeful work on many occaſions in life.

I am carrying on my plantations with as much diligence, but not with the ſame ſpirit, as before: I was then in hopes of ſeeing you here, and now I almoſt deſpair of that pleaſure; the genius of the

place

place is fled,——for what inſpiration can I expect from hidebound Hamadryads, when the Diana of the woods is gone.

Fear not, my deareſt girl, that either diſtance of place, or time, ſhall ever make me forget to love you; for it was ever my greateſt pleaſure, and ſhall be always my higheſt pride, to acknowledge myſelf your lover, and your friend.

ABELARD.

A letter is miſſing here.

LETTER CXVIII.

Deareſt FANNY,

I RECEIVED a low-ſpirited letter from you laſt poſt, which I am ſorry for, and ſurprized at: for I think it is a condeſcenſion beneath your pride, and giving a triumph to a baſe enemy, whoſe malice would be impotent, if you would exert the ſpirit you have, with any other perſon's temper. But of theſe matters more at meeting.——I ſhall only infer an obſervation I have often made, which this ſubject makes occur to me now, that a man muſt be qualified by nature for every thing, the greateſt, and even the moſt inſignificant. Without this natural endowment, power will turn to tyranny, learning to pedantry; nay, ſhould a man even pretend to dreſs, without a genius, he can but accompliſh himſelf a fop.

There is ſomething inſolent in that fellow's manners, which plainly proves he was never deſigned for government. When a perſon of ſuch mean original, and worthleſs qualities, riſes to any rule, or power, he may be compared, in a witty phraſe of

of Doctor South's, to a ſcum; at once the baſeſt and the uppermoſt part.

Every happineſs on this earth attend
My deareſt girl!

LETTER CXIX.

I HOPE my having been extremely harraſſed with buſineſs, for this week paſt, will appear a ſufficient excuſe to dear Harry, for my not writing laſt poſt. I own the reproof in your's of the 23d both juſt and gentle; but I think nature is in fault, not I: for I would not let the preſent vexation, or any other, chagrine me, if I could help it;—— but I will have done with the ſubject, leſt I ſhould again demonſtrate, that it is in the power of trifles to make me uneaſy.

Your letters can indeed lower, or raiſe my ſpirits, as you pleaſe: for I conſider myſelf but as an inſtrument, in the hands of a ſkilful muſician, who can "ſound me from my loweſt note, to the "top of my compaſs."

I think your ſyſtem of preparation againſt the numberleſs diſagreeable occurrences of life, a very good one; but then, believe me, it will only avail you in the ordinary accidents, which are common to all men. For where a mind, like your's, meets with any uncommon misfortune, it is not turning to authors, that we know wrote well, will afford us conſolation. Such an underſtanding as your's muſt ſuggeſt to itſelf, whatever has been ſaid on a parallel occaſion. But alas! how incapable is wiſdom of alleviating thoſe diſtreſſes which affect the heart! Mr. Addiſon has ſaid, "there is no "conſolation for unhappy love: a fine under-"ſtanding, and an elegant taſte, add ſtrength to "the paſſion, while that, of all others, moſt

"enervates

" enervates them."——For my own part, I know not where to apply myſelf for courage, or conſtancy, to ſupport what I think infinitely more terrible than death. If your ſtudy, or philoſophy, has found out a method of parting from all we love, without a pang, it will be but charity to let me know it; and tho' it may not, perhaps, work ſo perfect a cure on me as you; if it does but alleviate any part of the pain, it will be of infinite ſervice to me. The parting of the ſoul and body, tho' a circumſtance that we are from our infancy inured to think of, has ſhook the courage of the greateſt men——How much more dreadful is it to be for ever ſeparated from what we value much above ourſelves?——but, ſince it muſt be, I will endeavour to ſummon all my fortitude, and learn from you, to bear it as I ought; for, * " in ſight " of ſuch a pattern, to perſiſt, ill ſuits a perſon " honoured with thy love."——The only return I can make to the kind aſſurance you give me, is to make you the ſame promiſe; which, I believe, you will not doubt; for,

" Of all afflictions taught a lover yet,
" 'Tis ſure the hardeſt ſcience to forget."

Adieu, my dear Abelard, may you remember me, while the remembrance is grateful; and, when it ceaſes to be ſo, forget

Your

ELOISE.

* YOUNG's Revenge.

Here a letter is miſſing.

LETTER CXX.

My deareſt HARRY,

OUR journey is fixed, and I am diſtracted: I know the prudence of the ſcheme in every point, and yet nothing but neceſſity ſhould make me ſtir. I long to ſee you, and yet wiſh it not: for, tho' I were to ſee you every day and hour, I ſhall never be able to forget, but for a minute, that I muſt leave Ireland in May, with a moral certainty of never ſeeing it again. Had not fortune, as it were, rooted you to a peculiar ſpot, what I now look upon as the ſevereſt kind of baniſhment, could give me but little pain, for we are all citizens of the world.———As to my loſs, you will not, cannot feel it; for, in reality it is none; and it is as much impoſſible that you can ever want a more charming, agreeable friend, as that you can ever find a ſincerer.———Soon, very ſoon, you will forget me; while I, alas! "a "helpleſs ſtranger in a foreign land," ſhall neither wiſh, nor hope for conſolation; for where, or how, or from whom ſhould I receive it?

All that remains, after our laſt adieu, is to conſider you as an inhabitant of another world, and myſelf in a local purgatory; where having proved my faith and conſtancy, we ſhall be re-united, again ſhall meet, to part no more;——tho' there can be no certainty that we ſhall know one another in a future ſtate, I think it is extremely conſiſtent with human reaſon, to ſuppoſe we ſhall; for I think it is arraigning the wiſdom of the Almighty, to imagine that he ſhould form us with paſſions, and attractions for each other, (which more frequently produce miſery, than happineſs, in this life)

life) and let thoſe ſtrongeſt, nobleſt faculties of the ſoul periſh with the body in the grave. No—it cannot be; they were ordained to anſwer higher ends, to make the everlaſting happineſs of his creatures, and will exiſt to all eternity. Beſides, we are taught to believe, that we muſt render an account of our paſt lives. Sure, "Love is the "informing, active fire, that kindles up the maſs;" and is it not the higheſt abſurdity to ſuppoſe, that, when in a ſtate of perfection, we ſhall remember the effects, but forget the cauſe?——I would not loſe this hope, for any certainty the world could give me.——Oh! my beſt-loved, my ever dear, and charming friend, part when we will, we have an eternity to ſpend together! and, tho' I do not flatter myſelf with holding the firſt, or higheſt place in your regard, I dare boaſt of as ſincere, as tender, and as conſtant an affection for you, as ever "faithful woman felt, or falſe one feigned," and there, where all the miſts of error ſhall be cleared away, "our forms tranſparent, naked "every thought," a paſſion, ſuch as mine, muſt have ſome claim.

As to what you mention with regard to form, give me leave to aſſure you, in the moſt ſolemn manner, that, were *your's* equal to your utmoſt wiſh, it ſhould not make any alteration in *mine*, without altering my condition alſo: in the mean time, I love you much too well, (were it in my power) to buy my happineſs at the price of your's; and whatever idea you may have formed of my ſentiments for you, I ſwear by that all-ſeeing power, who knows my inmoſt thoughts, that fortune never had the ſmalleſt ſhare in my unchangeable affection for you; and, could you ſeat me on a throne this moment, it might add to my gratitude, but could not to my love. The ſole concern, I have ever had about your fortune, with

regard to myſelf, was, that it not being as eaſy as you could wiſh, might perhaps engage you to enter into a ſituation, which muſt render my affection for you criminal. This, I own, has often filled my heart with ſorrow, and my eyes with tears; as the conſtant reſult of this thought was a fixed reſolution never to ſee you more. But, when I have conſidered it would be for your happineſs, I quickly found, I could give up my own.——All reflections of this kind are now over, and, ſince the long-feared, fatal ſeparation muſt arrive, I think I could, without betraying any weakneſs, hear you were married to a deſerving woman, with a good fortune. For, ſince it is not in my power to make you happy, all that remains, is, with ſincerity and truth, to wiſh you ſo.

I long impatiently to ſee you, yet would, by no means, have you come, 'till it ſuits your own convenience. I have ten thouſand things to ſay to you; "for I could find out things to talk to thee "for ever; we ought to ſummon all the ſpirit of "ſoft paſſion up, to chear our hearts, thus la-"bouring with the pangs of parting."

Pray let me know, in your next, when you really think of coming to town? I look on every minute, that we might, and do not ſpend together, as an irreparable loſs; for, oh! they are but few, compared to the numberleſs hours we muſt paſs aſunder.

Adieu, my deareſt Harry! forgive my weakneſs, as it is you who cauſe it; and reſt aſſured, that no time, or chance, ſhall ever change the unalterable affection of

Your

ELOISE.

LETTER CXXI.

My dear FANNY, Waterford.

I AM come hither in queſt of vote and intereſt, but return to-morrow. Wedneſday next I ſet out from Maidenhall, and Friday from Belmont, for Dublin. I ſhall paſs round thro' the county of Wicklow, ſo what day I ſhall be in town, I can better let you know from ſome ſtage on the road.

I can hardly expreſs what an impatience I have to return to the country, tho' I have been but two days from it, upon buſineſs too which I like, the ſerving of a friend, and in a very agreeable town too. In ſhort, I find that all the ſpirit of ambition and active life is quite extinguiſhed in me; and ſupplanted by the tranquil pleaſures and ſpeculative leiſure of rural retirement; heedleſs how little my ſentiments or actions, ſhine forth before the buſy world, ſo you and I approve. In this philoſophick heroiſm, I think I exceed Cincinnatus, and ſome other of the gallant perſonages of antiquity; they indeed returned to the plough, but I would not leave it. This turn of mind, which I have had for ſome time, has ſtaggered my faith, with regard to the change occaſioned in the nature of things, on account of original ſin: particularly, that tillage and agriculture became then neceſſary to obtain the fruits of the earth, which uſed to grow ſpontaneouſly before. Now I am ſufficiently orthodox in ſound doctrine, tho' I have not a leproſy of faith about me; and, if this moral exerciſe, both of body and mind, was meant as a curſe, how comes it to be attended with ſo much rational and philoſophick pleaſure? If the mind of man was changed, at the ſame time, ſo as to accommodate itſelf to this employment, what is become of the curſe? there is ſuch a natural ſenſe

of theſe pleaſures implanted in our ſouls, that we are ſtruck with them, at firſt ſight, we know not how; we feel a vague kind of admiration, we know not why; and are ſenſible of a certain earneſtneſs of affection, we know not for what; not unlike the firſt longings of a maid. How high then muſt this natural pleaſure be, when it becomes a rational one alſo! when we are able to contemplate the beauties of the creation in a philoſophick light, to explore the admirable contrivance of Providence, and inveſtigate the hidden cauſes of all natural effects!——But I am going too far, and detaining myſelf from the enjoyment of a pleaſure, in the contemplation of it; ſo ſhall take my leave of it, and you, in order to prepare myſelf more ſpeedily for the charming poſſeſſion of both; which, if I could enjoy together, would form the higheſt ſatisfaction I am at preſent capable of.

Adieu!

My ELOISE.

Here a letter is miſſing.

LETTER CXXII.

My dear ELOISE,

I THINK you have hit upon two misfortunes in life which, perhaps, philoſophy may not be equal to; either a diſappointment in our loves, or the intire ſeparation from the perſon beloved. But either of theſe did not occur to me at the time I wrote that philoſophick letter: becauſe I have not the leaſt apprehenſion of the firſt, as I am well convinced of your conſtancy and truth; and ſhall I think we are for ever parted, becauſe "rough "ſeas divide us, and whole oceans roll?" No, my beſt-loved, I ſhould think the whole ſouthern ocean

ocean but an Helleſpont between you and me. Believe me, that neither my attachment here, or your engagement there, ſhall ſeparate us, for any conſiderable time; perhaps, not much longer than our ſeparate vocations do already——of which we will talk more at leiſure ſoon.

Another letter of your's is juſt come in, where you pay me a high compliment, that you would be pleaſed to have my letters made publick. You acknowledge ſome vanity in this, and you'll find, upon recollection, that it was owing to the ſame, not a different turn of mind, Alexander's quarrel with Ariſtotle. In the deſire you expreſs of making my writings publick, there is indeed a great deal of publick ſpirit, and a very juſtifiable vanity; but neither in the ſenſe you mean them; for, if ever I appear in print, it ſhall be humbly attending on you, where I ſhall only appear like a Dutch comment upon a claſſick; ſerve to explain the ſenſe, incapable to expreſs the ſpirit. I own, I have often thought of ſome ſuch joint-work of our's, which ſhould bear the name of the Monument: ſee the laſt Spectator of the 7th volume; but our monument ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by the title of, The Paraclete.

You have no reaſon to be jealous of my attachment to rural *pleaſures*; it is the country *buſineſs*, which has detained me from you; and, perhaps, the greateſt ſatisfaction I have in it, is, that it may ſoon the better enable me to ſee you often, and for a longer time. The pleaſures alone, tho' they were as high as the moſt paſtoral poet ever feigned them, could not withold me a moment from you, whom I ſhall always conſider as my charming Rus in Urbe; in whom is joined all the ſweetneſs, innocence, and truth of a country life, with the higheſt refinements of a court.

Your argument, about our knowledge of each other in a future ſtate, has ſomething in it not only very pretty, but of rational philoſophy, and ſound divinity; and I will reſt my faith upon it, as that charming hope gives me an higher reliſh of the world to come, than any thing elſe, which I have now a notion of.

Adieu! my deareſt Fanny!

Your's here and hereafter.

LETTER CXXIII.

My dear FANNY, Maidenhall.

IF you obſerve, I generally accoſt you by the ſtile above-mentioned, becauſe it is the firſt that occurs to me. The Noms d'Amour of Eloiſe or * Ethelinda, may be more according to the rules of gallantry; but as in the latter titles you are conſidered as a perſonated character, and in the former a real one, I chuſe to addreſs you in the familiar phraſe, as I well know, you have more charms in reality, than it is in the power of fiction to give you. In ſhort, my dear girl, according to an elegant deſcription in ſome of the claſſicks, in the novel you are *formoſa*, but in yourſelf, *ipſa forma*. The making uſe of Latin ſentences to you may, perhaps, appear a little pedantick, but there is, indeed, in your underſtanding, ſo little of effeminacy, that I frequently conſider you, not only as a man, but a man of letters too; and I remember, I once threatened, that, if at any time you ſhould ſay or do any thing rude to me, I believed, I ſhould be brave enough to draw my ſword on you.

* This was her Novel appellation.

Some

Some elegant author ſays, that, in waiting for his miſtreſs, all the reſt of life is but attending till ſhe comes; ſo I confeſs ſincerely to you, that, in your abſence, I have no enjoyment of myſelf, but in this diſtant intercourſe between us: for, when I am at leiſure to retire within myſelf, you are the only object placed there, which I find any pleaſure to converſe with.

I have obſerved, ſince the inter-regnum of our loves, a certain good breeding in my manners, and complacency of addreſs towards you, which I am extremely pleaſed with; which ſhews the difference between a triumph over our perſons, and a conqueſt over our minds. In a word, the redintegration of our affections, like a mutual triumph, is to be conſidered more as an alliance, than a conqueſt; and, for my own part, I confeſs that the regaining of your regard and eſteem, like a conqueſt over one's own paſſions, has ſuch a reſignation to ſenſe and virtue, that it inſpires me with a calm, humble pride, very different from the exultation we feel upon ordinary triumphs.

I received your letter, but could not anſwer it laſt poſt, as my head, heart, and hand were taken up, to ſerve a relation and friend.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER CXXIV.

My dear HARRY,

I CONFESS that, like you, I am fonder of this ſimple appellation, than all the florid names that ever graced romance; but, like your complaiſance, this fondneſs bears but a late date: for I well remember a time, when I would have exchanged the moſt advantageous propoſal of mar-

riage, for a letter ſigned Orondates, Cyrus, or any other heroick name. I can now, with great pleaſure, boaſt a change in my diſpoſition, almoſt to a direct contradiction of my former ſentiments; and can aſſure you, that I think it a very high triumph for a woman, under five and twenty, to have ſurmounted all the romance which could poſſibly be crammed into a little female ſoul.

Hurried as I am, and plagued with buſineſs more than ever I was in my life, I paſs many hours in ſilent c nverſations with you; and, when I ſtart from my reveries, am ſurprized, and ſorry at not finding you * "cloſe by my ſide."——My being immerſed in buſineſs, as it confines me much at home, where I have no companion, makes all my thoughts turn upon you; and I have frequently, in reading aloud, applied to you, for your opinion of a ſentiment:—— Why are you not here to anſwer me?

I begin to grow jealous of your contemplative pleaſures, when I think my deareſt Harry may indulge them, when I am far removed from a poſſibility of any other; yet he now prefers them to a perſonal converſe with me——"Perhaps I am too "fond!" but let the ſhort time limited for my earthly happineſs plead my excuſe.

I am vaſtly indebted to you for your elegant compliment, though I am thoroughly conſcious, I by no means deſerve it; I am pleaſed with that, or any thing elſe, which gives my dear Harry an opportunity of ſhewing his wit and politeneſs. Not that I want freſh proofs to convince me, that, had he a proper object to inſpire him, his writings might well vie with any, the greateſt maſters in the art of pleaſing. For my own part, I ſolemnly declare that the addreſſes of the greateſt monarch

* Alluding to a ſong which Henry uſed to ſing.

on

on earth could not, to my vanity, afford ſo high a triumph, as thoſe elegant praiſes which your dear charming letters abound with. There is in my temper ſomething that ariſes, either from benevolence to the world, or ſelfiſh vanity; (I can't tell which) that, in contradiction to Alexander's opinion, and your's, makes me wiſh to communicate the pleaſure I receive from your writings to the world; for I look upon it as a high degree of avarice, to monopolize ſuch an invaluable treaſure.

Tho' I am tranſported at the thought of your conſidering me as a male friend, yet I find ſomething vaſtly tremendous in it. The great diſparity in our underſtandings may now be accounted for, with ſome ſhew of reaſon. It is the charter of our ſex, to be fools; and the numberleſs weakneſſes, which intitle us to your regard and protection, create a peculiar kind of affection, which it is natural for us to feel for creatures in our power. But ſhould we once diſclaim that *powerful* weakneſs, which renders us alike objects of love and pity, we are no longer intitled to that indulgence and partiality, which the wiſeſt of us want, and the ſimpleſt have a claim to. Let me therefore intreat my deareſt Harry, to look on my friendſhip for him as truly maſculine; but let my underſtanding ſtill claim all the privileges of the feminine gender.

I think we have both great reaſon to triumph in our late reconciliation; as you, in attempting to regain my eſteem, paid the higheſt compliment to my affection for you; while I proved to demonſtration, that you had merits ſufficient to ſurmount my pride, and your own failings.—May we long continue to receive pleaſure from the recollection of our paſt uneaſineſſes, and to look on that, as the happieſt æra of our lives, that reſtored us to each other.

I heartily wiſh your friend ſucceſs, as you are intereſted for him; but I ſhall be very apt to hate him bravely, if he ſhould be again the occaſion of your miſſing a poſt.

I am, my dear Harry,
conſtantly and ſincerely your's.

LETTER CXXV.

My dear FANNY,

I HAVE ſpent ſome days at ———, which is eſteemed a fine ſeat. Nature indeed has been generous to it, but the lord of the ſoil has tortured her moſt inhumanly: He has ſpurr'd a free horſe to death, and ſhe ſeems languiſhing under the unſkilfulneſs of her rider. It would be a compliment to ſtile him a man of *no taſte*; for one of a *falſe taſte* is much worſe. This is a taſte without judgment, which one frequently meets inſtances of. To ſuch a perſon may be objected, the character which Petulant gives of Witwou'd, "That the fellow ſaid "a great many good things, which wanted only "the circumſtances of time and place to render "them agreeable." Such an improver as this would introduce the wildneſs of a wood into a parterre, plant a willow pendant o'er a fiſh-pond, and build a pavilion reſembling a ruin. An architect of this perverſeneſs would erect an Italian palace in Scotland; nay, I have ſeen portico's in Ireland built to the north, and Winter Summer-houſes in gardens, with very comfortable fire-places in them. I deſired the owners to *lift* the doors and windows.

Now we are upon this ſubject, have you not been treated with ſpiced meats, in the dog-days, and Al freſco deſerts at Chriſtmas?

I remember a very *pretty* gentleman, he had a good fortune, was *bred abroad*, wore good cloaths,

and

and was the *thing of taſte* in his time: He did me the favour to invite me, along with a ſet of rival and admiring ladies, to a *chamber* concert, many years ago, into which he introduced the *martial* muſick of trumpets and kettle drums.

There was a tame fool of fortune, who not long ſince lived in this country: He had ſpent the carnival at a friend's houſe, where he heard the *compliments of the ſeaſon* offered to every new gueſt. He concluded, that this was the ceremony of addreſs, to all friends that one would make welcome; and ſome time after, in the month of April, I am not ſure it was the firſt, when a gentleman called to ſee him at his own lodging, he wiſhed him a *merry Chriſtmas*. Now this man had obſervation, but wanted the ſenſe of application; tho' not more than the perſons we have been juſt ſpeaking of. Direct your letters as uſual, and adieu.

HENRY.

LETTER CXXVI.

Dear FANNY,

I WAS as bad laſt night as ever; the reaſon I did not appear ſo the night before, was, that I did not ſleep long enough to give my rheum ſtrength ſufficient to oppreſs me. It is now near two, before I could ſet out; and ſhall have but juſt time to reach Naas, perhaps not, before night; ſo can't call on you to day, as I promiſed.

I thank you for your letter this morning, and am almoſt ſorry I did not want your favour, for I have a pleaſure in being obliged to you. But perhaps I ſhall ſoon, and will then call on you. I beg you will write me word, by Tueſday's poſt, whether you will ſpeed the frolick of coming down to the

country; who the party is to be, and what the ſtage?———I mean the place of meeting. Don't, my dear Fanny, have any doubts or qualms about my deſire to ſee you, becauſe I did not receive the propoſal with tranſport, at a time when all my faculties were over-powered by diſorder, and want of reſt; beſides, you ſurely ought to diſtinguiſh between the effects of pleaſure, and thoſe of joy; the tranſports of the one your coyneſs has refuſed me, but the tranquillity of the other your converſation, upon any terms, will always afford me.

Conſider too, if I did not preſs you to a fatigue, and expence, for this, and the other reaſons above hinted, I ſhould not have been treated with ſuch unkind ſuſpicion.

Whenever your words or actions can bear two meanings, I always arreſt the beſt; and where they can admit but of one, and that not favourable, I ſet them by, as not to be accounted for.

I beg to hear from you,—and tell me of your health.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Your's, without doubt.

LETTER CXXVII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I RECEIVED your laſt adieu, and am in reality more obliged to you, than I ſhould have been for a much kinder; for by convincing me, you felt no concern for our ſeparation, you leſſened mine extremely.

I ſincerely hope that the freſhneſs and purity of the country air will, in a few days, reſtore you to perfect health; and I make not the leaſt doubt, but its contemplative pleaſures will quickly recover your ſpirits

ſpirits to that calm, uniform, philoſophick chearfulneſs, which the interpoſing impertinence of diſagreeable, or (at beſt) inſipid objects may, for ſometime paſt, have ruffled.

You compliment me extremely, when you ſuppoſe me capable of diſtinguiſhing the effects of joy from thoſe of pleaſure: I have been but little converſant with either of them, therefore my ignorance is excuſeable, ſhould I tell you; I always looked upon them as twin ſiſters, and ſo very like, that it was difficult to know one from t'other. I think too, they are the joint offspring of Love and Reaſon, who, diſputing to whom they ſhould pay moſt obedience, quarrelled, and have never ſince been reconciled.

But, to ſpeak in a more natural way, I look upon joy and pleaſure to be ſynonymous terms; they ariſe from one faculty, or affection of the mind; and joy is nothing more or leſs than the firſt and ſtrongeſt emotion, which breaks out, on our being really pleaſed. I will not pretend to ſay, that my definition is right; I have only given my opinion.——— But this I know, that, if I am not capable of abſtracting joy from pleaſure, I can, at leaſt diſtinguiſh pleaſure from indifference:———For this reaſon you may juſtly ſuppoſe the party at an end, from the moment it was mentioned; and I here give you my word, it is the laſt of the kind I ſhall ever propoſe with you. I hope you will pardon what is paſt, on the very ſincere promiſe of amendment.

I am far from being diſpleaſed, at finding your prudence ſuperior to mine: It has indeed been ſo, thro' the whole courſe of our acquaintance; but, as I believe, there are few people who have more quickneſs and vivacity in their diſpoſitions, ſo there is no perſon breathing whoſe ſpirits are more eaſily damped than mine; for want of reſolution has hitherto

therto been my greateſt fault, as well as misfortune. ——As I have been often led by perſuaſion to many things, contrary to my inclinations; while, from want of reſolution, I have left undone thoſe things which reaſon, virtue, prudence, and pride dictated. ——In both theſe caſes, I conſider myſelf as very blameable; by acting in direct oppoſition to the little underſtanding that Providence has bleſſed me with. In this light, I think my ſupporting any kind of correſpondence with you an offence againſt myſelf, more unpardonable, than any I ever yet had will or power to commit, to the prejudice of any other creature. But, tho' this, like all other acts of folly, carries its puniſhment in the commiſſion, I am determined not to leave it in your power, to make that an act of neceſſity, which I deſign a ſacrifice. ——And as I am not capable of affording you any kind of happineſs, without injuring myſelf, I think it is high time to put an end to our mutual uneaſineſs, and remain ſatisfied with the pleaſing belief, that we ſhould each do much, to make the other happy.

You know this reſolution has taken up my thoughts for ſome time; and I ſolemnly declare, I mention it now from no other motive, but a deſign of reducing it to practice. I have not one doubt with regard to your affection for me: I do indeed believe you love me; but I am certain *that* love can only be productive of miſery to me; and as you are, and ever have been, a thouſand times dearer to me, than myſelf, I can better bear a voluntary puniſhment, than any inflicted by you; for there, the means would double the misfortune.

I thank you for your kind conſtruction of my words and actions; may they ever appear to you in their native, genuine light! You will then think of me, "as one that loved not wiſely, but too well." I have not been out of doors ſince I ſaw you, nor well

well one moment. I had a violent return of the cholick, about three hours after you left me; I could not reſt in bed, but walked about the room all night; by this means I increaſed my cold, and have now got a very comfortable cough. I flatter myſelf, your's has left you; if ſo, I ſhall bear mine with great patience; for, tho' I wiſh we ſhould both "utter the ſame harmony," I would not have the ſympathetick power extended to pain, or diſcord.

I heartily wiſh you the compliments of the ſeaſon, and a long and uninterrupted ſucceſſion of healthful and happy years.

I am now, and ever ſhall be,

Your truly affectionate friend and ſervant,

FRANCES.

LETTER CXXVIII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM juſt got home, for I was ſo ill on the road, that I was not able to perform the journey in the uſual time. What alarms me is, that I neither find myſelf better, or worſe; which makes me apprehend, that the diſorder is become part of my conſtitution; for, to borrow an alluſion from moral things, it has been obſerved that perſons of equal tempers have been always found, in love or friendſhip, more remarkable for conſtancy, than thoſe who are ſubject to heats and colds.

Memorandum,———This cold I got it the court of chancery; and I fear it will laſt, like a chancery ſuit, for life; tho', to ſhew you I am not ſplenetick about the matter, let us talk of death and burial a little; for thoſe who are moſt afraid, care leaſt to ſpeak of them. As to my death, I would chuſe a ſudden one, contrary to a prayer in the *litany*; for I hope

I hope nothing from a death bed repentance, as, by the tenor of a man's life he ought, in juſtice, to be judged. If I was to linger, I ſhould chuſe to be in pain; as the getting eaſe might better reconcile me to the thoughts of death.

As to my burial, I do not like any of the methods uſed by the antients, or moderns. The Egyptian mummy, which was in the higheſt eſteem, I diſlike more than all; for I can't bear the thought of lying a moment idle, either alive or dead; for which reaſon I prefer burning the body to any other way, (not in the Aſbeſto ſhrowd) becauſe the parts diſſipated in ſmoke fall immediately to earth again, and become the firſt food of plants, which immediately become the firſt food of animals, ſo that a man may have a reſurrection of every part of his body, in a ſhort time after his death; which, tho' he will not be conſcious of, will ſurely flatter his vanity, as well as the thoughts of fame, which he is ſuppoſed to know as little of. But tho' I prefer burning, for theſe reaſons, to any other method uſually practiſed, yet, if I were to chuſe for myſelf, I would rather be devoured by beaſts; as, by that means, I ſhould more immediately become part of a living animal; and the beaſts I would name ſhould be dogs, becauſe their inſtinct comes the neareſt to human reaſon, of any brute; and the dogs I would pitch upon ſhould be three, of three different kinds; a maſtiff, for its courage; a hound, for its ſagacity; and a ſpaniel, for its fidelity.

I have juſt received a letter from you, which may not improperly be taken notice of here, as the thoughts of death, and parting from you, are equally diſtant from me. How could you write ſo peeviſhly, my little croſs pet?——I am extremely concerned to hear you are ill, and beg to know how you are, by the return of the poſt.

LETTER CXXIX.

FRANCES to HENRY.

A KIND of ſuperſtition, which I have neither power nor inclination to account for, impels me, in contradiction to my reaſon, to write to you. When I wrote laſt, I reſolved to write no more; there is nothing in your letter that requires an anſwer, yet in a room full of company, where I have dined and ſupped, (for it is now near twelve o'clock) I cannot reſiſt a ſomething like infatuation, that prompts me to tell you, I am really concerned, and alarmed at the account you give me of yourſelf, with regard to your mind, as well as body. "Doſt "thou delight to make a conſtant martyr of me?" There is ſomething ſo extremely ill-natured in your endeavouring to ſhock me with the mention of your death, as I ſhould not eaſily forgive, did not my ſuperior concern for your ill health and gloomy habit of mind, abſorb all other conſiderations.——— That the thought of death is, and ſhould be frequent with all rational mortals, I allow; but, had you even common tenderneſs for me, it is the laſt ſubject you would treat on. It is indeed the only melancholy thought you have not rendered familiar to me; and it is a kind of diſgrace to me, that I am not more converſant with what I have ſo often experienced——for death is parting.

This day twelvemonth we were reconciled; and now, with a heart and eyes overflowing with the ſincereſt tenderneſs, I bid adieu to my dear Harry; and all thoſe vain imaginary ſchemes of happineſs, which my fond heart had formed for future days!———

May every happineſs in life attend you! and if you wiſh to give me eaſe, tell me, as ſoon as it is in your

your power, that you are well—I neither wiſh nor deſire, that you ſhould take more notice of this than my former letter; excuſe its folly and inconſiſtence, and believe me.

Your faithful and affectionate
friend and ſervant.

LETTER CXXX.

My dear FANNY,

YOU firſt baniſh me your love, and then ſeem concerned at the apprehenſions of my death. Leonora, in the Revenge, juſt after ſhe has ſtabbed herſelf, takes notice of ſuch an inconſiſtency as this in Alonzo. I ſhall ſay no more on this head, for the ſame reaſon that, as you ſay, I took no notice of your former letter; which is, that I am reſolved never to make replication to any paragraph of your's, which makes me uneaſy; leſt the altercation ſhould grow to ſuch a warmth, as is inconſiſtent with *that*, which I ſincerely hope may always ſubſiſt between us. However, I took notice of the whole ſubject of your letter, I think, in the latter part of mine; and I am rejoiced to find you think the ſame way, by ſaying, in your laſt, that "death is parting."

I thank you extremely for your concern about my health; and be aſſured, my deareſt Fanny, that this is equal to any one reaſon I have to be concerned about it myſelf. Upon my honour, if I had apprehended that letter would have given you any uneaſineſs, I would not have wrote it; for, tho' the unkindneſs of your's might have juſtified ſuch a reply, yet it rendered me too low-ſpirited to be malicious; and, in general, that ſubject has, and will, whenever urged, give me a great deal of unfeigned uneaſineſs and concern; but muſt not,

ought

ought not ever to raiſe my reſentment. I ſpoke of death, as I hope, you did of parting, without a certain or a ſerious thought about it; for, ſince Nero's days, a man may make his will without the danger of dying. I am, however, a great deal better than I was at that time, tho' without uſing any ſort of means, not even as much as I did in town; and I believe, if I could ſtay within for two days, I ſhould be perfectly well; but, tho' I have no perſon at work theſe holidays, I can't help frequently to haunt and reviſit theſe dear ſcenes, late rendered more dear; where we have ſat, walked, and converſed together.

I find my love of ſolitude increaſing every day; which inclination, beſide the enjoyment of ſolitude itſelf, gives me a very flattering pleaſure; for, according to a rational and refined opinion or ſentiment of your's, mentioned in a late converſation, we are not only to perfect ourſelves in virtue here, but alſo in a true taſte and reliſh for the pleaſures of the bleſſed, if we would reach the ſublimity of thoſe joys which we are taught to hope for. Now, methinks my averſion from ſociety, and frequent retiring, as it were, within myſelf, in a great meaſure prepares me for the enjoyment of that intuitive converſe, which ſpirits or angels hold with each other, by intellectual viſion; without the palfry, ſlow, and imperfect aid of ſounds; of which ſpiritual act, I think, the communing with our own hearts, reflection, or mental ſoliloquy, have a very great reſemblance.

Other lovers ſay, they would retire from all ſociety for you; but I would quit even ſolitude for your converſe, as it is a nearer approach to thoſe pleaſures I hinted at above, and in ſome ſort the enjoyment of that heaven upon earth: But,

"They

" They ſay, bad men would be unbleſs'd in heaven,
" What is my crime, which makes me ſo with you?"
Oh! " Why am I ſent a baniſh'd man to roam?"

Adieu my heart's dear Fanny! I am your's in this world, and the next.

HENRY.

LETTER CXXXI.

My dear FANNY,

WHEN we read a Spectator of Addiſon's together lately in Dublin, you may remember, I cavilled at his ſaying the will was one of the *faculties* of the ſoul. When I came home, I looked into Locke's Eſſay upon the Human Underſtanding, and finding him in the ſame ſtory, I began to reflect a little upon this head, and found, I had apprehended that the will was ſaid to be one of the *ſpecial qualities* of the ſoul; but the word *faculty*, being a comprehenſive term, and ſignifying a power, then whatever a ſoul has the power of doing is called one of its faculties, tho' not one of its eſſential qualities; ſo that, in the general ſenſe of the phraſe, neither Addiſon or Locke may be reprehended; but as they both join *willing*, which is but a power, to *thinking*, which is a property, I apprehend they are miſtaken in their metaphyſics, by ranking them under the ſame claſs. And it was this error, which, occurring ſtrongly to me at the time I mention, made me haſtily conclude, that if there was any miſtake in Addiſon, it muſt be rather in his words than his ſenſe.

I was well pleaſed I had this occaſion of looking into Mr. Locke's Eſſay, (which is a book I had never

never read but once, when I was very young) because, upon this ſame ſubject, he has affirmed a thing which has provoked me extremely; and if he has not been called to account for it before now, it would ſurprize me; but, as I never met any thing written on this head, I ſhall take the liberty of anſwering him.

In the firſt chapter of his ſecond book he affirms, that the ſoul does not always think; that thinking is not part of its eſſence, but one of its operations, *i. e.* faculty or power in the diffuſive ſenſe. This I deny; for, if we can ſuppoſe a ſoul not to think for an inſtant, we can ſuppoſe it not to think for a day, a month, a year, and ſo for eternity: Which is contrary to the nature of a ſoul, therefore impoſſible: For wherein does a ſoul conſiſt, if not in thought and reflection? He compares thought to motion; and ſays, A body, tho' it ſometimes moves, does not neceſſarily move. How imperfect is this reaſoning! and how weak all illuſtrations of ſpiritual operations, by referring them to ſenſible acts! A body does not move of itſelf, but either mediately or immediately by ſome ſpirit; and is therefore dependent on ſpirit for its operations: But ſurely ſpirit is independent on matter, and ſelf-ſufficient in its own powers; and, as the ſeveral qualities, properties, or faculties of the ſoul, are not really diſtinct, but only philoſophically divided, to give us a better or more formal method of reaſoning about them; as it is the whole ſoul which thinks, reflects, reaſons, &c. then, ſhould any of theſe qualities or faculties ceaſe to operate but for an inſtant, what ſhould ever call them to action again?——except that Almighty Power, which firſt ſet them to work: and this would be equal to a new creation of that, or any other ſpirit; and to be repeated as often as it began to think, reflect, or reaſon. Which as the author of nature acts always by the

moſt

moſt ſimple laws, we are not to ſuppoſe, without ſtronger reaſons, than weak men's mere hypotheſis. In ſhort, if thinking is not eſſential to a ſoul, what are its eſſential qualities? If it has no eſſential qualities, then it exiſts not at all. Extenſion is eſſential to matter; when matter ceaſes to have extenſion, it ceaſes to exiſt.

Mr. Locke ſpeaks againſt the ſoul's eſſential thought, to introduce his reaſoning againſt innate ideas; but, as innate ideas are one of the proofs brought for the being of a God, I will never give them up, upon any reaſoning leſs than conviction. He ſhews us indeed how we may come by moſt of the ideas we have, without any previous impreſſion; but this does not prove we have no ſuch previous impreſſion; for the ſame truth may be conveyed to us by different ways. I grant him, that the ideas of colours, and of all ſenſible objects, may be acquired by experience; but if truth, beauty, harmony, or order, were not originally impreſſed on our ſouls, nothing in this world, nor even the objects themſelves, could excite our ideas of them. All the ideas we have in common with brutes, I will allow we may acquire, as they do—but no farther.

I am neither better or worſe of my cold; nor more or leſs affectionately and ſincerely your's, my dear Fanny—which I ſhall continue as long as my innate ideas of truth, beauty, harmony, and order ſhall exiſt.

LETTER CXXXII.

THE pleaſure I received from my dear Harry's laſt letter, like the intuitive converſe he mentions, can only be imagined, not expreſſed. I care not how inconſiſtent you think me, provided you believe, that

" Sorrow

" Sorrow ne'er can touch my mind,
" Whilſt you are well, and not unkind."

Yet, notwithſtanding that my every word and action prove, even againſt my will, the ſtrength of my affection for you, I cannot help earneſtly deſiring to put an end to the continual anxiety, which my attachment does, and ever will produce. I ſtill think, that parting from what we love much dearer than ourſelves, is far more dreadful than the laſt ſad adieu 'twixt ſoul and body; for, in general, the ſoul is weary of its confinement, and tired out with pain; it longs to mingle with its kindred ſpirits, to ſatisfy its boundleſs thirſt of knowledge; to range thro' all the liquid fields of air, to contemplate the glories of its own eſſence, in the immediate preſence of that Almighty Being from whom it ſprung. Perhaps it longs to be again reſtored to the dear converſe of ſome much-loved and long-lamented friend. On the contrary, a perſon in this world, who is ſeparated from thoſe he has loved long, and well, bears the worſt kind of death, a living one; and may be conſidered in the ſame ſtate, as I ſhould ſuppoſe an angelick being, if baniſhed from his Creator's preſence, compelled to take a human form, and live on earth, among the ſons of men. His retaining a ſtrong idea of the happineſs, he had once enjoyed, muſt double every diſtreſs; and his deſire to be reſtored to the converſe he was deprived of muſt render all other painful to him.

Let me now aſk you, if you ſuppoſe, that any rational being would voluntarily ruſh into ſuch a ſcene of miſery, as I have deſcribed? Yet this muſt be the end of all that love, that conſtancy and truth, I have preſerved inviolable to you ——— painful reflection! this laſt paragraph has ſunk my ſpirits ſo very low, that I muſt quit the ſubject ——— Oh! that my heart could ſhut it out for ever!

I think

I think it is Cowley ſays, "A man muſt entirely "be diveſted of all *affections* as well as *paſſion*, be- "fore he can enjoy the pleaſures of ſolitude: For, "if his mind be poſſeſſed of either, he had better "be in a fair than a wood; for our paſſions may, "like petty thieves, pick our pockets in the midſt "of company; but like robbers, they uſe to ſtrip, "bind, or murder us, when they catch us alone: "This is but to retreat from men, and fall into the "hands of the devil." I therefore congratulate you, and ſhould endeavour to condole myſelf, did not your happineſs always appear of more moment to me, than my own; but as I have not ſo entirely ſubdued my paſſions, as you ſeem to have done, I can only pretend to aſſure you, from the ſincerity of my heart, that I would prefer your company to that of any perſon, who does, or ever did exiſt; I do not except any one of the firſt, or laſt Auguſtan age.———And I may go farther, by aſſuring you, that, if I know my own heart, I would prefer you to all of them, and live in ſhades, with thee, and love alone; or, to uſe the words of the author I have already quoted,———

"With thee, for ever, I in woods could reſt, &c."—

Your remembering any ſentiment of mine, affords the higheſt triumph both to my love and vanity: For you, and you only, can raiſe either. I don't wonder at all that you ſhould prefer communing with your own heart, to any other converſation this world can afford; it ſurely muſt be a kind of anticipation of thoſe celeſtial joys, we are to ſuppoſe the portion of the bleſſed; as it muſt continually fill your mind with the higheſt ſentiments of gratitude and rapture to the Divine Being, who has been graciouſly pleaſed to bring you ſo much nearer his infinite perfection, than your fellow-creatures. He has, indeed, my deareſt Harry, bleſſed you with

ſuch

ſuch uncommon talents, as render it impoſſible for you to be negatively good; and muſt either make you an ornament or diſgrace to that rank of beings you are placed in.

I thank you heartily for your very elegant compliment, but I am well convinced, both from reaſon and experience, that you muſt have leſs underſtanding, or I more, before you can poſſibly prefer my company to your own.

I received your eſſay, and am exceſſively angry that you have left me nothing to ſay on the occaſion; it is ſo like conviction, which I hate, becauſe it deſtroys argument. How was it poſſible for you to find words to demonſtrate the undoubted truths, which you have proved? For I look upon this to be the moſt difficult ſpecies of writing.

Now for myſelf, which, by juſt gradation, I mention laſt. I have been very ill with conſtant cholicks, ever ſince you left town; I grow worſe every day, and am at laſt prevailed on to take an emetick; which diſagreeable operation I ſhall ſet about, the moment I have finiſhed this abominable ſcrawl. I abſolutely don't know what I write: My aunt has been talking to me ever ſince I took up the pen. I am really aſhamed to let ſuch a collection of blots, blunders, and tautologies go out of my hands; but, if I ever had any talent for writing, it is intirely worn out; and I ſet about it with as much reluctance as I do eating, when I have no appetite; merely becauſe I know it is neceſſary to my ſupporting life.

You are not "ſent a baniſh'd man, to roam;" it is I, alas! who am the exile—I hope to hear, by to morrow's poſt, that you have quite got the better of your cold. I ſhall always receive the utmoſt pleaſure from your letters; but as you may eaſily perceive I cannot write, I therefore hope you will excuſe me. You would pity me, if you knew

how I am plagued with converſation.——Adieu, my dear Harry! I am, as uſual, your ſincerely affectionate

Friend and ſervant.

LETTER CXXXIII.

My dear FANNY,

I AM heartily concerned at the bad account you give me of your health; and muſt intreat you will act by me in that affair as I did by you; for when I found you were fondly alarmed at my diſorder, I uſed all the methods I could think of, to get myſelf well againſt the next poſt, that I might ingenuouſly give you an account of my recovery; which I partly feigned in my laſt letter, to make you eaſy—but I ſhall make no obligations to Hygea for the cure, if ſhe has neglected your health to take care of mine.

There is really ſomething unaccountable in the turn of mind, you ſeem to have been in, for ſome time paſt: you ſay, you fear we ſhall ſome time or other part, therefore deſire to do it now; "ſo run "into the danger, to avoid the apprehenſion." Such caprice as this would make us baniſh friends, children, and every bleſſing of life from our enjoyment, becauſe, perhaps, one day or other we may be deprived of them. What reaſon in the world have you to apprehend any ſeparation in our loves? I declare, upon my honour, that I am not in the leaſt ſenſible of any decay in my regard, affection, aſſiduity, love, or friendſhip for you; nor am I conſcious of any engagement, ſcheme, policy, or ambition, which ſhould make it honourable, or honeſt, even to wiſh my attachment leſs to you. Surely the fond expoſtulation I make with you, at preſent,

preſent, ought to convince you of the ſincerity and ingenuouſneſs of this declaration; for, if my fickleneſs or caprice had given me other ſentiments toward you, what a vaſt and lucky relief would your preſent and late behaviour be to me! How readily ſhould I then take you at your word, happy to have my inconſtancy accounted for to the world, and juſtified even by the perſon I was willing to forſake! Indeed, my deareſt Fanny, if ever you mention this ſubject to me again, there will be no way left of accounting for it, but ſuppoſing that you find ſomething in your own heart, which may make you apprehend that my conſtancy, love, and attachment may ſome time or other be a reproach to you.

There is another paſſage in your laſt letter, which I abſolutely interdict you for the future. How can you be ſo diſingenuous, as to ſay, you cannot write? For no-body, who writes well, can be ignorant of it; nor can any-body ever write well, who does not think they do. I declare, I never met with writings in any language more ſenſible, more delicate, or more correct, than moſt of your letters; and, if I do not, upon every occaſion, expreſs my juſt ſenſe of them, it is becauſe I really think their merit is above my praiſe; and whenever I do mention them, in the manner I do now, it is more for the vanity of ſhewing you my own taſte, than to pay any compliment to your's.

We have had the moſt diſingenuous weather I ever remember, ſince I came down to the country: It promiſes and threatens by turns, but fulfils neither; and keeps one in a ſtate of uncertainty, both with regard to buſineſs or pleaſure, which is very perplexing. I cannot undertake any buſineſs at home, nor can I amuſe myſelf with going abroad. My corn is growing too rank, and my ſheep are dying of the red water. Write me a Lapland ode, my dear Muſe, to invite over ſome froſt and ſnow

immediately, or we poor farmers ſhall be undone. I forget whether I told you before, that I have ſet the laſt acre of Belmont ſince I came down, which has made my mind very eaſy, and therefore I am pleaſed at mentioning it to you.

I wiſh my deareſt Fanny joy of every advantage of mine in life!—Farewel, my charming girl, and believe, nay be certain, that I am ever your's.

HENRY.

LETTER CXXXIV.

THE kind concern my dear Harry expreſſed in his laſt letter for my health, would, I think, render me unpardonable, if I did not feel as much pleaſure in acquainting him with my recovery, as, I flatter myſelf, he will receive from the account. I am indeed much better, thanks to my regard for you; for, were I not perſuaded that my life is of moment to your happineſs, how earneſtly ſhould I wiſh to abandon it! The love of life, which is, I believe, implanted in the heart of every creature, renders death formidable to us while we are in perfect health; but when the animal ſpirits are weakened by pain, when we only live to miſery, our ſentiments are wholly changed, and we wiſh for death, as a relief from torment. Think then, if my every thought, hope, and wiſh were not centered in you, how earneſtly ſhould I have deſired a deliverance from pain! But, perhaps I deceive myſelf; perhaps in contradiction to what I have ſaid, the voice of nature more powerful than even that of love, made me wiſh to live,—perhaps, my life is of no conſequence to you,——"I will, however, "endeavour to baniſh the cruel reaſon, that would "inform me; and preſerve my illuſion, that I may "preſerve my life."

As

As my firſt wiſh is to be beloved by you, my ſecond is to be approved; let me then, my dear Harry, giving full force to your proteſtations, account for what you unjuſtly call caprice. I own, I love you enough to be guilty of the very folly you charge me with; imbittering the preſent happineſs, by the fear of loſing it. But it is not from this motive that I have mentioned our parting. I know and feel that my affection and friendſhip for you increaſe daily; therefore cannot ſuſpect that your's for me are leſſened; but whenever I dare venture to aſk myſelf, what will be the end of our mutual attachment, I tremble at the reply my reaſon makes, and almoſt wiſh we hated one another. For the preſent, my regard for you renders every pleaſure in life inſipid to me; and every accident indifferent, that has not ſome relation to you;——my whole time and thoughts are devoted to you; and buſineſs, or pleaſure, are alike hateful to me. For this indifference to the objects that ſurround me, I think myſelf amply rewarded, by the pleaſure I receive from your letters; and wiſh for no other recompence for all my love and tenderneſs, but a continuation of your's. But tell me, my deareſt Harry, what will all this end in? The little circle of my acquaintance ſpeak of my attachment to you with ſeeming pity, from a belief, that you have none to me. The world, in general, treat me in the ſevereſt manner, on your account. Anſwer me now, my heart's dear Harry, with truth and juſtice, for reaſon prompts the queſtion, and honour will not dally longer, can you indeed lay your hand on that dear breaſt, where Fanny's heart inhabits, and tell me you have love, honour, and conſtancy enough, to repay all her paſt, preſent, and future ſufferings, by ſeriouſly intending, whenever it is in your power, to make her your wife?——Conſider well this point, for it is of the higheſt moment to us both; and on your anſwer

intirely depends my continuing thoſe pleaſing ideas, which have hitherto ſupported me, thro' the various ſcenes of diſtreſs, I have ſuffered for you; or, by a proper reſolution, eraſing them, and you, for ever from my heart. Let not a falſe delicacy for yourſelf, or an affected tenderneſs for me, prevent your ſpeaking your ſentiments with that frankneſs, which, I think, I ever merited from you; and be aſſured, your ſpeaking candidly ſhould it even acquaint me with the moſt unwelcome truths, will raiſe you higher in my eſteem, than your attempting to amuſe me with unmeaning expreſſions of regard. I do not indeed ſuſpect, that you have hitherto ſaid any thing to me, which you did not think; but, as the matter in queſtion is of the niceſt nature, I would guard againſt every thing, which could poſſibly aggravate the misfortune I am taught to apprehend.

Your reproaching me with want of tenderneſs I can readily forgive: Firſt, as my heart is armed ſo ſtrong with truth, that it repels the darts, nor ſuffers it to wound your image, which is lodged in its inmoſt receſſes;——next, as my ſo often mentioning our parting, without having courage to aſſign the cauſe, might well warrant your ſeeming ſuſpicion of my affection; tho' I dare venture to affirm, you never yet injured me ſo far, as in reality to doubt it.

Let me now, my dear and beſt beloved Harry, conjure you by all the love and tenderneſs you ever vowed to me, to reſt aſſured, that the words which I have wrote, on the melancholy ſubject of our parting, have been ſo many daggers to my heart; and that no light ſuſpicion of your love, or idle caprice of my own, has occaſioned my reducing you to an explanation, which I would part with a limb to avoid; for tho' I cannot, will not doubt your love, I tremble at the trial.——No, my own

heart

heart bears witneſs to your truth, it is filled with you, and you alone; why then ſhould I not, in contradiction to the world, believe this faithful evidence?———Alas! I fear it is too much your friend!

Deliver me, I intreat you, my heart's dear Harry, from the painful ſituation I am in: Raiſe me, at once, to a higher ſenſe of happineſs, than I have yet known, or plunge me into ſuch a ſtate of miſery, as can only be relieved by the ſad cure of all our ills.

I thank you for you account of Belmont. You may indeed congratulate me on every circumſtance which gives you pleaſure; aſſured of this, that I receïve a double joy by reflection; and, were we this moment for ever ſeparated, your happineſs and intereſts would ſtill continue far dearer to me than my own.

You have commanded me not to apologize for my writing———I obey,——tho' conſcious that, as all my letters are wrote from the heart, they have nothing to attone for their folly, but their ſincerity; which will ever impel me, thro' every ſeaſon, change, and chance of life, to ſubſcribe myſelf

Your's, and only your's.

FRANCES.

Henry received the foregoing letter, and the following, juſt as he was going up to Dublin, to attend the Hilary term 1750. He anſwered the ſecond, but took no notice of the former till he ſaw her; for he did not chuſe to give any thing under his hand, which might be conſtrued into a contract. He apprehended no danger from herſelf, but did not care to put it in the power of accident, or the indiſcretion of her friends, to diſcover an engagement of this kind, as it might have ſome

ill effect upon his fortunes: But, as he thought ſo very reaſonable a queſtion ſhould not remain unanſwered, he told her, at meeting, the ſentiments he had conceived about her, when ſhe was at his houſe in the country; which, by frequent reflection, were rather ſtrengthened than abated, and at length, by her late letter, confirmed into a determined reſolution. He told her, that the lawyers had aſſured him his family ſuit in the Exchequer, for a conſiderable ſum of money, would be determined in a term or two; that he was to have a ſettlement made upon him on that event; and that he would take her hand, as ſoon as every thing was made ſecure. But the two terms paſſed away, and matters appeared juſt as far from a concluſion as they were twenty years before. However, tho' the lawyers broke their words with Henry, he performed his to Frances; and, waving all conditions, married her privately on the 12th day of May following; with an injunction to keep it a ſecret from all her friends and relations, even from her aunt, with whom ſhe lived: So that lady O——— was the only confidante made upon that occaſion; and this for two reaſons, firſt on account of ſolving appearances to her nicety; and ſecondly, that Frances made it a point to have ſome perſon of ſufficient weight for juſtifying her character to the world, when Henry ſhould think proper to acknowledge his marriage publickly.

LETTER CXXXV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I AM but juſt able to tell my dear Harry, that I have great hopes of my recovery, becauſe it is hardly poſſible I ſhould be worſe. My diſorder is of an intermittent nature, and generally makes its attacks, like a thief in the night. I was ſo violently ill, as to be obliged to have my apothecary called out of bed at four o'clock this morning. Poor Kitty has a miſerable time of it, for her reſt is as much broken as mine. During my intervals of pain, which are very ſhort, I find myſelf oppreſſed with a ſtupid kind of languor, not unlike a lethargy. Can you believe that even bodily pain could reduce me to ſuch a ſtate? I am more alarmed at this, than any other part of my diſorder, as it is intirely contrary to my natural conſtitution; but perhaps it is only the effect of pain, that wearies out my ſpirits, and leaves this hateful laſſitude upon them. I am this moment obliged to leave off; it is impoſſible to tell you what I ſuffer; I am amazed at my own ſtrength, as I have ſometimes been at that conſtancy, which makes me, ſick or well, living or dying, your's.

I am again relieved from extreme pain: This laſt fit has been much ſhorter than the former ones, which is, I hope, a good ſymptom; but ſtill ſo weak and trembling, that I can ſcarce hold the pen. Why are not you here, to pet me? They have ordered ſomething to make me ſleep; I will take that, or any thing elſe, that they tell me will do me good, becauſe you deſire it. In the mean time, let me know you wiſh my health, as earneſtly as I do your's, and that ſhall avail me more than ten phyſicians.

LETTER CXXXVI.

My deareſt ſick PET,

I AM juſt come home from a week's buſineſs, and received your letter, which, by my abſence, has lain a poſt unanſwered, and which, indeed, I ſhould anſwer with the *ipſe veni*, as I ſhall do, at preſent; for, while I am writing, I am ordering freſh horſes to be ſaddled, and it ſhall be their fault, if I don't outride the poſt. And doſt thou wiſh me there, to comfort you? I will be there, my well-loved heart, with all the ſoftneſs, tenderneſs, with all the woman in my ſoul, to eaſe thy throbbing breaſt and languid head: Nay, with more unfeigned ſolicitude, than woman ever could feel; for the vaineſt woman muſt be envious of you. Your melancholy account of yourſelf has made me recollect that line in Tickell, which we could not think of the laſt time we were together, and ſpeaking of that pretty poem:

"Sad luxury, to vulgar minds unknown."

Which paſſage alſo occurred to me, when I wrote to you on the ſubject of melancholy pleaſures, tho' I did not quote it.

I hope, my croſs pet, that it is owing to the peeviſhneſs of ſickneſs, your ſaying you are ſurprized at your conſtancy toward me. Any fickleneſs in that point muſt be charged upon yourſelf; for, without vanity, I may ſay that it is impoſſible I can ever be leſs amiable than I was at firſt. If from thenceforward, I became capable of ſenſe, ſcience, or philoſophy, I owe the inſpiration to you, and you alone, my Iphigenia. When the ſun withdraws his beams, is it a reflection upon our horizon, that it ſhines no more? But like that, tho' I loſe the light, I ſhall retain the warmth, till I am earth indeed. You have

have really, my charming woman, not only given me a reliſh for life, but a true taſte for every thing in it, which is worth living for. And as you have given me happineſs, I look upon it, on ſome occaſions, as an ungenerous act, to interupt or to endeavour to deſtroy that bliſs, 'till I conſider you in the light of a woman who has brought a great fortune to a beggar, and has conſequently a natural right to ſquander what part ſhe pleaſes. From you, my charming Muſe, I have learned particularly three things, more valuable than all the ſcience of the Sorbonne—Chearfulneſs, without mirth; gravity, without ſpleen; and, oh! take it for your pains, love, with eſteem, the warmeſt love, with the higheſt eſteem.

Farewel! Farewel indeed! I ſhall conclude
Your's in haſte——to fly to you.
HENRY.

HIATUS.

LETTER CXXXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I CAME hither in ſpite of very oppoſing weather. Along the road I perceived marks of the violent ſtorm; and found the great ſign and half of the ſtables of this inn carried away by it. I beg, the firſt account you have of the yacht, you will let me hear it.

I amuſed myſelf, on the way, with reflecting upon every perſon, circumſtance, and thing, which I parted from, at Racoole: But the only occaſion I had to philoſophize, was on little Jenny; for, from playing with the child, I took a hint, to examine into an opinion, which the world ſeems poſſeſſed with, and perhaps receive it upon truſt from one another, as they do a great many others, without inquiring philoſophically into the matter.

I remember Mr. K———, a man of tender affections, but withal, a perſon of excellent underſtanding, playing one day with a pretty child of his own, ſaid, that he was, ever ſince it was born, waiting for, and attending to that impulſe or inſtinct, which is called natural affection; but that all he could perceive was, that he loved it more and more from uſe, as he had done other people's children before.

In ſhort, when does this particular attachment ſeize us? If it is natural, we ſhould perceive it the inſtant we heard the firſt cry; but, at that time, we knew nothing of the matter. If we are ſenſible of it ſome time after, it is merely owing to that habit, which Mr. K——— mentioned; to that Proteus of nature, cuſtom; which has miſled moſt of thoſe poiloſophers who have read men and manners, without having ſtudied human nature,——which is pretending to phyſick, without having learned anatomy.

But even the inſtant the child is born, would not the parent rather your's ſhould die than his? So he would your horſe.——The love of property is natural; but this is part of a general partiality, not an inſtance of a particular attachment. Men get their pictures drawn, bequeath fortunes to ſtrangers, nay, raiſe obeliſks to bear their names; but this is natural vanity, not natural affection.

If either parent was affected with this impulſe, let us naturally ſuſpect the mother moſt, as the child is more immediately part of herſelf, her affections ſofter, and her underſtanding weaker; and yet how little does Providence ſeem inclined to truſt this natural inſtinct, by furniſhing her with proper nouriſhment for the child, and making it turn to pain and diſtemper, if not that way applied, or otherwiſe carried off, by methods of like operation?

Adieu!

LETTER CXXXVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Caſtle-Dermot, Thurſday evening.

I HAD a fine day hither, and am now ſtretching my limbs before a good fire, drinking your health, and all your healths. I find there is no place, I enjoy myſelf ſo much in, as an inn. I am there ſo intirely my own maſter; ſo detached from the world, and diſingaged both from buſineſs, or the vain purſuit of pleaſure, that I feel a certain contemplative calmneſs in my mind, which gives me a higher ſatisfaction than any of the active ſpheres of life can do. However, I muſt interrupt this ſoliloquy, to go and take care of poor George, who fell with his horſe, within a mile of this town, and is much bruiſed; he had a very narrow eſcape of his life.

My ſincere regards to Kitty. I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Your's as before.
HENRY.

" Whoe'er has travell'd life's dull round,
" Let whereſoe'er his ſtage have been,
" Muſt ſurely own, he always found
" The warmeſt welcome at an inn."

Unde neſcio.

LETTER CXXXIX.

Dear FANNY, Maidenhall.

I HAD the ſatisfaction, when I came home, of finding every thing here ſafe from the ſtorm; tho' the whole country round me has ſuffered infi-

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nite damage, of houſe-tops, ricks of hay, and ſtacks of corn carried off, and trees torn up by the roots. ——while I have forfeited but a few ſlates, and ſome of the branches of my elms diſhevelled. There is one piece of damage, I juſt heard of, which will give you ſome concern, that above two hundred of the fine trees in Dunmore-park are ſnapped ſhort to the ſtumps.

As I have no letter from you to anſwer, and have not been long enough in the country to meet with any entertaining circumſtances to ſend you, the only amuſement I can give you, is from what I read; and as I am in Montaigne, which is alſo your ſtudy, at preſent, I ſhall occaſionally give you hints of what I find remarkable in that vague, diffuſe, witty, and ſenſible author.

In his chapter ſtiled Pedantry, I was pleaſed to find him ſpeak a great deal upon a ſubject, you may remember, I am very fond of; which is, the diſtinction between learning and wiſdom. What I have to ſay on that head you have heard; what he ſays upon it I refer you to; and ſhall only quote one paſſage, becauſe it is whimſical, and ſomewhat in your manner.

He one day was at a loſs for accounting how ſeveral men, of the greateſt learning among his acquaintance, were very ſilly, weak perſons. Upon which, a lively woman in company ſaid, "That "in order to make room for other men's ſenſe, "their own muſt be ſqueezed up into ſo narrow a "compaſs. as will not leave it a power of exerting "itſelf." To which I ſhall only add this remark of my own, by way of illuſtration: that the underſtanding, like a nation, ſhould always depend upon its own proper force; for auxiliaries too often make ſlaves of thoſe they were called upon to aſſiſt. In ſhort, it is this ſervile obedience, and and blind deference we pay to the antients, joined

to

to an indolent deſpair of excelling ſuch great patterns, which has almoſt put a period to the advancement of ſcience, or wiſdom; ſo that all the knowledge of the moderns is but the learning of the antients: inſomuch that, if you propoſe a ſubject in natural or moral philoſophy, to be diſcuſſed by any of the preſent adepts in art or ſcience, inſtead of preſſing forward into a diſquiſition of the yet inexhauſted fund of human reaſon, they will poorly recur to what Archimedes, Plato, or Seneca ſaid upon ſuch matters. Here take a quotation, by way of parody:

"Men ſhould preſs forward in Truth's glorious chace,
"They who look backward often loſe the race."

It has been matter of aſtoniſhment to theſe latter ages of the world, how the great genii of antiquity, at times when learning and ſcience were in their infancy, could ſhine forth with ſuch amazing luſtre; which, far from attributing to their own natural force, they have poorly called in the aid of inſpiration to account for. What a mean and ſtupid expoſition is this of ſuch extraordinary phænomena! when the true reaſons lie hid in the very cauſes of their admiration. The mind of man, naturally active and inquiſitous after truth, not finding wherewithal to ſatisfy its unbounded curioſity in the darkneſs and ignorance of the early ages of the world, retired within itſelf; and, attending cloſely to the ideas in its own boſom, from whence, in truth, all human ſcience and wiſdom is extracted, did, from ſuch unbiaſſed contemplation, arrive to a higher pitch in the age of a man, than an academy is able to attain to in a century. They were certainly guilty of ſome groſs errors in theory, and a manifeſt neglect, or want of method, in their reaſonings; which has been the ſole employment of

of poſterity, to correct the one, and new model the other; nay, ſome of the beſt critics have been ſo infatuated with their beauties, eſpecially with regard to poetry, that they have made rules of their very faults, for the moderns to err by *. In ſhort, my opinion of human learning is, that it has made the mind of man like an overgrown child; which, by being tramelled too long in leading-ſtrings, and paced up and down thro' the regular alleys of a parterre, is deprived of that ſtrength and activity, which a free and unbounded exerciſe, thro' the fields of nature, might make it capable of arriving at ——And here I muſt remind you of my ſcheme of a college, mentioned to you ſome time ago: for, if a ſet of ſtudents could poſſibly be improved in the contemplation of truth and nature, without the leaſt biaſs or tincture of modern knowledge or learning, it is impoſſible to ſay to what a height the mind of man is capable of attaining.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,
Your ſincere

AUTOMATHES.

Send me the poem you promiſed me, by the return of the poſt.

* Catachreſis, Antitheſis, Enallage, Paronomaſia, Pleonaſm, cum multis, both in rhetoric and grammar.

——————incerta hæc ſi tu poſtules
Rationes certa facere, nihilo plus agas,
Quàm ſi des operam, ut cum ratione inſanias. TER.

LETTER CXL.

Dear HARRY,

I SAID I would write by this poſt, and, in order to fulfill my promiſe, have taken up the pen; but find that it is not in my power to write any thing but words; for my thoughts are ſo much diſſipated by the continual hurry I have been in, ſince I ſaw you, that it would require, at leaſt, a week's ſolitude, to reduce them to any kind of form; unleſs I were to ſend you a little journal, and, by that means, treat only of the ſubject I diſlike moſt, I know no other that I could think of, while I wrote three words,——*Love* and *you* excepted.——But ye indeed are one, at leaſt in my idea: and tho' that is a theme, to which my thoughts for ever could attend, yet, as they are not capable of change, and have already ſpoke all the dear, inſpiring ſubject could ſuggeſt, I need only refer to your memory, for all the ſentiments of my heart, paſt, preſent, and to come.

As I never was happy enough to be able to give my opinion from experience, on the ſubject of parental affection, I ſhall not venture to give it at all, for more reaſons than one, as it unfortunately differs from your's.

To my great ſurprize, the poſtman has, this inſtant, brought me yours from Maidenhall.——Had it been a letter, on which my happineſs depended, it would have met the ſame delay; I am ſo heartily provoked, I could almoſt ſwear.

I am ſincerely glad to hear that your dear Maidenhall, and dearer ſelf, have not received any injury from the fierce rage of Boreas. We have diſmal accounts from moſt parts of the kingdom. No certain tidings of the yacht—it is in general believed ſafe, tho' not ſuppoſed to have eſcaped the

the ſtorm. I am very ſorry for the *Depopulation* of Dunmore-park: I think I may be allowed the expreſſion, as ſuppoſing an hamadryad the inhabitant of each tree. I think the ſubject would admit of a very pretty paſtoral elegy.

I thank you for your very elegant diſſertation on learning. I have the honour to be ſo much of your's and Montaigne's opinion, that it is impoſſible for me to ſay any thing on the ſubject.——You muſt excuſe my not ſending the little poem, you deſired this poſt; but, to make you amends, I ſend you a much better * thing incloſed.

I beg to hear from you continually, and am

Your own

FRANCES.

LETTER CXLI.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED the ſong of Palma's, and do not think there is any thing in the tune, any more than the words; ſo far they are adapted to each other. It would be an eaſy taſk to improve the thought in a ſtanza more, but then it would not ſerve for the ſame tune, for the whole addreſs of the compoſer was to ſuit proper muſick to the words, "Laugh,"—and—"cry;" therefore, unleſs the ſame words were repeated in the next verſe, the ſound, to uſe a bold expreſſion, would be errant nonſenſe.

My ſentiments about natural affection do not proceed, you believe me, from a *Stoical* philoſophy, or the want of an humane diſpoſition; perhaps, few people feel more of tenderneſs in their hearts, than I do, and, from a certain ſoftneſs in my

* A ſong of Palma's.

nature,

nature, tho' I have not the appearance of it in my manners, I often experience a fond temper for other people's children, which ſometimes their parents are inſenſible of. Therefore the arguments, I amuſed the time with, in the letter you mention, proceeded merely from a certain method, I have always put in practice, ever ſince I ventured to think for myſelf, which was, never to take any opinion, or dogma, upon the common received notions of the world, or the *ipſe dixit* of the ſchools, without firſt making it paſs thro' the ſcrutiny of ſenſe and reaſon; which is the ſureſt way of allowing the full value to every virtue or quality in human nature.

Beſides, I am jealous for the honour or dignity of man; and would endeavour to reſcue every thing from inſtinct, which can be attributed to reflection, or benevolence. I think too, that the doctrine of natural affection has often had ſeveral very bad conſequences attending it; in making many children, depending on that prejudice, behave themſelves more unworthily toward their parents, than they would venture to do to their patrons; and many fathers have left immenſe fortunes to graceleſs ſons, from this miſtake, while they have left an honeſt ſervant, or valuable friend, unrewarded.

I expected a good deal from you upon the ſubject of my late letters; or, what was better, ſomething relating to yourſelf; but your apologies put me in mind of what was ſaid by a ſurly courtier to king William, that king Charles refuſed a favour with a better grace than he granted one.

I have often in converſation, in reading to you, and by letter, endeavoured to lead you into ſubjects of ſome intricacy, or depth, in order to make you experience your own genius, and be ſenſible of your ſtrength; and, tho' you are ſometimes too cowardly

cowardly to engage, yet your ſlight touches and irregular eſſays are like the tuning of an inſtrument by a maſterly hand, which has ſomething more pleaſing to a good ear, than the regular performance of a middling one.

" Like Shakeſpear, Fancy's ſweeteſt child,
" Warbling his native wood notes wild."

LETTER CXLII.

Dear HARRY,

I AM ſorry the ſong did not pleaſe you; but, as I have not the *misfortune* to be a connoiſſeur, I like it mightily. I am not overburthened with knowledge of any kind, and yet I ſincerely wiſh I had leſs; as the little I have ſerves more to improve my folly, than reaſon, by giving me a general diſreliſh to moſt things that I underſtand. For inſtance,—let the words and muſick of a ſong be, like that I ſent you, equally bad, and I ſhall be diſguſted with the words, and pleaſed with the tune; when, perhaps, if I underſtood muſick, even as well as I do poetry, I ſhould not have received any pleaſure from either. Query, could my underſtanding crotchets and quavers, make me amends for robbing me of half an hour's entertainment?

Your ſentiments on natural affection, may, for aught I know, be perfectly right; but I think it is vaſtly more to the honour of human nature, to ſuppoſe, that our virtues are innate, (which is but another name for inſtinct) than acquired; and it is to me quite certain, that this particularly muſt proceed from honeſt inſtinct; for the very utmoſt effect, which can ariſe from reflection in this caſe, is

is not to make us feel, but act, as if we felt, the natural touch.

I am quite ſenſible of my own incapacity to engage on any topick with you, and, if ever I venture to give my opinion on ſubjects, that I neither am, nor ever ſhall be miſtreſs of, it muſt be owing to a ſtrong reliance on your indulgence, and to the pleaſure I always took in having you for a preceptor. There is a kind of pride in receiving inſtruction from the man I love, which compenſates for the mortification of being ignorant. For theſe reaſons, I think your ſarcaſm rather ſevere, than juſt: for, were I even a greater fool than I am, it would be cruel to condemn me for being ſo, while I make no claim to ſenſe or knowledge; but you are welcome to ſay what you pleaſe; nor am I angry at your being witty. There is yet another reaſon, which I may offer, in defence of my cowardice; and is, perhaps, the moſt valid of any, ——the continual hurry I have been in, ever ſince you left town. While you was here, I neither ſaw nor went to ſee any creature; of courſe, had not only many viſits, but apologies to make; and theſe, joined to more buſineſs than ever I was engaged in, with a thouſand perplexing circumſtances, have left me hardly time to eat or ſleep. I have fretted myſelf to death; perhaps, for want of that philoſophy, and calm compoſure, which you have ſo happily acquired.

I am, this moment, going to dine with lady O—: I have ſpent much of my time with her, ſince I ſaw you; ſhe is indeed a true practical philoſopher; her life and manners furniſh as noble a leſſon, as any to be found in the volumes of Socrates or Plato;——yet not even her prevailing example, nor all the little arguments, which my diſtracted thoughts can muſter, have been able to reduce my mind, even to its wonted calm. But I flatter myſelf,

ſelf, that a few days, by putting an end to ſome part of my anxiety, will abate my uneaſineſs; and, for the reſt, time and time only muſt be my phyſician.

I again earneſtly intreat, that you write to me much, and often: you cannot conceive the pleaſure I receive from your letters; nor the mortification your miſſing a poſt gives me. Adieu, my heart's dear Harry! I am, and ever ſhall be ſincerely and affectionately,

Your's.

P. S. You have got a very ſprightly correſpondent, if one may judge of her letter, by her countenance; for ſhe ſits by me writing, and ſmiling without ceaſing.

LETTER CXLIII.

My deareſt FANNY,

I CANNOT give up to you the point about natural affection, tho' you have diſputed it cloſely with me. You ſay reflection cannot make us feel, tho' it may make us act as if we did, which is extremely juſt; therefore I did not make reflection the cauſe of this feeling, but habit; which, I ſaid, ſteals ſo imperceptibly upon us, that we miſtake it for nature; and it is ſo near it, that it is called a ſecond nature.

I cannot think, with you, that the ſubſtituting innate ideas, inſtead of reaſon and reflection, would be more for the honour of human nature, tho' perhaps it would be for the dignity of it; as a work made perfect is more valuable than a work to be perfected: the dignity lying in the ſimple nature of a thing, but the honour in the perfection of it. And ſurely Socrates, reformed from vice, or paſſion,

paſſion, by the force of philoſophy, is a nobler ſubject for the honour of mankind, than Diogenes, who was ſaid never to have been addicted or inclined to any humour, except that of railing. It was from this way of thinking, that I ſaid ſomething to you in my laſt letter, which, I am afraid, has given you ſome offence. I conſidered you as a work, capable of perfection, in order to rouze you to exert yourſelf. I ſaid, I often tempted you to try your ſtrength, or ſound your depth: was this ſarcaſm, to allow you both ſtrength and depth? in ſhort, let this reflection always prevent any miſtake of this kind for the future, that I love you ſo ſincerely, and like you ſo extremely, that I can never think, or mean any thing, which might give you offence: and, whenever I ſay or do any thing, which you feel yourſelf picqued at, you may reprehend my manners, which are, I confeſs, liable to cenſure: but blame not my ſentiments, which are faultleſs, with regard to you.

I did attribute your not writing, to the hurry of buſineſs; and would have wrote to you laſt poſt, but for fear of preſſing you too much, at this time; as the fatigue of writing conſtantly muſt be too much for you, unleſs you had more retired leiſure; therefore, I will not be ſo exact with you for the future. I will write to you every poſt, and if you anſwer two, three, or four of my letters at once, I ſhall be ſatisfied; being well convinced that you will not neglect it, on account of any employment more pleaſant, but from buſineſs more neceſſary. This is what I have refuſed you, ever ſince we were correſpondents; but have thought, at laſt, that taking off the conſtraint of a regular correſpondence would give a freer air and briſker ſpirit to it. The firſt favoured of duty, this of love.—

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Your's only.

One letter is wanting, which this alſo anſwers.

LETTER CXLIV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THE ſtory I hinted to you, in a late letter, was, in great meaſure, the cauſe of the exceſſive lowneſs of ſpirits, you chide me for. I am mortified at the inſincerity and ingratitude of ſome people, on whom I had a ſtrong dependence; particularly, Lady ———; her vehement profeſſions, and contemptible behaviour have ſerved to illuſtrate my real opinion, that ſenſe and virtue are the only ſolid foundation for love and friendſhip. I am abſolutely amazed, and angry at myſelf, for being duped by ſuch a woman.

But, in order to ſet her behaviour in a much ſtronger light, I have, in my acquaintance with Lady O———, found ſuch a contraſt, as is not to be deſcribed. Inſtead of an affectation of ſenſe and virtue in the one, the actions of the other ſpeak the full force of both; dignity, without pride; good humour, without folly; wit, without ſatire; charity, without oſtentation; and philoſophy, with the extremeſt quickneſs of underſtanding, and tenderneſs of heart, are all joined in the amiable compoſition of that unaffectedly good woman.

Juſt as I had finiſhed the laſt line, her chair came for me: I have been with her three hours, and would not have quitted her now, for any other pleaſure, but that of returning to my dear Harry.

She has indeed calmed my mind extremely, by that juſt method of reaſoning, ſhe is perfectly miſtreſs of. I hope my dear Harry will excuſe my dwelling ſo long on a ſubject my heart is ſo much intereſted in, as it overflows with gratitude to one, who will not even ſuffer an attempt to expreſs it.

My ſincereſt thanks are your's, for conſenting lately to my ſo-often-repeated requeſt; you may indeed be ſatisfied, that no avocation more pleaſant will ever interfere with my part of our correſpondence; aſſured of this, that I would give up every thing, that is called pleaſure in this world, for the real one I enjoy in converſing with you——Oh! when ſhall I have that happineſs without allay?—

I was not picqued at your not ſuppoſing me capable of entering the liſts of logick with you, but at your ſeeming to gibe at my want of capacity; which, you know, is a misfortune, and not a fault. You ſay, you "did not mean it ſo."—I believe it, firſt, becauſe you ſay it; and next, becauſe I am too low ſpirited to be angry, if you had meant to make me ſo.

Perhaps, my preſent dejection is the cauſe of my fancying myſelf in a bad ſtate of health; but, from a cough, which has never left me ſince you did, and a continued pain acroſs my cheſt, I imagine myſelf going into a conſumption. I ſincerely hope I am miſtaken; for, indeed, I do not wiſh to part with thee. I intend conſulting Doctor Barry; when I do, you ſhall know his opinion. 'Till then, and ever, be aſſured, the bitterneſs of death hath not a pang, but what the loſs of thee will give. I find myſelf poſſeſſed with ſuch a gloomy tenderneſs, as you, certainly, will be angry at.—Oh! my heart's treaſure, forgive that ſelfiſh weakneſs, which laments thy abſence; for joy and thou are one!

For heaven's ſake, burn this letter. I am ſtrongly tempted to write another; but, if I ſhould, perhaps it would be as fooliſh,—ſo e'en let it go!

I ſhould complain of your having wrote oftener to Kitty than me; and, by that means, ſeeming more anxious about the buſineſs of her fortunes, than my happineſs; but, by making an apology,

you have acknowledged a fault; which is all I ever required, to render my forgiveneſs abſolute.

Adieu! my deareſt, beſt-loved, firſt, and only friend! may that happineſs, which I think you merit, and ſincerely wiſh you, ever attend you!

FRANCES.

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*LETTER CXLV.

Dear FANNY,

I AM heartily ſorry for the diſappointments and mortifications you have met with; but I have known the lady's character you mention, ſo long, that I am very ſure I ſhall never be ſurprized at any thing ſhe does; for I dare ſwear ſhe will never grow good. Lady O———'s character you need not put in contraſt, to make it greatly eſteemed.

I am concerned at the account you give of your health; and cannot ſay, I hope that it is only your ſpleen, which makes you fancy yourſelf unwell; becauſe I think imaginary ills worſe, for the preſent, and more difficult to be cured, than real ones. I hope to find you ſoon better, than you believe yourſelf to be.

Adieu!

* This letter was part of No. CXLIV. in the former edition; but the tranſcriber had made a blunder there; he joined two letters, of different dates, in one. They were two very ſhort ones, and he thought it better to tack them together, by way of an eke, without having regard to the ſeries. He had heard, that two *halves* make an *whole*; but allowed no exception for heterogeneous parts.

Here is an *Hiatus*, tho' the firſt paragraph ſeems to anſwer letter laſt but two.

LETTER CXLVI.

MY dear Harry's promiſed indulgence ſhall not make me leſs ſollicitous to expreſs the pleaſure I receive from his charming correſpondence, than if I imagined that my thanks were to be the purchaſe of that pleaſure. I confeſs that, from the firſt, I have been incapable of making any other return, and now find myſelf, if poſſible, leſs capable than ever; for, as the value of your letters increaſes every day, or, at leaſt, my eſteem for them, conſcious as I am of their worth, it would appear a high proof of confidence in me, to attempt any thing more, than bare acknowledgments. Accept then, my deareſt love, of the warmeſt gratitude, which that heart, you firſt taught to feel, and that underſtanding, you alone have faſhioned, is capable of beſtowing; and let my ſenſibility of *your* merit, excuſe the want of it in *me*.

I have not, ſince you left town, had leiſure to read a page in Montaigne, or any other author. I have indeed paſſed thro' ſuch a ſeries of hurry, diſquiet, and fatigue, that I am more than half dead; it is not to be told how much I am changed by it; but I flatter myſelf, that the pleaſure of ſeeing you, and the hopes I have of enjoying peace and content in the country, will reſtore me to myſelf, or ſomething better.

I am ſtill in the ſame diſagreeable way, with regard to my health;———perhaps, I am vapouriſh, and fancy myſelf worſe than I really am.

I ſaw —— this day, he ſays your cough ſtill continues;——for heaven's ſake, how can you be

ſo exceſſively ill-natured, as not to take ſome care of yourſelf? You muſt, on this occaſion, give me leave to remind you of that nobleſt part of Seneca's Philoſophy, which your favourite author mentions: ——"He that loves not his wife, or friend, ſo "well, as to prolong his health for them, but will "obſtinately die, is too delicate and effeminate; "the ſoul muſt impoſe this on itſelf, when the "utility of our friends does ſo require it; it is a "teſtimony of grandeur and courage, to preſerve "one's life, for the conſideration of another, "when a man perceives that this office is pleaſing, "agreeable, or uſeful to ſome perſon, by whom "we are tenderly beloved."

Taking this for granted, what judgment am I to form of your affection for me, who have ſo earneſtly ſollicited you to apply the proper means for ſurmounting that naſty, obſtinate, ill-natured cough? If it were only from a deſire of conquering any thing ſo perverſe, I would get the better of it. I hope this conſideration will have more weight, than any other I have been able to offer; for, alas! "my advocation is not now in tune."

The pain in my cheſt is ſo extreme, that I am not able to ſtoop longer.—Adieu, then, my deareſt Harry!

I am, as I never ſhall ceaſe to be,

Faithfully and affectionately your's,

FRANCES.

HIATUS.

LETTER CXLVI.

My dear FANNY, April 28, 175[illegible].

THE irkſomeneſs of our ſeparation needs not the addition of your repinings. It is ſaid, that all unhappineſs is leſſened by participation; but your complaints double mine. My philoſophy is prepared for any misfortune, which falls on me alone; but I feel its natural weight tenfold, when rebounded from you.

Your apprehenſion that abſence may, in time, create indifference, may be true of human nature in general, but I think my mind is particularly framed; for all the effect I am ſenſible of, is, what ſlaves feel, when they attempt to part.—— For diſtance in love but ſtretches the chain, to make me perceive the alliance more ſtrongly.

You can be in no danger from my inconſtancy, if what a French wit has ſaid be true; that "Ab- "ſence to lovers, like wind to the fire, extinguiſhes "a ſmall flame, but increaſes a great one."

However, to ſhew you I do not mean, as Shakeſpear has beautifully expreſſed it, "to patch up "grief with proverbs," I ſhall be in town on the 10th of next month; and believe me, that nothing but the exigency of my affairs prevents me that pleaſure ſooner.

HENRY.

LETTER CXLVIII.

My dear FANNY,

I REACHED this place without ſtopping, which is above half my journey.

After dinner I finiſhed Montaigne's long Eſſay on Raymond de Sebonde, or rather intitled, his Apology for Raymond de Sebonde; for a very little portion of it relates to that author. As you deſign ſoon to read it, I ſhall give you ſome criticiſms by the way, which, as they can be no way neceſſary for you, I do only to ſhew you that I read not for my own improvement alone, but for your amuſement alſo.

About the beginning of the Eſſay, he ſays, ſpeaking of the new doctrines of Luther, that by ſtaggering our belief, they were likely to run us into atheiſm. See the whole paſſage at large. Now this argument is bad, by proving too much; for it is equally ſtrong to ſupport all religions; nay, the errors too of all religions. But the chriſtian religion is the only true one.——Shall we not prune away the errors and miſtakes, which the frailty of man has ingrafted on it, for fear of hurting the root? Muſt truth then avail itſelf of falſhood, and muſt the imperfections of man be ſanctified by the perfection of God? Let a man firſt be convinced of the truth and reaſon of any doctrine, and then let him boldly ſpeak out, even in religion itſelf; nay, more freely there, for truth cannot contradict truth; and religion is our greateſt concern here, as it muſt neceſſarily be our greateſt hereafter. The chriſtian religion is indeed founded, and very properly ſo, upon faith; and the ſtrongeſt reaſons, next to demonſtration, for the belief. But all its doctrines are, and ought to be, founded on reaſon—therefore ſubject to diſquiſition. I am extremely

extremely provoked at thoſe, who juſtify the ſuperſtitions and impoſitions of the prieſts, under the plauſible title of *pious frauds*; which, with more juſtice, I ſtile *impious falſhoods*. Muſt truth then avail itſelf of error, &c.? for I think it blaſphemy to affirm any thing under the ſanction of religion, which is not of divine authority; either from reaſon, which is the deity within, or revelation, its manifeſtation without. If Montaigne's reaſoning is juſt, it was ſo from the beginning; and muſt conſequently have overlaid the chriſtian religion in its birth. His whole argument, upon this paſſage, might be ſhewn to be extremely weak, but that I ſhould think it a weakneſs to confute him. However, it is not owing to any want of ſenſe or judgment in the author, but to a certain lazineſs in his diſpoſition, which did not ſuffer him to examine cloſely his own opinions; but, after the manner of an old man, of which all his writings are full, found it eaſier to talk than think.

After his wild manner he hops away, and flies into an Eſſay about the Rationality of Brutes. If the ſchoolmen will not allow me this expreſſion, by tying me down to a certain definition, I ſhall only anſwer them, by quoting a criticiſm of Addiſon's upon Pope's Eclogues; that, if they are not paſtorals, they are ſomething better. I think he has offered a great many very bold and clever arguments on this ſubject; which, tho' they do not prove the matter, do, at leaſt, put it out of the power of thoſe who deny it, to prove the contrary. His whole deſign, thro' the eſſay, is, by ſhewing the inſufficiency of human underſtanding, to recommend to us our dependence upon faith; and, tho' there are few people who are more inclined to a free and canvaſſed diſquiſition of all matters, even the moſt ſacred, and moſt general received opinions, than I have always been,

yet the arguments of Montaigne, deduced from the writings of the wiſeſt of the ancient and modern philoſophers, have indeed put me out of conceit with the vain imaginations, and preſumptuous reaſonings of human underſtanding.

It was ſaid by ſome writer, that the being of a God was ſo far from a matter of doubt, that it was the only thing of which we could be certain. The eſſay we are upon, furniſhes ſufficient arguments to prove, how doubtful our knowledge is in every thing elſe, which reſolves all ſcience into faith. The higheſt philoſophy cannot give us certainty on the moſt triſling ſubjects; if therefore we know any thing certainly, it muſt be from ſupernatural aid.

The whole eſſay would be properly claſſed, by being bound up with the * Moriæ Encomium of Eraſmus; only with this difference, that Montaigne is in earneſt, and Eraſmus in jeſt. But I like my author beſt, becauſe his is a philoſophical eſſay; the other, only an humorous ſatire.

Adieu!

HIATUS.

LETTER CXLIX.

Dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your laconic epiſtle, which I could wiſh had been ſtill ſhorter, as far as it mentions your being ill. I am myſelf a little unwell, from drinking theſe three days paſt; and it muſt be a very irkſome reflection, not to be able to recollect any one enjoyment, of which my preſent pain was the purchaſe; for drinking, in general,

* Panegyrick on Folly.

you

you know I hate; and yet I would rather have drank alone, than in the company I debauched with. Do not think me conceited in this ſpeech, for I really look upon it rather as an imperfection than a refinement, that ſo few people are agreeable to my taſte; as it is the ſign of a depraved appetite, not to be able to reliſh plain and ſimple meats. The men of half, or quarter underſtandings, diſguſt me moſt; and mere fools I can live tolerably well with, provided they be good humoured; tho' a good humoured fool may be compared to a fine day in winter, which keeps us all the while in pain with the fear of loſing it, as it has not a *ſeaſon* to ſupport it. It is ſenſe alone, which can give conſtancy to chearfulneſs or virtue.

My diſreliſh to company is a good deal owing to a certain ſplenetick caſt of mind, which I have contracted from ſome mortifications and diſappointments, I have formerly met with, joined to ſome uneaſineſſes, I at preſent labour under; which evil habit, as I am well aware of, I ſhall endeavour to get the better of, as faſt as poſſible: For, ſhould I ſuffer ſuch a humour as this to grow upon me, it might render me incapable of enjoying the favours, which, perhaps, fortune has in ſtore for me; and would be as abſurd, as unmanning one's ſelf, upon being croſſed in love.*

You have, my charming girl, a good deal to anſwer for, with regard to my diſreliſh of converſation, in general, and are likely to increaſe the evil every day: For your taſte and underſtanding improve conſtantly, or, to ſpeak more properly, are more illuſtrated: For I believe that, in proportion as my ſenſe improves, or taſte refines, I may be ſaid rather to diſcover new beauties, than you to acquire them. Here I ſhall obſerve to you, what you have ſome-

* Durate, et voſmet rebus ſervate ſecundis.

times upbraided me with, that I did not ſeem to increaſe in my love for you from the firſttime I declared my regards. Which obſervation is true enough; for my love was perfect, at firſt, as I eſteemed and valued you, not only for what you then were, but by a præ-ſentiment for what you would be. Like a ſkilful lapidary, I valued the jewel in the ſtone; thinking the poliſhing could add but an inconſiderable value to intrinſic worth.

Adieu!

HENRY.

LETTER CL.

FRANCES to HENRY.

I DO not believe there are any words, that can poſſibly deſcribe the ſituation of my mind: I think, I want but a ſmall matter to render me as incapable of feeling, as I am of expreſſing it; but as I, "even in madneſs, love thee," my heart received a momentary calm from your dear letter; and, "for a while, forgot the approach of Cæſar." You, doubtleſs, expect that I ſhould aſſign ſome reaſon for the extraordinary emotion I have mentioned, but it ariſes from ſuch a multiplicity of odd circumſtances, that it would be impoſſible for me even to recollect the thouſandth part of them. In ſhort, my memory, tho' contrary to your opinion, accompanied what little underſtanding I had, and they are both marched off together. Whoever finds, may take them for their pains, I ſhould be aſhamed to claim them. There is nobody doubts the mind's ſuffering with the body; and I poſitively affirm, that the body returns the compliment; for I am, at this inſtant, ſo extremely ill, and tremble ſo violently, that I can hardly hold the pen. And it

is

is more than probable I ſhould have enjoyed a moderate ſhare of health, if my mind had not been hurt and harraſſed.

Any perſon of ſenſe or taſte, who has ever had the happineſs of converſing with you, can eaſily account for your general diſlike to what is called converſation; and what is ſtill worſe, you are the cauſe of this diſreliſh in others. For my part, I have often lamented, on this account, that we were ever acquainted; for, as by a fatal neceſſity, we are obliged to paſs ſo much of our time aſunder, the little we ſpend together hardly compenſates for paſſing the greateſt part of my life in a ſtrong contempt, or, at beſt, inſipid, taſteleſs apathy to every thing I hear or ſee.——As we are on this topic, I will venture to ſay, what to any body elſe who did not know me very well, would appear vaſtly impertinent, and vain,——that I have often, in the company of fools, been aſhamed to give any proofs of the little underſtanding which providence has bleſt me with; and have left a parcel of idiots thoroughly ſatisfied, that I was, by many degrees, ſillier than any of the ſett.

Adieu!

FRANCES.

HIATUS.

LETTER CLI.

My dear HELOISE,

THAT I have ſhewn you any beauties in your poem, which you obſerved not before, is owing to the eye not ſeeing itſelf, but by reflection; and, like a mirrour, I have but barely *reported* the form, not capable of improving it: But I have this advantage in the ſimile, that the ſubſtance of your dear image ſhall always remain with me, tho' the ſhadow of it ſhould be vaniſhed.

" ———As learned commentators view
" More things in Homer, than e'er Homer knew:

So it is the character of all perſons of genius to ſay things, the beauties of which they were not aware of: For, as all truth, harmony, and order are but the expreſſions of the innate ideas of a perfect mind, it is natural for the human ſoul, exerted to its proper force, to hint, unconſcious, at ſcience or philoſophy, which it had never learned or thought of. The utmoſt of my art can but explain your wit or ſenſe, not improve them; and, as indeed you have more of both, than it is poſſible your youth and inexperience ſhould have ſkill enough to find out, it ſhall be henceforth my pleaſing taſk to make that *mine* current, which * ſhines by uſe, and, like other treaſures, increaſes by communication.

I do not recollect what lines of mine you hint at; if you mention them more particularly, I ſhall ſend them, to ſhew my obedience, even after your's.

I am ſtill in the ſame ſtudy of Montaigne, and have begun him again, in the old edition I had formerly by me; as, perhaps, that may give me light into ſome paſſages, which are very obſcurely tranſlated in the new one; and the preſs of this is alſo the moſt imperfect I ever ſaw of any book. The errors, which the ſenſe can ſet you right in, are not material; but there are ſome very unlucky ones, which lead you quite aſtray from the ſubject; as, particularly, *unite* for *un'ye*, *&c. &c.* which I mention to put you on your guard, as you go thro' it.

I declare, I never received more pleaſure or ſatisfaction from any author, in my life, than this. He has a thorough knowledge of the world and human nature, and more wit than all the epigrams which were ever wrote; and many poetical flights, which the beſt verſe, I ever read, might be proud to own.

* Splendeat uſu. HOR.

He

He has a ſenſe, which I am fond of, more improved by thought and reflection, than ſtudy or learning; an underſtanding free from prejudice, and a judgment formed from a natural diſcernment, and not framed upon the doctrines or opinions of others.

His ſentiments are every-where juſt and noble, and there is a certain freedom in his ſtile, and boldneſs in his expreſſion, which are ſtrong enough to break even thro' both his tranſlators. As for what I have heard ſome ſmall critics cavil at, that he is always talking of himſelf, is it improper to ſpeak about what he profeſſedly makes his ſubject? He treats of human nature in general,—then himſelf ought to be his particular ſtudy: What he ſays of others, he can only gueſs at, but what he ſays of himſelf, he may be ſure of. He ſpeaks often too groſsly, it is ſaid; and it is certain he does,—but then the freedom of his deſcriptions, and expreſſions in thoſe paſſages, are only ſhocking to thoſe to whom the ſtudy of anatomy would be obſcene. In ſhort, I highly eſteem his writings, and greatly honour his memory.

In his ſhort eſſay upon monſtrous births, which I read over this morning, he makes a very fine obſervation, which has amuſed me greatly,———that, perhaps, what we look upon as monſters, may not be really ſo in the eye of Providence; for nothing can be contrary to nature, unleſs we miſtake cuſtom, as I have ſaid before is often done, for nature; and theſe *heteroclite* creatures may, perhaps, have relation to a ſpecies of the ſame kind, unknown to man. I am particularly pleaſed with this philoſophick turn of thought, as it takes off greatly from the offence, which ſuch *obſcene* ſights naturally,———I mean, uſually give us. This ſentiment I ſhall extend farther, with relation to thoſe extraordinary ſpirits in virtue, or ſcience, who ſeem to excel mankind, as if they were of a higher ſpecies, and may, perhaps, have

have relation to a nobler rank of beings; but ſent down a claſs, or more, lower, for ſome offence in their former ſtate; and obliged to earn their way up again to their loſt dignity; according to a diſcipline, I ſomewhere read of and was pleaſed with, in an army, where the greateſt officer, upon any error, or breach of his duty, was degraded to ſome inferior ſtation, according to his fault, and ſo reduced to fight his way back again to his forfeited rank. Or, perhaps, theſe rare Genii are now and then dropped among us, to raiſe our emulation in virtue or knowledge; or, it may be, to hint to us mortals, that the ordinary race of man is not the greateſt work of God; which, however, a very little reflection upon Providence might convince us of; for God, as it has been elſewhere obſerved, all powerful, may not reſt at a creature ſo imperfect as man.

Farewel, my dear Heloiſe! and believe me
your faithful ABELARD.

LETTER CLII.

Dear HARRY,

I HAVE obſerved ſince you left town, that the letters, which have paſſed between us, have not had the leaſt air of a correſpondence. Your's, indeed, are infinitely ſuperior to any thing I have ever ſeen under that denomination, being regular finiſhed eſſays; while mine have been mere acknowledgements for the receipt of ſuch a treaſure. And if, at any time, I have chanced to vary from the uſual form, and given expreſſion to my own thoughts, which are only filled with tenderneſs for you, you have not deigned to take the leaſt notice of them. To illuſtrate this truth, can any thing be more extraordinary, than your addreſſing your anſwer, to the moſt important concern of my life,

to

to Kitty; yet write to me by the ſame poſt, without ever mentioning it? However, the means cannot rob me of the pleaſure I take in knowing you are well.

Whatever effect ſpleen may have on my mind, I do aſſure you, my body, without that, is much diſordered: But I hope every thing from clear air, regularity, and content; none of which I have the leaſt expectation of enjoying in Dublin, tho' I believe I ſhall not go above five or ſix miles from it, in purſuit of them all. My ſcheme, with regard to Weſtmeath, is quite changed,——but more of this when we meet. You flatter me with the hopes of ſeeing you——Do you really think of coming? Tell me, and when?

Mr. and Mrs. —— have left town. Mr. —— goes to England next Monday: I am juſt going to bid him adieu. Indeed I ſhall be the moſt diſconſolate of all mortals, left among thoſe, who ſerve only to debar me of the pleaſure of ſolitude, and remind me of the abſence of them I love. I deteſt going abroad, yet muſt be obliged to it, and it will be impoſſible to bear home without a companion, or the liberty of reading: Which laſt, ſhould I attempt, would not only be impracticable, but explained into an act of the higheſt diſregard and ingratitude, by my aunt.——Is not this a pleaſant ſituation!

I have read ſix or ſeven chapters of Montaigne; but, as I read regularly, am not come to that you lately mentioned. I like him vaſtly, and have a kind of pleaſure in recalling the ideas he inſpired me with ſome years ago. I am aſhamed, and ſorry to tell you, that I think my underſtanding and judgment were infinitely ſuperior, even in my childiſh days, to what they are at preſent. I can only account for it by my thoughts being more diſſipated, and eagerly engaged in a variety of purſuits, than they then were:

were: And there being, at firſt, but a ſlight foundation, it was intirely deſtroyed in the diviſion. I will not expatiate farther on thoſe merits, which, as I no longer poſſeſs them, may appear to you quite imaginary; but ſhall build all my hopes of your regard on *one*, which neither time nor chance can alter—that of being ſincerely and affectionately

Your's.

LETTER CLIII.

Belmont.

HOW could you take me to taſk ſo unfairly as you did, about my careleſſneſs, with regard to your inquiries? Recollect yourſelf of my letter to Kitty, you'll find, when I had ſealed mine to you, that poſt, George brought me your letter from ———. I was then writing to Kitty about buſineſs, and I thought the account of my health would come as quickly to you by a paragraph it her letter, as if I had broke open a ſeal, to inform you of it in your's. This would have been ſuch a piece of formality as I would be very ſorry we were upon terms to require. As for the critical and philoſophical ſubjects of my letters, which you ſo genteely reprimand, let me make this apology for them: That they never once diverted me from anſwering, and obſerving upon every ſingle paragraph of your letters; and I only eſſay my own fund, when I have nothing better to comment upon.

Your obſervation upon diſagreeable company is very pretty, and juſt. They deſtroy the pleaſures of ſolitude, but leave us the irkſome part of it; which is, the remembrance of our abſent friends; and this too in a ſtronger manner than when alone, by affording us an opportunity of compariſon. I am ſure you make a provoking compariſon between

your

your former and preſent underſtanding; and the reaſon that you thought better of the firſt, was, becauſe it was the weakeſt. Our humility increaſes in proportion to our ſenſe and knowledge. A perſon in a valley is inſenſible of the narrow circumference of his ſight; but mounting up the hill, the extent of proſpect betrays the ſhort limits of that ſenſe. If you will reſt your opinion upon my judgment in this matter, be aſſured that I never ſaid any thing either of your ſenſe, wit, taſte, or other merits, that I did not really think to the full extent of the letter.

I am, my deareſt Fanny, your's,

An pied du lettre.

HIATUS.

LETTER CLIV.

Dear FANNY,

THE lines you deſire, are not worth ſending; but to write good verſes is one thing, and to obey is another; ſo, according to your commands, take what follows.

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A vile phraſe, and worſe matter; but both preferable to the ſubject. I ſuſpect theſe were not the lines you enquired for; and fancy thoſe wrote in a young lady's prayer-book, were what you meant; tho' I believe I gave you them before. They had

ſome

ſome ſpirit in them, but alluded to ſecret hiſtory ſo much, that they could not be underſtood without a comment, which I ſhall never give.

Let us now proceed to proſe, for I look upon verſe, I mean rhyme, to be ſuch a device for reading or writing, as the jingling bells which carters uſe, that are ſuppoſed to encourage their brutes to labour with more chearfulneſs; and I ſhall ever honour that critick, in the claſs of falſe taſte, who ſaid that Milton wanted only the ornament of rhyme, to render him perfect. Such a genius would cut all the trees of a foreſt into pyramids, and faſhion mount Athos into the figure of a man; as was projected once by Alexander, and ſhew the power of art, by it's violence upon nature.

To give you my opinion of rhyme, I look upon puns to be a ſpecies of it, as they are a jingling of words and a tinkling of ſounds. Indeed, thoſe, who can write like you, may be excuſed, where the real beauties of poetry render the reader inſenſible to the crambo; but then this apology is ſuch a one, as is made for the quibbling of Shakeſpear, that the falſe reliſh of the age required ſuch a condeſcenſion. You uſe verſe as you do cloaths; not for the ornament, but in compliance to cuſtom; not becauſe you have one blemiſh to cover, but becauſe you can afford to hide many beauties.

I left Belmont this morning, not that I had finiſhed my buſineſs there, but becauſe I had read out the only book I had with me; and was then expoſed to the mercy of the winds and rains, which have been very ſevere there this week.

The only fault I find in Montaigne, is the profuſion of quotations he interſperſes thro' all his works. It is neceſſary ſometimes to illuſtrate our reaſonings by examples; but theſe ſhould be drawn from our own obſervations, rather than the ſentiments

of

of others. When we treat of Death, Immortality, &c. why need we produce the opinions of Plato, or Seneca, upon theſe ſubjects? We dare not depend on our own ſtrength, but lean upon others, and often ſupport weak judgments by the force of authority. This is one of the reaſons we make ſuch ſlow progreſs, of late, in ſcience or philoſophy; for we follow one another in ſuch beaten tracks, that our view cannot be extended farther than to the perſon, who goes before us; and are afraid of turning to the right, or left, leſt we ſhould loſe our way. I am ſo diſſatisfied with quotations, that I run into the contrary extreme, and endeavour to avoid them, as much as others do to bring them in; inſomuch that I often ſhun the very thoughts, which naturally occur to me in writing or ſpeaking, if I recollect they have been made uſe of, upon the ſame occaſion before. This is, perhaps, an affectation greater than the other; and may fall under the cenſure objected to writings of this kind, that thoſe, who will not condeſcend to ſay any thing, which has been ſaid before them; will probably never ſay any thing, which will be quoted after them. But this laſt nicety, perhaps, I owe to my correſpondence with you, leſt I ſhould be ſuſpected of plagiariſm; as you have read every thing, which I am capable of underſtanding; yet I have a more humble reaſon for avoiding quotations; that I don't care to give people an opportunity of making compariſons to my diſadvantage.

There is a paſſage in Montaigne, which I am particularly flattered with, becauſe it puts me in mind of a bold expreſſion and ſentiment of mine, in a former letter to you *; "that I had ſo com-
"pleat a poſſeſſion of you, that I enjoyed your very
"abſence," or words to that purpoſe. Speaking

* Letter XCIII.

of

of a friend, he loved, he ſays, " A † correſpondence " deſtroys abſence, as it gives us a liberty of con- " verſing tógether. We better filled, and extended " the poſſeſſion of life, in being parted. He lived, " rejoiced, and ſaw for me, and I for him, as plainly " as if he had himſelf been there. One part re- " mained idle, and we confounded one another, " when we were together. Diſtance of place ren- " dered the conjunction of our wills more rich. " The inſatiable deſire of perſonal preſence, ſome- " what implies weakneſs in the fruition of ſouls." Nothing can be more finely imagined, or better expreſſed, than this whole paſſage; after which, I will not venture to add any thing of my own, but conclude in his words; " While *natural conveniencies* " fail, let us ſupply the defect with thoſe that are " artificial!"

Farewel, my love, my friend!

HENRY.

† Writing relieves abſence: it is an extraordinary thing, that the very action which marks it moſt, ſhould make us feel it leaſt. *Henry.*

HIATUS.

LETTER CLV.

FRANCES to HENRY.

THOUGH I have been, ever ſince I came to town, overwhelmed with buſineſs, I cannot ſay that I am diſpleaſed at this embarras du monde, as it prevents my having leiſure to indulge gloomy reflections, which are the certain conſequence of indolence and inactivity: And, though my ſpirits are too weak to bear much fatigue, I would prefer the moſt laborious life to the melancholy hours I ſometimes

times paſs; not for want of employment, but reſolution to employ myſelf.

I am, however, far from being ſatisfied with my preſent condition; for I, almoſt hourly, find the want of a reaſonable companion; who, by participating in my concerns, or approving my actions, would double my aſſiduity, and, of courſe, my ſucceſs. And this leads me to mention two things I have often thought of——Firſt, Providence certainly deſigned us ſocial creatures; and that our greateſt happineſs on earth, and ſtrongeſt purſuit, is the enjoyment of a rational and tender friendſhip; which cannot be attained without devoting the greateſt and beſt part of our lives to this ſingle purpoſe; for I am thoroughly convinced, that ſincere love, or real friendſhip, never was contracted after the age of forty: The mind then takes another turn, grows callous to the tender, ſoft impreſſions of humanity, and is in purſuit of enjoyments directly oppoſite to thoſe, the firſt, and beſt—— unleſs before engaged in the dear tyes of huſband, or of friend; if ſo, each day adds ſtrength to the bleſt union, and ſteals the ſting from ſorrow and from care. Can we then, my deareſt life, without arraigning the goodneſs and wiſdom of the divine Being, ſuppoſe that, from the higheſt excellence of our nature, we ſhould be engaged in laudable purſuits, which are to take up the beſt and happieſt part of our lives; and that, after having been at innumerable pains to obtain them, the enjoyment ſhould ceaſe, juſt when we are capable of it, by putting off this frail mortality? No——it cannot be! With thee I'll range the liquid fields of air, wander through all the immenſity of bliſs, and find none equal to thy dear ſociety; ſo fix my heaven there.

I grow quite an enthuſiaſt on this ſubject; and, of courſe, talk an infinite deal of nonſenſe; but ſure you will excuſe me, when I ſolemnly declare, I have

no

no idea of happineſs, either of this world or the next, unſhared by thee.

The ſecond thing I have to mention is, my ſurprize at your being able to live ſo long alone; "for, "in unequals, what ſociety?" And ſure you appear to me like Adam, before "the laſt and beſt "of all God's works" was formed; dignified with, and conſcious of that ſuperiority he felt, amidſt his vaſſal brutes: Yet could equality alone render ſociety agreeable to you, you muſt, indeed, condemn yourſelf to a perpetual ſolitude; for, in that caſe, I know not where it would be poſſible for you to find a companion.

I am but juſt come home from ——— My watch lies on the table, and points to twelve; ſo I muſt bid you a thouſand times good-night.

FRANCES.

LETTER CLVI.*

My dear FANNY, Belmont.

I SET off in Thurſday's ſtage, the 25th inſtant; and beg you will get ſome lodging for me.

I received a letter from you on Saturday laſt, and another this day: And, firſt, of the firſt. I am very glad you got ſafe to town: But why all this plaintiveneſs? Why will you eternally doubt my tenderneſs for you? Obſerve, that there is a childiſh, and a manly one: Perhaps I am a child in every thing elſe; and then one may ſuſpect, if I do not appear ſo in this, it is becauſe I want the feeling: But if you will allow me to be a man in other things, why will you not judge of me all together? If my letters and behaviour differ, it is becauſe one proceeds from the ſentiments I have toward you, and the other

* One of the letters which this anſwers is lo'.

from a certain nonchalance, or want of earneſtneſs in my manners, which has been often miſinterpreted.

What you ſay with regard to love and friendſhip is certainly juſt, as it is ingenious alſo. The pleaſures of thoſe affections are the greateſt enjoyments of life: How careful ought we then to be to cheriſh them in their proper ſeaſon! which does not extend even ſo far as you mention: And yet we have a long life to labour through after that æra, which would lag heavily along without thoſe helps.

The opinion of a continued converſe after death has been often diſputed, and by me too: But I will come over to your ſentiment, for this concluſive reaſon; We are to be happy after death. Providence always acts by the moſt continued, uniform, and conſtant means. Love and friendſhip are the higheſt enjoyments of mortals: They are likewiſe in the ſeries of virtue. Would it not be caprice in Providence, to give us new objects and ſtrange affections, when we can be made as happy by the improvement of the former, as by the enjoyment of any other*? I will never change my opinion more on this ſubject, for your ſake, my ſweet girl, whoſe charms (pardon the quibble) I wiſh to enjoy, *both above and below*; and in that wiſh I live, and in that hope, I die,

Your's, all your's, and only your's.

HENRY.

* Hear what a great father of the church ſays upon this ſubject,

Certum eſt, beatos homines omnes ab omnibus videri et ſciri, et inter ſe familiariter verſari, ut amicos et proximus. Bellarmin de æternâ felicitate.

LETTER CLVII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilkenny.

I AM come ſo far on my way to Dublin, and ſhall be able to receive juſt one letter from you, before I leave it. My uncle is in the gout, which will not mend his temper; and the three women, I left behind me, are in a hopeful way with him, and he, of conſequence, extremely unhappy with them; for Providence has ordered it's eternal laws ſo equitably, that whoever makes another unhappy by perverſeneſs of temper makes himſelf no leſs ſo. I have more indulgence for great vices, than for this peeviſh unſociable humour, which men abſurdly contract at that ſtage of life, when they ſtand moſt in need of all the friendly, amuſing, * and ſocial helps, to aid them through. The other vices have nature on their ſide, or allurements and temptations, to excuſe them; but moroſeneſs is contrary to nature, (who diffuſes chearfulneſs among all her works) and is alſo a ſelf-torment in the very exerciſe. As I have often ſaid, I looked upon chearfulneſs to be an hymn to Providence, as well as a ſtrong indication of a virtuous mind, ſo, I am almoſt bold to affirm, that ill-humour is blaſphemy in the act, and a moral vice in the diſpoſition: Nay, to prove it a vice, by the ſtrict rules of logic, I affirm it to be a thing diametrically oppoſite to the nature of virtue; for, as that is it's own reward, this is it's own puniſhment.

It is obſerved by Addiſon, that few people have all the qualities requiſite to render life agreeable: But there are two indiſpenſably neceſſary, which

* Solſi ia ſenectuti.

are

are in every one's power; chearfulneſs and conſtancy. Now he who wants either of theſe, may be condemned; while thoſe, who fall ſhort in the gifts of nature, ought only to be pitied. Here it may be proper to ſay ſomething in my own defence, who ſeem to labour under this rule, in *ſome people's* opinion; but obſerve there may be chearfulneſs without mirth, and conſtancy without profeſſing.

I am, my deareſt pet,

Your's ſincerely,

HENRY.

LETTER CLVIII.

HENRY to FRANCES.

Kilkenny.

IT may ſeem idle to write you a letter now, which you will get but a few hours before I ſee you; but I do it, perhaps, to ſhew you I have not ſo mean a conſideration for you, as to ſave you a groat; though I am ſure, as I have no letter of your's to anſwer, that I ſhall not be able to ſay any thing which can defray the expence.

Our aſſizes ended this day, by the execution of all the condemned; among whom was Roberts, a rogue of ſome conſequence. When I heard the guards coming down the ſtreet, I retired to a back room, as it is not a ſpectacle I care to look on; but, conſidering it as an object which might give occaſion to ſome uſeful reflections, I returned, and ſaw them paſs by. The firſt thought which occurred to me was that I ſhould be glad to have been, for ſome time, in their ſituation, out of curioſity, to know how a man feels, or imagines, in ſuch ſhocking circumſtances; for the mere deſcription of any thing does not ſufficiently ſatisfy me. I ſhould be alſo glad, more parti-

cularly, to know how I ſhould behave myſelf, upon ſuch an occaſion; whether I ſhould feel myſelf moſt concerned for my crime, or ſhocked at the puniſhment; whether my hopes, thro' the merit of repentance, would be ſufficient to ſupport me through the terrors; if the ſhame, or pain, would afflict me moſt; whether I ſhould act like a madman, or a fool; and, laſtly, whether I could have ſtrength of mind ſufficient to ſupport that calm and philoſophick temper at my death, which great part of my life has been laid out in endeavouring to attain. With regard to the wretches themſelves, I had one comfortable reflection, which will henceforward take off greatly from the ſhock, which executions of this kind give to the humane mind: That few of ſuch creatures ever reclaim of themſelves; but, proceeding in a ſeries of iniquity, die without repentance. In this particular, the executed malefactor has a great advantage above the rogue who eſcapes. The condemned man has that benefit which the Pſalmiſt prays for ſo emphatically: "Teach me, O Lord, ſo to number my days, that "I may apply my heart unto wiſdom!" And I think that the higheſt crimes, ſincerely repented of, ſhall meet more favour in the next world, than leſſer offences, unatoned by ſorrow and contrition *. I ſhall purſue theſe gallows meditations no farther; but only obſerve to you, the powerful effect of this great ſalvo of repentance, toward the perfect quietiſm of a mind, the leaſt imbued with religion, though untutored by philoſophy, in the inſtance of Roberts, this day; who, juſt before he mounted the ladder, declared he would not change his preſent ſituation with any man in the world.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Sincerely your's.

* I have heard an old expreſſion upon ſome ſuch reflection as the above, "That more ſouls go to Heaven "from the gallows than the grave."

HIATUS.

LETTER CLIX.

Dear FANNY,

I AM alone here; for my uncle is in the rheumatiſm again at ——. I want nothing, but you, to compleat my happineſs here. You cannot imagine the different ſenſations I have in this preſent vacation, from what I am ſenſible of, when I have peeviſh or difficult people to deal with. In ſhort, peace is to the mind, what health is to the body, grace to religion, and chearfulneſs to virtue. Without theſe enlivening qualities, how dead and inactive are all their ſubjects! Without them all, how poor an animal is man! When endowed with them, what a noble and amiable creature! The love of gods, and the emulating envy of angels! Nay, how much more glorious is the ſtate of a good man, than even angels themſelves! We ſuppoſe them, at firſt, made perfect, and guiltleſs to ſin; but mere man, by the power of his own virtue, can render himſelf equal to that perfection, which was, at once, the act of omnipotence, with regard to them. You ſee I lay hold on every fair occaſion of raiſing the dignity of human nature above the diſingenuous and unphiloſophick ſarcaſms of Theophraſtus, La Bruyere, Rocheſoucault, Swift, and the tribe of authors of that ſtamp. Such *ſatiriſts* are unjuſtly ſtiled *moraliſts*; which is the title they vainly arrogate to themſelves.

I am, my deareſt Fanny,

Impatiently your's.

LETTER CLX.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE begun Orrery's Pliny, and, as I go thro' it, ſhall give you my criticiſms, or rather obſervations upon it.

The tranſlator, and his author, have this in common with each other: The fortune, or misfortune, juſt as it happens, of having had two wives; but there is this difference between them, that no poet, or hiſtorian, has mentioned the Roman's firſt wife, nor has *he* even given us any character of her; but lord Orrery has immortaliz'd his, in a note on the ſecond volume, which I remember, you ſhewed me lately, and has alſo a pledge by her, which, if lord Boyle fulfils his early promiſes, will make her live again to the preſent times, as my lord has taken care ſhe ſhall to all future. Perhaps Pliny, from a delicacy of ſentiment, or cautiouſneſs of manners, did not venture to pay any compliments to the memory of his firſt wife, during the life of the ſecond; but if he had had the addreſs of his tranſlator, he might have made an equal compliment to both; and if he had the ſame reaſon for doing ſo, I ſhould think his happineſs equal even to his merits.

But though, after the manner of Plutarch, I draw a parallel between two great men of different nations, I do not inſiſt ſo much upon this accidental likeneſs, as I do upon a natural one; in which, from the text of one, and the comment of the other, I find an amiable reſemblance, which is their noble ſentiments of virtue, and their generous and humane diſpoſitions toward mankind in general. To prove the likeneſs in a ſtronger inſtance, I ſhall obſerve, that lord Orrery is equa lto a greater work than this tranſlation; but not being under the neceſſity of writing either for money, or fame, (fortune having

ing ſaved him one, and his virtue the other, as the character of a good man is higher than that of an author) he was at liberty to follow his own inclinations, and the ſympathy of honeſt minds attracted him to this particular work. I have obſerved, upon this occaſion, ſomething greatly to the advantage of the commentator; that Pliny, from his ſeveral and frequent, generous and enthuſiaſtick remembrance of his particular friends, ſeems to riſe from individuals to the whole; according to that much admired, but fanciful ſimile of Pope's, of a pebble thrown into a ſtanding lake; but Orrery ſeems to take the ſenſe of ſocial love, in a nobler view, as his ſentiments are more general on this head, and ſeem to begin at the outermoſt circle, which was the manner I uſed to reverſe that ſimile, when you and I read or mentioned it together. Indeed, through the courſe of what occaſional reading I have had of this tranſlation, I prefer lord Orrery's ſentiments upon this head, before his other criticiſms. Perhaps, and I hope, I have a better heart for one, than I have a head for the other; or rather, which is the more probable, nature has endowed lord Orrery more in one way, than it is in the power of learning to equal in the other. I have the Latin Pliny by me, but ſhall not compare them together for this firſt reading, becauſe my remarks are meant for you, not for the world.

I hope to hear a good account of your health, in anſwer to my laſt letter, or I ſhall ſend you off to Campania, which might then be ſtiled Fælix.

Farewel, my charming * Nereid! and believe me as conſtantly yours, as the element you bathe in ebbs and flows; though my affection only knows the

* She was at the Black-Rock.

latter; and does not, like the ſea, "follow ſtill "the changes of the moon."

Your's,

HENRY.

LETTER CLXI.

My dear FANNY,

I RECEIVED your's from the Rock, and am exceſſively concerned at the account you give me about lady L———. Her death, which God forbid, I ſhould reckon among my misfortunes; for I feel for every miſhap which falls upon the worthy. You aſk my opinion of lady O———'s behaviour upon this occaſion; and in truth I am charmed with it. I always admire inſtances of fortitude moſt in thoſe perſons who do not affect the characters of philoſophers: Becauſe one has the beſt aſſurance, in ſuch a caſe, that the part is not acted; a perſon who felt leſs than ſhe did, would probably have acted a part more ſeemly, to ordinary apprehenſions; as cowards turn bravos to diſguiſe their fears.

If I ſet Maidenhall, I will build ſomewhere on the ſea-coaſt, my favourite ſituation; and rendered ſtill more ſo to me by a romantick whim, that poſſibly I might have the happy opportunity, at ſome time of my life, of affording relief to perſons in the higheſt human diſtreſs; juſt after a ſhipwreck. But from your laſt letter, I have a better reaſon to love the ſea than all I have mentioned; as you ſay you receive benefit from it. May halcyon days attend my little King's fiſher! I wiſh we had the ſame reaſon to require them.

I am

I am extremely angry with Kitty; ſuch irreſolution may render her life unhappy; and I think ſhe has bid fair for it already.

In the preface to Orrery's Pliny you have a learned eſſay upon the Roman receſſes, places of exerciſe, and their baths, which is an amuſing treatiſe, conſidered by itſelf but I don't ſee, at preſent, nor do I remember, in my former reading of the letters, any occaſion for ſo critical a diſcourſe on theſe matters; but I ſhall have patience, 'till I have gone more regularly thro' the work. However, the ſentiment, or concluſion, he draws from the decay and ruin of theſe extraordinary and ſtupendous works of human grandeur and magnificence, ſhall ſatisfy me, tho' I ſhould find no other purpoſe in the eſſay. See the ſecond paragraph in the twenty-fourth page of the preface, Faulkner's edition,

" The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, &c.

My lord then goes on, from the hint of the decay of human greatneſs, to conſider the ſubject in a higher inſtance, and proceeds to give us a hiſtory of the firſt government of Rome, under the ſeven kings; and begins with a reflection, which ſhews more the goodneſs of his heart, than a thorough knowledge in politicks. Why may not a rabble of thieves, and vagabonds, form themſelves into a civil ſociety, ſubmit to laws, and be paſſive to authority? Did not this world proceed from chaos? Does not order ſpring from confuſion? And does not all anarchy neceſſarily end in ſome form of government? As Providence, ſtedfaſt to it's purpoſe, makes harmony proceed from the very war of elements. Nay, the meer neceſſity of the thing muſt have urg d ſuch men to this policy, for laws are more requiſite among rogues, than among honeſt men. Plato's Common wealth, More's Eutopia, and ſome

other whimſical pieces of the ſame kind, are to be conſider'd meerly as political romances, for true policy flouriſhes independent of the morals of individuals; as diſcipline makes better armies than courage. I am particularly fond of Harrington's Oceana, taking all his works together, which propoſes ſuch an equilibrium of ſtates, that puppets might be politick, and all the devils in hell virtuous; tho' neither by individuals, yet both with regard to the whole? Perhaps my mentioning Harrington's works, at this time, may be hazardous, as it is obſerv'd, that moſt of our travell'd young men in England, return home with Genevan principles. But take notice, that I ſpeak to you, not to the world.

Towards the end of this preface, or eſſay on the life of Pliny, lord Orrery ſpeaks of the manner he ſhould chuſe to ſpend the cloſe of life; which I am particularly pleas'd with: And it is ſpoken like a man of ſenſe, and virtue; but the acting according to this rational ſcheme is what muſt determine his philoſophy. It was ſaid by Solon to Crœſus, that a man could not be ſtil'd happy, or otherwiſe, 'till his death: Becauſe we are to be judg'd not by part, but the whole of our lives. Now I think, ſuch an apothegm as this might be fram'd with regard to a man's ſenſe, and underſtanding; for there are proper behaviours and decorums for every ſtage, and ſcene of life: In any of which ſhould a man be deficient, his character is broken in upon, as much as his happineſs is, from the loſs of health, fortune, or honours.

Your's, thro' every ſtage of life.

HENRY.

LETTER CLXII.

Dear FANNY,

I AM, at preſent, ſitting in the midſt of a large field of barley, which I reaped the other day; and am taking care of the binders and ſtackers: There are forty-ſeven women and fourteen men, at work round about me, while I am reading Pliny, and writing to you.

I think lord Orrery's comment upon the ſeventh epiſtle is extremely fine. The eighth epiſtle of Pliny has a great nobleneſs of ſentiment, and a particular juſtneſs of thought. I love the fine ſtruggle between natural vanity, and the contempt of praiſe; which is obvious through the whole letter. It may be Stoicism, if you pleaſe; but I never will admit any pretence to virtue to be true heroiſm, which ſeems to be above human nature, 'till it has firſt ſhewn its ſtrife with the frailties of it. The ninth epiſtle was always a favourite of mine: But there was a note I expected from lord Orrery upon this paſſage, "Thou art *almoſt* preferable," &c. There is no doubt but Pliny, if he had conſulted his own taſte and inclinations, would have left out that adverb, and put in *omnino*, or *altogether*: But the philoſophers were obliged to ſpeak of the tranquil joys of retired contemplation, and learned leiſure, with ſome caution and reſerve; either becauſe the antients had ſo often ſpoken, and written in ſuch raptures of theſe pleaſures, that the world had got into a kind of enthuſiaſm, which alarmed governments and ſtates; and the more particularly for this reaſon, that thoſe men, who are fitteſt for the world, are moſt fond of retiring from it; or elſe Pliny moderated his ecſtatic ſoliloquy, becauſe he could not think a man, who was retired from all buſineſs, could be quite ſo virtuous, or, at leaſt, capable of

exerciſing ſo much virtue, as one who employed himſelf in the affairs of this world; for ſome part of the duty of a man, born a ſocial creature, muſt be neglected. *

In the comment upon the laſt epiſtle, there is poetical wit in the alluſion to Ajax's ſhield. There is an expreſſion in the ſame comment, which I think exceptionable: Speaking of the young men among the Romans, he calls them *gentlemen*; which, being a modern phraſe, is improperly applied, when we are ſpeaking of the antients.

The obſervations upon the eleventh epiſtle are very pretty, and very juſt; and pleaſe me particularly, becauſe they flatter me about a ſentiment you may remember of mine, that "† Abſence to friends, "like death to enemies, buries every fault, and "enlivens every virtue."

In the laſt paragraph of the comment upon the 20th epiſtle, there is a good deal of wit and juſtneſs in the ſimile of lightning. There is alſo ſomething extremely pretty in the annotation to the ſecond epiſtle of the ſecond book, in the alluſion to the flux and reflux of the ſea. The ſixth epiſtle of the ſame book pleaſes me much. I have been always offended, when I have ſeen ſuch improper and paltry diſtinctions at very good tables, which I have often done; and always made it a rule with myſelf, to take part with the deſpiſed gueſt, which has ſometimes had the proper effect upon the entertainer.

I received your letter, with lady O——'s incloſed, and am much obliged to her for remembring me, which it ſeems ſhe does, by mentioning lord ——. I know already, that I am not to expect any thing

* St. Bernard compares *contemplation* and *action* to Rachel and Leah; the firſt was *a reſt*, but the latter more *fruitful*.

† Letter XXIII.

from

from her kindneſs, in that particular; for I mentioned to you before Mr. ——'s anſwer to my letter, on that head. Now as I have a way of profiting ſomething from every diſappointment in life, I ſhall, from this, have the ſatisfaction of feeling the grateful ſenſe of lady O———'s patronage, pure and unmixed, for the friendſhip ſhe deſigned me; whereas, had I ſucceeded, my acknowledgments might be looked upon rather as a rejoicing at the emoluments of it, than a gratitude for the favour itſelf.

Now have at her ladyſhip's † criſs croſs———

A, then, is * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

B is * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

C ſpends his time between books, muſick, and the buſineſs of his farms; has indeed an uncomfortable proſpect, with regard to his fortunes; but has a certain ſturdineſs in his nature, which helps to keep up his ſpirits. He has that happy conſtitution and turn of mind, that contemplating every fortune or accident in this life, as he hopes to do when he is out of it, he regards each incident of it as a man ſhould do, "at the hour of death, or in the day of "judgment §;" ſo that he is reſolved to regulate his preſent actions upon that plan, which the ages, ſome centuries hence, (ſhould his memory laſt ſo long) ſhall approve, or, at leaſt, not condemn; when all prejudices, private intereſts, or partial connections, ſhall be no more. * * * * *

† A paragraph of a letter, inquiring after three or four perſons, under the characters of A, B, C, &c.

§ Hæc laus, hic apex ſapientiæ eſt, ea viventem appetere, quæ morienti forent appetenda. SEN.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The fourth letter in the alphabet is, of courſe, D; but either the careleſſneſs of her ladyſhip's typography, or my own ready adaption of the letter, has made me fix on O, which, from the figure, being the moſt perfect in geometry, ſeems to bear the neareſt analogy to the perſon decyphered by it. O! may our loves, our joys, our days end, like the circle, as they have begun! (for I keep no record of time before our firſt acquaintance) and may our wiſhes, like that too, have but one common center!

I am concerned at your apprehenſions about lady L——'s face; but more for her as a child, than as a woman: For beauty is deſirable, when we can expect nothing better; but a woman may be amiable, without a ſymmetry of features; which I cannot inſtance in you, becauſe I think you handſome; but * lady O—— may fill the example, as ſhe was never reckoned a beauty: And may the mother's fortune attend the child, to miſs a fop, and gain a man of ſenſe!

I am ſorry for the accident which happened to your eye: But, if it ends only in a blemiſh, I am quite eaſy; for *Mens ſana in corpore ſano* compleats all my wiſhes with regard to you.

I am, my dear Omicron,
Your's, from Alpha to Omega.

* Lady O—— reſembles one of the ſtatues ſtiled Sileni at Athens; which appeared a plain figure on the outſide, but when you opened it, the form of a deity preſented itſelf to your view. HENRY.

She may be compared to Solomon's tents, "They "were mean without, but adorned with precious things "within." FRANCES.

LETTER CLXIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

WHAT a ſcene of tranquil happineſs does my dear practic philoſopher's letter preſent me with! How earneſtly, how paſſionately do I wiſh to ſhare thoſe rational delights, which he can, at once, partake and inſpire! How, "*altogether pre-* "*ferable*" ſhould I think it, to be ſeated by him on an hillock of hay, contemplating the works of nature, while he deduced each obvious effect from its firſt great principle; and made me loſe all wonder, in praiſe and gratitude to that Almighty Being, who firſt created, and then made him mine!

I ſay, how much ſhould I prefer that happy ſituation to a throne, without thee, thou deareſt and moſt charming of thy ſex! Nor will I doubt, that my ſharing would enhance the pleaſures of retirement; for ſolitude's the nurſe of love, as well as contemplation; and I am very ſure, were we to live but a few months in a calm ſettled way together, you would be infinitely fonder of me than you are, or can be, at preſent; as I make no doubt but we ſhould then experience the charming theory you have ſomewhere laid down: † "Chearfulneſs with- "out mirth, gravity without ſpleen, and the "warmeſt love with the higheſt eſteem."——You will perhaps be ſurprized, when I tell you, that I now rejoice, at what I have ſometimes looked on as the greateſt misfortune of my life; that we have not yet lived together. We ſhould have been miſerable, if that had happened two years ago. It is but a very ſhort time, ſince I became thoroughly acquainted with you: That knowledge has increaſed

† Laſt lines of letter CXXXVI.

my

my love and eſteem for you. You have introduced me to myſelf: Need I ſay, that, by knowing myſelf, I have triumphed over my greateſt † foible? And ſure I cannot err greatly, after your pointing out my faults, when I declare, in the ſincerity of my heart, that I have no will of my own, nor wiſh, but that of rendering my little ſelf agreeable to you.—If it were not a work of ſupererogation, I could even wiſh that I had greater failings to ſurmount, as they would be a ſtill ſtronger proof of your love and mine.

Though I remember the ſubject of each particular letter you mention in Pliny, I will not pretend to ſpeak my ſentiments, as I have not the books by me; if I had, I ſhou'd certainly ſtart objections, for the pleaſure of being refuted by you

I have not been at the Rock theſe ten days: I have lain in Abby ſtreet, ſince I came to town, and am almoſt killed with raking. I ſhall not leave Dublin 'till Kitty does. I know you will be a little angry with this account of myſelf, 'till you recollect, that I have not ſeen her for ſome months, and that the greateſt part of our converſation is about you; which being a ſubject I ſhall never be weary of, I cannot think of quitting it without reluctance.

With your's I received a long letter from lady O——: I think, according to your definition of it, the letter O is much better adapted to her than to me; for ſhe is, indeed, the center of female perfection. By her deſire, I incloſe you lord ———'s letter. Nothing can be more elegant than your ſentiments, with regard to her intentions to ſerve you.

† "Her ſpirits kindle to a flame,
"Mov'd at the ſlighteſt touch of blame."
SWIFT to STELLA.

I am

I am vaſtly anxious to know what you have determined about § Maidenhall.—Kitty is tearing the pen out of my hand: When ſhall I be able to write, or converſe with you, ſans interruption? I can no longer withſtand the riot round me; but, though they force my hand away, my heart is unalterably your's.

FRANCES.

§ It was advertiſed to be ſet at that time.

HIATUS.

LETTER CLXIV.

YOU ſpeak too humbly, my dear Fanny, about your perſon: It is, to my liking, amiable; and no compariſon can render it otherwiſe to me, but that of your underſtanding: And though age, or ſickneſs, may forfeit your common admirers,

"Beſt quitted with diſdain;"

yet your charms, to me, muſt ſtill remain: For, though the ſetting ſun (to uſe a bold expreſſion) *annihilates* the *ſhadow*, the ſubſtance ſtill remains the ſame.

I am ſorry you had nothing more particular to tell me, in your laſt, about *our* lady ———; *which* is a fond expreſſion among the antients, ſignifying a particular regard, or friendſhip, to any perſon.

I have got home the fine edition of the Spectators I promiſed to ſend you. The papers I deſign to make part of a collection, (hinted to you in a † former letter), which I mean to intitle, "the Solamen Miſeris, or Cordial of Adverſity," are

† Letter CXVII.

numbers 210. 213. the latter part of 225, 257, 289, 312, 381, 387, 408, 447, 459, 465, 471, 487, 494, 495, 513, 519, 520, 531, 537, 543, 571, 600, 601, 615, 621, 624, 626, 628, 633, 634, and 635. There are but four papers in the Tatlers to be added to them: Number 89, the firſt part of number 170, number 135, and 211. I have not looked into the Guardians lately, but ſhall ſoon do it, with a view to this humane and uſeful work. Writings of this kind have admirable effects upon a mind rightly turned: They have quelled all ambition in me: they have reconciled me to poverty, rendered me luke-warm to fame, have comforted me in affliction, have even alleviated pain, and taken away the terrors of death: At the ſame time, they have enlivened my hope, enlarged my views, and opened ſuch a glorious proſpect into eternity, that the mind's eye but careleſly glances over every object, which lies intermediate to it; yet not with ſuch an intemperate enthuſiaſm, as to hinder a thorough reſignation to the diſpenſations of Providence; for I contemplate the joys of eternity, without any impatience for the poſſeſſion of them; which is owing to the admirable contrivance of the Almighty, who has given us ſuch a ſelf-conviction of the pleaſures of hereafter, as may make us reſt in hope; but reſtrained us from ſuch a ſenſe of them, as might render us impatient in our wiſhes.

Farewel, my love! my friend! my oracle!

HENRY.

LETTER CLXV.

Dear FANNY,

AS I have not received any letter from you this poſt, I ſhall go on with my notes upon Pliny, and his tranſlator.

I think the tranſlation is extremely well done, and the comments both learned and ingenious; and as *they* are very full upon the text, there is but little room left for me to ſay any thing upon the author; ſo that my obſervations are moſtly an hypercritick upon lord Orrery.

I think his lordſhip ſhews a noble ſenſe of friendſhip, both the pleaſures and duties of it, upon every occaſion, which offers thro' this work. His comment upon the ninth epiſtle of the ſecond book is what particularly puts me in mind of this, at preſent. The ſecond paragraph of this comment makes a ſentiment occur to me, which I think a very refined one: and which pleaſes me more, becauſe it is contrary to the common ſenſe and opinion upon that head; that "to be thoroughly generous, we "ſhould liſten to acknowledgments;" as this, in a great meaſure, eaſes the grateful mind of the weight it lies under from the obligation.

The light which Pliny places Marius Priſcus in (ſee the twelfth epiſtle of the ſame book) is very ſtrong and remarkable. It ſomewhat reſembles a pillory, which gives a man elevation, to be ſcoffed and pelted at. One who retires from ignominy may ſatisfy himſelf with the hope, that his infamy is buried in oblivion; but he who lives in the world, in the midſt of ſhame, puts me in mind of that ſtrong line of Pope's,

"And Cromwell damn'd to everlaſting fame."

There

There is a pretty turn of wit in the laſt paragraph of the comment upon the thirteenth epiſtle: and indeed lord Orrery has, in many places, ſhewn a great livelineſs of imagination, as well as good ſenſe, juſt obſervation, and fine morals.

The ſecond paragraph of the comment upon the fifteenth epiſtle brought tears to my eyes. The exerciſe of all moral duties is pleaſant. What a mortification then muſt it be, to be debarred from one of the moſt pleaſing, filial affection; as it has both nature and religion on it's ſide.

I think, no man was ever born with more love of every kind in his conſtitution, than I was; and having the courſe of it interrupted thus, upon it's firſt current. I have often hugged a cat for a whole day, rather than ſuffer any part of my natural fondneſs to be loſt. This, with ſome other diſappointments and diſcouragements which I met with, as I advanced into life, is the reaſon why my ſocial affections are more general than particular; and indeed, I do not know a man who loves human nature more, or individuals leſs; it was this turn of mind which made me reverſe Pope's ſimile, after the manner I hinted at in a late letter. Love, like a river, left to it's natural progreſſion, flows conſtantly within it's own channel; but when it's courſe is oppoſed, it recoils upon itſelf for a time, ſwells o'er it's banks, and diffuſes it's waters impartially on every ſide.

The paraphraſe upon the ſixteenth epiſtle is a very good one: it is a method the commentator frequently makes uſe of in this work, and I think it the beſt manner of clearing up an obſcure text. I ſhall introduce a paraphraſe of my own, upon the anſwer given by Socrates to the preſents and generous invitations ſent him by Archelaus king of Macedon. His words are only theſe: "I will not go to "a man, who is able to give me more than I am "able

" able to pay." I thought this anſwer too laconick, and taking a liberty with the context of his life and diſcourſes, I wrote the following letter, from the whole character.

" I will not accept from any man more than I " can return; for the fruits of the underſtanding " are the gifts of the ſpirit, and are not to be bar- " tered. You may aſk me then, why I will not " afford them to you *gratis*? becauſe they need " the aſſiſtance of philoſophy moſt, who are in mi- " ſery and want; while thoſe who feel no other " want are perhaps inſenſible of this. You indeed " ſeem to require that aid from me, by your offers; " but ſuch conſcious humility rather proves that " you eſteem it's value, than that you need it's " help. If you are yet to learn my ſcience, ſtudy " it in your own heart, for I profeſs not to teach " the ſubtilties of the ſchools."

The occaſion of my writing this letter was from a method, I have always made uſe of, upon reading any extraordinary paſſage of a great man's life. I immediately lay down the book, ſuppoſe myſelf in the ſame circumſtance, or ſituation; and meditate for ſome time upon the generoſity of the action, or nobleneſs of the ſentiment, which I ſhould, or ought to have uſed, upon ſuch occaſion. This would be a good method for preceptors to uſe in the education of their young men; for we learn every thing by firſt pretending to it, 'till cuſtom has fixed the habit.

Adieu!

LETTER CLXVI.

Dear HARRY,

I AM vaſtly delighted to find you ſo heartily engaged with Pliny and his tranſlator; as I dare venture to pronounce them better company than any your country affords. The ſentiment you mention on gratitude, is both juſt and elegant: and, ſince we are on this ſubject, I ſhall mention a doubt, that has ſometimes perplexed me——Is it pride, or want of gratitude, that renders the receiving favours painful, and takes from us the power of making acknowledgments, at a time when our hearts are filled with them?

The notion of every individual's having a particular quota of love, is a thought, I would gladly indulge; as it ſtrengthens an opinion I am vaſtly fond of; that we cannot love, to any great degree of paſſion, more than once; for though death, or the unkindneſs of the perſon belov'd, may quench the flame, it will never burn with the ſame brightneſs for another; the ſtrength and ſpirit muſt be exhauſted, and the remembrance of what we felt from the firſt, muſt be the chief ſupport of a ſecond paſſion.

You will, perhaps, think I ſhould ſuppreſs theſe ſentiments, as they cannot be very pleaſing to me, who have given my whole ſtock of love to one who owns the tenderneſs and fervency of a prior attachment: But though conſidered in this light, they may give ſome little uneaſineſs, I muſt obſerve, they are ſometimes of the greateſt uſe to me. When my heart overflows with that genuine tenderneſs which cannot be felt for a ſecond object, while I look on you with delight, and hear you with rapture; yet find you cold and unheedful of me: I then recollect, that it is not in your power, were I infinitely more

more amiable, to return my love; my reſentment grows cool, my jealouſy vaniſhes, and I only, to myſelf, plain the misfortune of not having made the firſt impreſſion on your heart.——But while I mention this allay to your love, be aſſured it is none to mine; for, could I, at this moment, recall my affection, I would "be frank and give it "thee again."

I very ſincerely lament our being debarred the indulgence of one of the moſt pleaſing duties of life; you cannot have ſo high a notion of it as I, becauſe I for ſome time experienced the pleaſure of loving a parent. From the loſs of that happineſs, I have marked a viſible declenſion in my underſtanding: There was no longer any perſon that received delight from its improvement; I became indolent in thoſe purſuits, which, while pointed out by a fond father, it was my utmoſt wiſh to attain. You, in ſome degree, ſupplied the loſs; but the fear of not being able to render myſelf agreeable to you, greatly damped the effects of my ſtrongeſt deſire. Beſides, there has been ſo much perturbation in my regard for you, ſo many doubts, fears, and reſentments, as took up too much of my thoughts to leave me the power of attending to any thing elſe. Perhaps, by adopting the opinion of a fond father, I over rate the powers of my own underſtanding; they may, for ought I know, be improved to the utmoſt they are capable of; and I am often angry with myſelf, when I find my grief for his death mixed with a ſelfiſh concern for my not being as amiable as I think he would, had he lived a few years longer, have made me.

I have not any kind of idea, that the diſappointments we meet from any individual ſhould increaſe our love for the generality of human kind: on the contrary, I think if ſuch a portion of love, like life, be taken from us, it muſt reduce the remain-

der to a more ſcanty pattern. Nor can I allow your reverſing Pope's ſimile; for I am very certain that a man, who does not love ſomebody, cannot love every body. *Your*'s of the river I will acknowledge juſt; for love, obſtructed in its proper channel, will ſwell of courſe; but inſtead of enriching and refreſhing the ſoil through which it paſſes, it will deſtroy and lay it waſte—— "o'er-"leap all bounds, and bear ev'n life away."

I have, for the preſent, loſt a very great pleaſure by not having Pliny by me; but while I receive your letters; I ſhall not regret his; and whenever I meet with them, I ſhall read them with more pleaſure and attention than I ſhould otherwiſe have done, for the ſake of my dear hypercritick.

I told you in my laſt, that I have not been at the Rock theſe ten days: I cannot think of leaving Kitty while ſhe ſtays, and the weather ſeems to favour my deſign; for it is by no means fit for bathing. I am concerned for the harveſt in general, but more particularly for your's. I cannot yet begin at the outermoſt circle, but I hope I ſhall reach it at laſt. In the mean time, I grudge the few hours of fair weather we have here, and I wiſh I could tranſmit them to you; but alas! as Cloten in Cymbeline ſays, "I cannot lap the ſun "in a blanket, nor clap the moon in my pocket."

I think Socrates was in the right when he refuſed to receive favours he was incapable of returning. But notwithſtanding your paraphraſe, I look on that man who refuſes to communicate the fruits of the underſtanding as the worſt of miſers, and more to be condemned than even the wretch who hoards the ſhining mammon, while his fellow creature periſhes for want. For the perſon who is poſſeſſed of the gifts of fortune, may look on them as the effect of his own induſtry, and, like Sir Balaam, "call God's good providence a lucky hit;" but he

he who is bleſſed with any ſuperiority of underſtanding, muſt eſteem it the immediate gift of God, who doubtleſs indulged him that favour, as much for the emolument of others as himſelf. How then can he who hides his talent in a napkin account for it to the immediate donor, or to thoſe who have a right to expect, but do not reap any benefit from it?—This leads me to mention what I have often wondered at, why you, who have certainly talents to execute, have never ſet about any publick work, which at once might be uſeful and tranſmit your name to poſterity! You cannot complain of wanting leiſure—indeed I think your indolence in this, unpardonable.

Lady L———'s face mends daily, and your *own* * eye quite well—When will you ſee it? or when ſhall it ſee you?

Adieu, my love, my life, my firſt, my only ever new delight, adieu!

FRANCES.

LETTER CLXVII.

Dear FANNY,

I HAVE not heard from you theſe three poſts, and feel ſuch an aukwardneſs about me as a perſon does, when the ſalute is not returned. However, this ſhall not diſcourage me from paying my debts; and I will go on to give you in quantity, what my letters fall ſhort of yours in quality.

I have finiſhed half my harveſt, hay and barley; and when my wheat and oats are up, I ſhall ride poſt to C——, to meet Lady O—— and you there, to reap the ripe harveſt of wit, ſenſe, and

* A letter is loſt, which this paſſage alludes to, where ſhe had complained of an inflammation in her eye.

philoſophic

philoſophic leiſure; though I can expect to be but a *gleaner* there.

The making uſe of *that* expreſſion gives me an occaſion of obſerving to you, that the pleaſanteſt part of the harveſt has always been to me, when the ſtacks are finiſhed, and the leaſers are ſuffered to come into the field; which they do with a loud cry of joy, diſperſe themſelves over the furrows, and pick up very often as much corn, unavoidably ſcattered by the reapers firſt, then the binders, and ſtackers, as will give each of them bread enough for a week. What a pleaſure did it give me, late in the evening, to ſit at my window, and ſee them marching down my avenue, loaded with the gifts of Providence, like "Birnam wood mov-"ing to Dunſinane." I call this the *gift of providence*, becauſe what theſe poor wretches gain, I could not ſave; and they but vindicate their harveſt from the birds of the air, who will, however, find a gleaning after them too. For want of conſidering the matter in this proper light, my uncle was thrown into a fit of the gout at that ſcene, which gave me ſuch a flow of pleaſure as ſtream'd out at my eyes. Now I know him to be as charitable a man as I am myſelf; but upon this and many other occaſions I have remarked, between two men of equal intrinſick virtue, the advantages which a certain accidental caſt, or what we may call a lucky turn of mind, ſhall often give one over the other. In the inſtance we are upon, though I gave no more *actual* alms than he, yet I may boaſt a ſort of paſſive charity from the benevolent ſatisfaction I felt in the mere contemplation upon the beneficence of Providence. As the leaſers were ſinging under their loads down the avenue, I cried out to myſelf in a ſort of rapture, with an alluſion to a note of Lord Orrery's in the fourteenth epiſtle of the ſecond book, "Theſe are the Sophocleés,

"theſe

"these the Laudicæni, for a man of ſenſe, virtue, "or religion!" It is upon the baſis of charity that it raiſed the "Monumentum ære perennius." There go the hiſtorians who ſhall record your fame, when the ſculptor's chiſſel, or the poet's pen ſhall have loſt their credit. What humble pride, what mean ambition then, to be anxious for a name raiſed upon ſlighter materials than theſe! a *great man*'s fame I conſider as I do money, which has no value in itſelf, but what it receives from the conſent of the people; and is no farther uſeful than as it negociates things of real worth——But the *good man*'s character is like the commodities of traffick, which would preſerve their intrinſic value though there were no ſuch things as counters to negociate them.

Adieu!

LETTER CLXVIII.

FRANCES to HENRY.

MY letters muſt certainly have miſcarried, for I did not omit one of the poſts you mention.

The tranſport you expreſs at being inſtrumental to the happineſs of your fellow-creatures, is the higheſt feeling of the human mind; it is at once the ſtrongeſt mark of the divinity, and the nobleſt and moſt grateful ſacrifice we can make to him who gives us all, and "in whom we live, and "move, and have our being" That heart-felt joy which ariſes from having done an humane, or generous act, is doubtleſs preferable to the giddy vanity of publick praiſe, which is too often beſtowed on the unworthy; yet I am far from condemning a deſire of honeſt fame; for I fear, that without a ſenſe of well earned praiſe, the moſt

virtuous among us would grow languid in the worthieſt purſuits —— However, it is certainly the act itſelf, and not the applauſe that attends it, which gives real ſatisfaction to every man of ſenſe and virtue.

I almoſt envy the pleaſure which the country affords to a perſon like you, who conſiders every circumſtance and object in a philoſophick light; every animal, inſect, tree, plant, or flower, can furniſh you with a much higher entertainment than what is uſually found in drums, routs, balls, or aſſemblies. I cannot, on this occaſion, forbear to mention a fear I have been ſome time poſſeſſed with, that by indulging this very abſtracted way of thinking, you will acquire a contempt and diſguſt for the converſation of all, who are not bleſt with the ſame happy turn of mind. If this ſhould happen, that abundance of love, which you ſay is a part of your conſtitution, would be confined in a very narrow compaſs; nay, I am much afraid, it would revert entirely on yourſelf; for I know few people, if any, who are at preſent capable of affording you any kind of delight from their company; and ſhould you go on, increaſing the refinement of your own taſte, you will of courſe find a ſtronger diſlike to that of others; you will then be, with regard to the world, in the ſame ſituation as mine, when in a viſiting room alone, among a croud of people, for whoſe underſtandings and manners I have perhaps a ſovereign contempt—while they are more than even with me, and conſtrue my ſilence and reſerved behaviour into ſtupidity and ill breeding.

It is likely you may think this compariſon vain; upon my honour I did not mean to draw any parallel between our underſtandings, but only to obſerve, that my knowledge of you has rendered

the

the generality of the world very inſipid to me; and no converſation agreeable but yours. I confeſs, I am ſorry on this account; but not for this reaſon only, that I am for the moſt part deprived of your company; and even when I enjoy it, I am in continual apprehenſion that mine is not elegant enough to pleaſe or entertain you.

You may judge by the numberleſs blots and interlineations, that I hardly know what I am doing. I think I had better lay down the pen than perſiſt in writing nonſenſe, which I muſt neceſſarily do from the noiſe around me, unleſs I were deaf.

You will, I dare ſay, acknowledge, when you have got all my letters from the poſt, that the compliment you pay me would be much more juſtly returned by, than addreſſed to, me; but if I do not ſpeak my thoughts of your letters, it is becauſe I know no expreſſion ſtrong enough to deſcribe the elegance of them, nor the pleaſure which they give me.

I have heard (though not from herſelf) that Lady O——— intends going to England next month, to ſtay there two years: judge my concern, and yet I muſt ſuppreſs it. Lady L——— is much better, but Doctor Barry will not let her ſtir till ſhe is quite well. In the mean time my impatience increaſes hourly to ſee my dear Harry; to walk with him, and talk to him, without waiting whole weeks for a reply. Such happy days we have once known, tell me, my Harry, when will they return.

Kitty does not leave us till Monday; when ſhe goes, I ſhall bid adieu to every thing that has the air of gaiety, and apply myſelf cloſely to the purſuit of health and philoſophy. I fear I have neglected Madam Hygeia too long, to expect ſhe will quickly reviſit me; but for wiſdom, "ſhe ſtands

"in

" in the ſtreet, and is found of all them that ſeek " her." If I am fortunate enough to engage theſe ladies company, I ſhall wiſh for no other, but your's.

" Nor fortune's gem, ambition's plume,
" Nor Cytherea's ſhort-liv'd bloom,
" Be objects of my pray'r! &c."

I am, faithfully and affectionately,

Your's,

FRANCES.

The End of the FIRST VOLUME.